September
1928

The BOOKMAN

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By *Edmund Pearson*

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EMIL LUDWIG *by* GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

A character-sketch of the celebrated German biographer.

CREDOS

Among the contributors of statements of their personal and professional beliefs in the next number will be:

Conrad Aiken	Henry S. Canby	H. L. Mencken
Sherwood Anderson	John Erskine	Upton Sinclair
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In the Bookman Office

Contributors to this Issue

Edmund Pearson, a native of Massachusetts who has lived for the past fourteen years in New York, engaged principally in work for the New York Public Library, has built up what might almost be called a dual literary personality. On the one hand he is known as a scholarly commentator on books old and new, and as an expert in the librarian's business of disseminating books. And on the other hand, in recent years he has had much to do with the widespread interest in crimes and trials, and the oddities of criminology. In the first manner Mr. Pearson's best known book is probably "Books in Black and Red". A little later this season he will publish "Queer Books", a by-product of his love for browsing among the dustier shelves of libraries. There have been three books of charming excursions in the field of assault and poison: "Studies in Murder", "Murder at Smutty Nose", and "Five Murders".

* * *

In a few weeks Rebecca West will publish her first extended book of criticism, "The Strange Necessity", her high critical reputation having been based hitherto on her small book about Henry James and her periodical reviewing. "The Strange Necessity" is in part a reprint of reviews, but the principal section is a lengthy single essay in which Miss West sums up her critical position and contributes a profound analysis of the psychological bases of esthetics, throwing out by the way many brilliant comments on books and art. No date seems to be set for Miss West's new novel, but it is believed to be nearly completed. The Bookman will publish soon a study of Miss West by S. K. Ratcliffe, to whom she referred not long ago as her "literary godfather".

* * *

The sonnets by Alfred Kreymborg in this and recent numbers of The Bookman are part of a diary in sonnet form to be published this season under the title, "A Lost Sail". They form the record of a summer sojourn on Cape Cod.

* * *

Alexander I. Nazaroff, whose book, "Tolstoy: The Inconstant Genius", is shortly to be published, writes us as follows:

"Like many other Russians, I made up my mind to deprive the Soviet government of the chance of shooting me as a 'counter-revolutionary' and fled from Russia to Constantinople. This was in 1919. For two years I lived in Turkey, worked in the anti-Bolshevist organizations of Generals Denikin and Wrangel, contributed articles to various French papers and fully succeeded in not starving to death. All these experiences belong, however, to times pre-historical.

"Times historical began with my landing in New York in 1921. On that memorable day I decided to forget Russian politics for good and become an American writer. But the trouble was that I knew just a few words of English. For six months I did nothing but study, and I was quite surprised when at the end of that time an article of mine was printed in The New York *Evening Post.* Since then I have been earning my living by writing for various papers and magazines, reviewing for The New York *Times,* translating books, and so forth."

* * *

Morris Ernst, co-author with William Seagle of the article on circulating library censorship in this issue, and of a forthcoming book on the whole problem of literary obscenity, is a member of the New York law firm of Greenbaum, Wolff and Ernst. After obtaining a law degree from the New York Law School, Mr. Ernst writes, "for several years I manufactured shirts at $3.75 per dozen, with obscene colored bosoms (or breasts) and cuffs. The bodies—as was proper—were pure white. Since 1915 I have played at the game of law". He has been engaged in legislation and trade-practice work for large employers' associations, and has represented a number of publishers

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and authors. In the recent controversy over the "billion-dollar" merger of the Consolidated Gas and Brooklyn Edison Companies, Mr. Ernst represented the Public Committee on Power in New York State, and by an appeal to Governor Smith enlisted his cooperation in the effort to bring about a complete public hearing. This summer Mr. Ernst has divided his time between appearing on the front page of the newspapers and sailing a boat which he reports is correctly named "The Menace" by all the tars of Nantucket.

* * *

We are threatened with a libel suit by WILLIAM SEAGLE if we describe him as a lawyer. So we merely record the facts that some years ago he received the degree LL.B. from the Columbia Law School and practised law for a year and a half. Since then he has divided his time among three main activities: travelling in Europe, helping to raise $15,000,000 for Russian Jewish Colonization, and working with Morris Ernst on their forthcoming book "To the Pure". Mr. Seagle has described his legal experiences in an article "The Law: First Year", in *The American Mercury*. He has contributed to other periodicals and is the author of an unpublished book "Under the Domes", dealing with "the fabulous antics of the State legislators". He suspects patriotic prejudice on the part of the numerous publishers who have declined it.

* * *

PATRICK KEARNEY is the author of the dramatic version of Sinclair Lewis's novel, "Elmer Gantry", now playing in New York. Two years ago he prepared for the stage Theodore Dreiser's "An American Tragedy" which had long runs in many cities. Mr. Kearney's name first became known in connection with the theatre—he had previously written articles and stories—with the production several years ago of his play, "A Man's Man", highly praised as a genuine contribution to the American literary drama. Readers wishing to know more about Mr. Kearney, and particularly about his writing of "A Man's Man", are urged to read—or re-read—the piece in the last Christmas BOOKMAN by Robert Cortes Holliday called "Our Little Brother Writes a Play". It has been so open a secret that the main figure of Mr. Holliday's uproarious tale was Patrick Kearney in slight disguise, that it seems only fair to our readers to acknowledge the identity explicitly.

* * *

EVA HERRMANN was born in Munich, and is the daughter of the American painter Frank S. Herrmann. She has divided her time between Germany and New York, studying in Munich, Berlin, and at Columbia University. She has done theatrical caricatures for the New York Morning *Telegraph* and the *Herald-Tribune*. In Germany her work has appeared in *Simplicissimus, Jugend* and other journals. In recent months she has been in New York, doing a series of caricatures for "On Parade", a book planned by Erich Posselt dealing with contemporary American authors. The caricatures in this issue are to appear in this book, and are copyright by the publishers, Coward-McCann, Inc.

* * *

WINIFRED KATZIN, a native of South Africa, was educated in England, on the Continent, and in the United States. For many years her ruling passion has been the theatre, and she has translated and edited the work of numbers of European playwrights, famous and obscure. Miss Katzin has acted as advisor and read plays for The Neighborhood Playhouse and the Provincetown Theatre, as well as for Arthur Hopkins and other producers of less "experimental" work. A few seasons ago Brentano's published her book called "Eight European Plays". This month the firm of McBride will bring out her translation of Guitry's "Deburau".

* * *

MONTGOMERY BELGION is an Englishman who was born in Paris, where for a time he edited *The Paris Herald*. He served in the British Army during the war, later working on *The Daily Mail* in London. He was also night editor of *The Westminster Gazette*. In New York he has been assistant dramatic critic on the New York *World*. He is now a member of the editorial staff of Harcourt, Brace.

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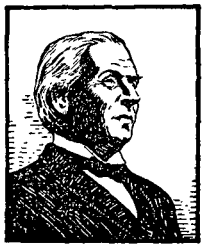

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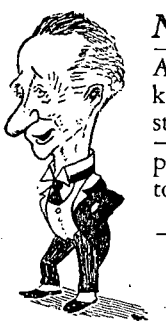

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(*Continued from page VI*)

N. E. F. MEEKINS, winner of THE BOOKMAN'S Prize News Story for June, has been on the Washington (D. C.) *Daily News* since 1924. He probably knows more detectives and policemen than any other man in Washington, and has covered most of the big news stories of that city for several years.

Mr. Meekins was preparing to enter Washington College in Maryland when the war broke out. He entered the Navy and served in various parts of the world until he received his honorable discharge in 1919. He took up newspaper work first on *The Baltimore News,* and then on *The Cumberland* (Md.) *News,* returning to the Baltimore paper before his move to Washington. Mr. Meekins is now at work on his first novel.

* * *

Summary of "Boston"

Cornelia Thornwell, wife of a former governor of Massachusetts, widowed at sixty, after forty years of sheltered ease feels free at last to disregard the wishes of her conventional family and begin life anew. She goes to Plymouth and, as a working woman, she boards with an Italian family there. Bartolomeo Vanzetti is her fellow boarder. She comes to know him well, and to know him for an idealist and a social revolutionary.

Of all Cornelia's family, only her granddaughter, Betty, is completely sympathetic. Betty, visiting a school friend in Plymouth, finds her grandmother again, meets Vanzetti, and becomes an ardent Radical. On returning home she shocks her parents with her liberal views. When America enters the World War, Cornelia and Betty align themselves with the pacifists, and Betty, coming from Radcliffe to live with Cornelia, is included in the government surveillance of pacifists. After the Armistice, Betty and Cornelia are arrested for participating in a suffragist parade and Betty is sent abroad by her parents with a cousin, but, once in Hungary, Betty goes to work.

When Betty's Red sympathies are discovered by her employers, she leaves for Italy, where Cornelia joins her, finding her under

(*Continued on page XV*)

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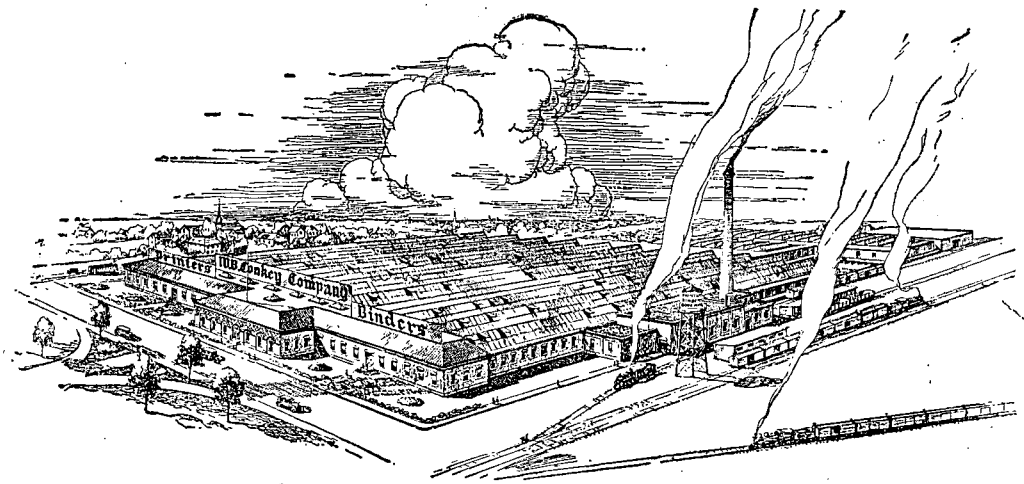

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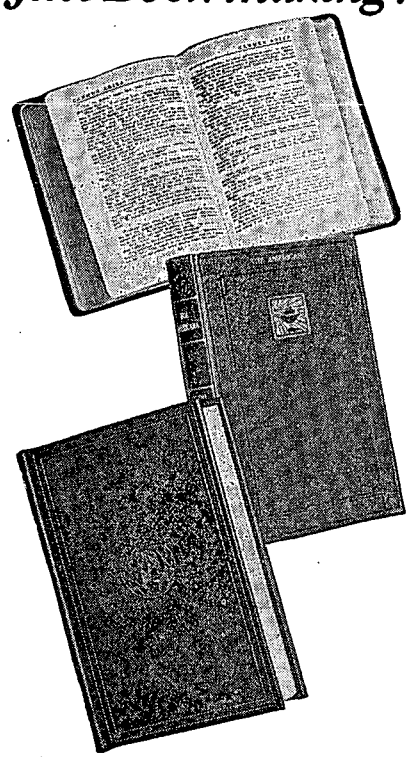

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(*Continued from page XI*)

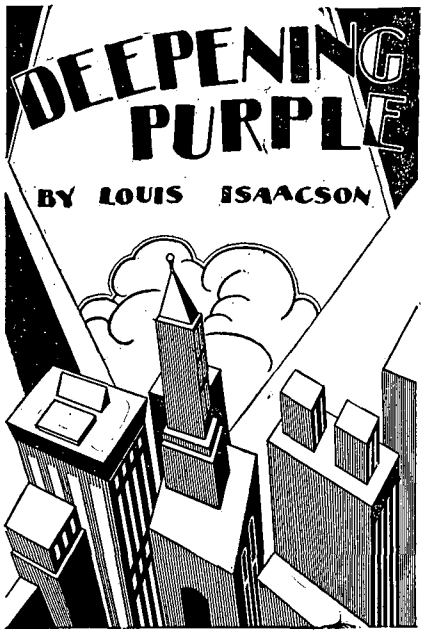
the protection of a French communist writer and a young American investigator. News reaches them of the arrest of Sacco and Vanzetti for alleged participation in a hold-up and double murder at South Braintree. Investigators, in interviewing witnesses, found that there was considerable disagreement as to the essential details.

At the same time, Coacci, an Italian anarchist sentenced for deportation, is being sought by Federal authorities for jumping bail. The immigration officer, in company with the Chief of Police of Bridgewater, a town which had likewise suffered from bandit raids, finds Coacci at his home. Stewart, the chief of police, is suspicious of Coacci's desire to be sent away at once, but when he returns with another officer he discovers that Coacci has already been deported. But a man named Boda is found at the house in company with Sacco and Vanzetti. These two refuse to clear themselves, for fear other innocent men will be involved.

Cornelia and Betty hurry home from Italy to their aid.

Lee Swenson, a famous liberal lawyer, decides to take the defense. About this time Betty announces to Cornelia that she and Joe Randall—the young American investigator who has followed her from Italy to assist in the trial—have "married themselves".

The scene of activities moves from Plymouth to Dedham. By this time the trial is no longer a trial of two obscure Italians for pay-roll banditry and murder, but has assumed the aspect of a great world-case of manipulation and injustice toward two foreigners, not for murder, but for their political beliefs. Men and women in all strata of society have become interested in the case; money has been raised in varying amounts in many quarters. Because of its conflicting aspects the defense is difficult to manage, and the prosecution seems undeniably to have the support and approval of the presiding judge, Webster Thayer. After a long drawn legal battle full of prosecution testimony which is obviously untrustworthy, and defense testimony which is minimized and ignored, Sacco and Vanzetti are found guilty and sentenced to death by electrocution.



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PAUL PATTERSON, *editor, the Sun papers, Baltimore, Md.*
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HENRY JUSTIN SMITH, *managing editor, Chicago Daily News.*
CASPER S. YOST, *editor, St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

City editors, managing editors and reporters on all newspapers throughout the country are urged to co-operate in making the contest comprehensive by sending us stories by members of their staff or stories they themselves have written, or stories that have been called to their attention.

In all cases two clippings of each story should be sent, with the date it appeared, the name of the newspaper in which it appeared, and the reporter's name plainly indicated. In cases where there has been collaboration, the name of the collaborator should also be given and the extent of his work indicated. In such cases the award will be shared by the collaborators in a manner specified by the juror.

One juror is sole arbiter for one month, another juror the next month, and so on. Stories are not to be sent to any individual juror direct, but addressed to:

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Clippings for the month of September will now be received

THE ARBITER FOR THE MONTH OF SEPTEMBER WILL BE JULIAN HARRIS

[THE SEPTEMBER STORY SELECTED WILL APPEAR IN THE DECEMBER ISSUE]

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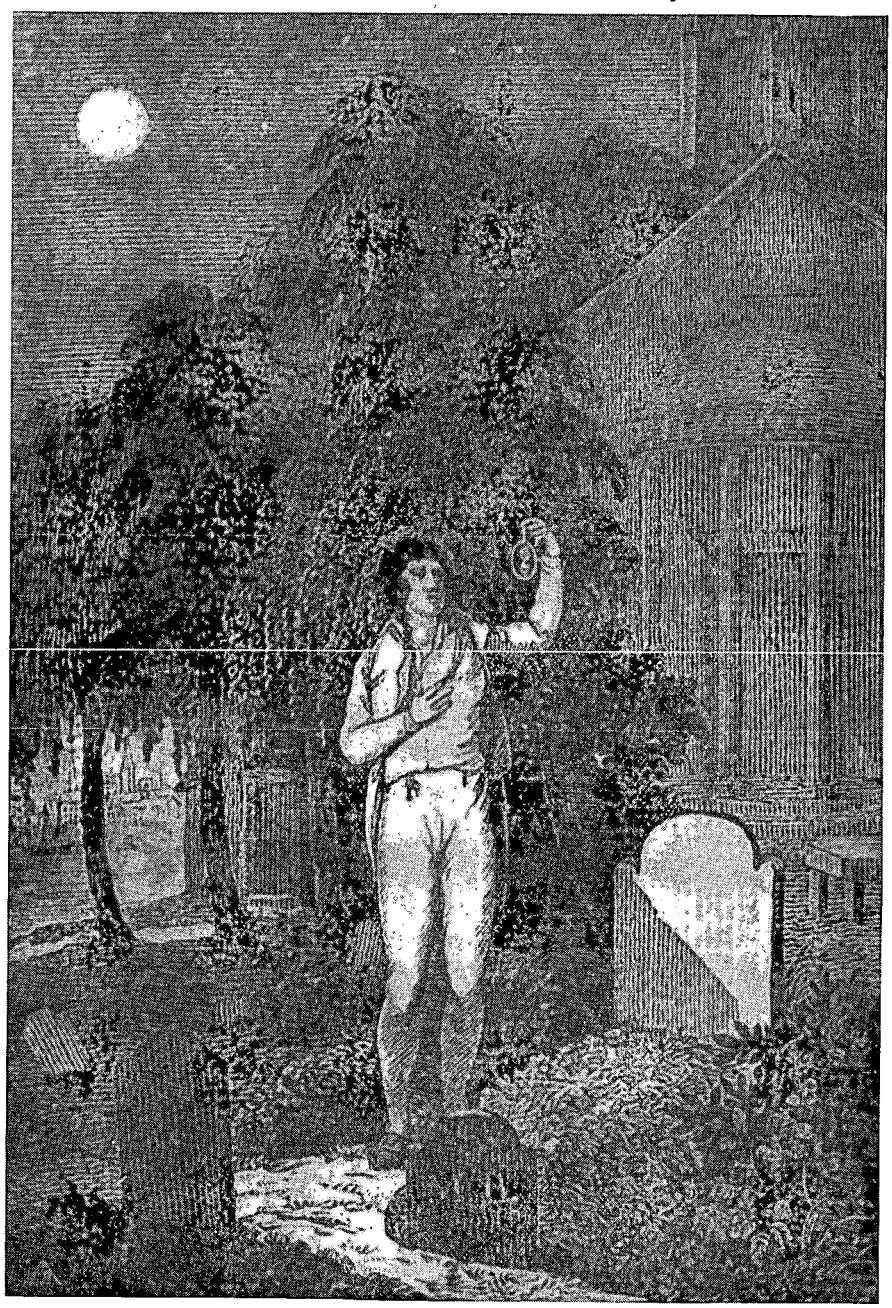

FRONTISPIECE TO "THE ASYLUM": *Alonzo at Melissa's Grave*

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SEPTEMBER, 1928 VOLUME LXVIII, No. 1

The BOOKMAN

ROMANCE: EARLY AMERICAN STYLE

By Edmund Pearson

EIGHTY years ago, if a girl smuggled a book into her bedroom to read in the silence of the night to the throbbing of her own excited heart, or if a moon-struck young man carried a book with him to some solitary spot, it was fairly certain to be a copy of "Alonzo and Melissa; or, The Unfeeling Father".

Three or four generations of Americans palpitated over this story. For fifty or sixty years its pages were literally sprinkled with the tears of youths and maidens; its passages of ghostly horror chilled the blood of young boys and girls; while its pompous moralizings and supposed devotion to fact caused it to be accepted by the elderly and pious. It was a *true tale,* its author rigorously insisted, and not a wicked, made-up novel; it could therefore be read without the moral ruin which followed the perusal of a fictitious story.

Today, if you ask for it at a book-shop, you will be told by nine dealers out of ten that they have never heard of it nor its author. About fifty years ago it went out of favor and became known as a plug—an unsalable book. But for the sixty years before that it enjoyed a popularity and long life which few American novels have ever known. It is safe to predict that not one of the best-selling novels of this year will last one-half so long nor be reprinted half so many times.

From 1811, the year of its first appearance, it was printed and reprinted, issued and re-issued, pirated by this publisher and that, north, south and west. There were periods when a new edition of it seemed to come out every year, each time in a different city.

Its place of first appearance and its author are both disputed. The year is agreed upon by everybody. In 1811 there was published at Poughkeepsie a two-volume novel called "The Asylum; or, Alonzo and Melissa, An American Tale, Founded on Fact", by Isaac Mitchell. In the same year, at Plattsburg, N. Y., appeared "A Short Account of the Courtship of Alonzo & Melissa", by Daniel Jackson, Jun.

It has been satisfactorily shown, so it seems to me, that "The Asylum" is the original work, and that the Plattsburg book is a briefer, pirated version. "The Asylum" is long and maundering; it contains two stories. Somebody—presumably Daniel Jackson, Jun.—saw his chance; he took the germ of the book—the story of two lovers—and sent that down the ages, in one volume, with his name on the title-page. That is the one which everybody read, and its story is described here.

The author in a brief preface somewhat unnecessarily expresses the belief that the story "is not unfriendly to religion and to virtue" and that it contains "no indecorous

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stimulants". He says that it inculcates "a firm reliance on Providence"; that it is not "filled with unmeaning and inexplicated incidents . . . imperceptible to the understanding". "When anxieties have been excited by involved and doubtful events," he says, "they are afterwards elucidated by the consequences."

So they are, and so also, by this preface, is the reader prepared to learn that the author placed a firm reliance, not only on Providence, but on the majestical sound of polysyllables.

Hoping that his descriptions of nature "will not fail to interest the refined sensibilities of the reader", the author begins his tale with admirable directness.

At the time of the American Revolution there were two young gentlemen of Connecticut, friends and recent graduates of Yale College. Their names were Edgar and Alonzo. Edgar was the son of a respectable farmer; Alonzo of an eminent merchant. Edgar "was designed for the desk"—we should say the ministry—"Alonzo for the bar". They were allowed to amuse themselves during the summer following graduation, and did so "in travelling through some parts of the United States".

On one occasion Alonzo went so far afield as New London, where he met Edgar's sister, Melissa, who was then about sixteen.

"She was not what is esteemed a striking beauty, but her appearance was pleasingly interesting. Her figure was elegant; her aspect was attempered with a pensive mildness, which in her cheerful moments would light up into sprightliness and vivacity . . . Her mind was adorned with those delicate graces which are the first ornaments of female excellence."

The hero and heroine met at a ball; someone presented Alonzo to Melissa, and the lady, so the author is careful to say, "received him with politeness".

"She was dressed in white, embroidered and spangled with rich silver lace; a silk girdle, enwrought and tasseled with gold, surrounded her waist; her hair was unadorned except by a wreath of artificial flowers, studded by a single diamond."

Alonzo was then about twenty-one. "His appearance was manly, open and free. His eye indicated a nobleness of soul; although his aspect was tinged with melancholy, yet he was naturally cheerful. His disposition was of the romantic cast."

He is probably the first Yale man to appear in fiction, and it is remarkable, as Professor Reed has noted, that he is about the only one of them who is not a great athlete.

There was another person at the ball, however—Melissa's "partner"; the son of a gentleman of independent fortune in New London.

"He was a gay young man, aged about twenty-five. His address was easy, his manners rather voluptuous than refined; confident, but not ungraceful. He led the *ton* in fashionable circles; gave taste its zest, and was quite a favorite with the ladies generally. His name was Beauman."

We are not told from which college Beauman came. As he is plainly destined to be the rival of Alonzo of Yale, we might have suspected him to be a Harvard graduate. Nothing is said about this, however, and the reference to Beauman's voluptuous manners makes it practically certain that he was a Princeton man.

Nothing in particular happened at the ball, but a few days later, Alonzo, by a series of lucky chances, was able to take Melissa out alone for an evening walk. In the regrettable language of today, they ditched Melissa's cousin and "his lady", and proceeded by themselves. It gave the author the first of his many occasions for scenic description.

"It was one of those beautiful evenings in the month of June, when nature in those parts of America is arrayed in her richest dress. They left the town and walked through fields adjoining the harbour,—the moon shone in full lustre, her white beams trembling upon the glassy main, where skiffs and sails of various descriptions were passing and repassing. The shores of Long-Island and the other islands in the harbour, appeared dimly to float among the waves. The air was adorned with the fragrance of surrounding flowers; the sound of instrumental music wafted from the town, rendered sweeter by distance, while the whippoorwill's

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sprightly song echoed along the adjacent groves."

This is the first appearance of the whippoorwill. This curious creature, which comparatively few people have heard, and still fewer have even seen, does not really have a song especially adapted to moments of tender sentiment. It is nervous and fidgety rather than soothing. Still, it is to the credit of the author of "Alonzo and Melissa" that he did employ native birds, rather than follow the custom of some of our early writters, who ruthlessly imported English skylarks and Italian nightingales in defiance of all probability. (If it were possible to interview the rival claimants to "Alonzo and Melissa", Daniel Jackson and Isaac Mitchell, it would be easy to find out which was the author. Simply introduce the subject of whippoorwills, and observe the result. The author of the work was hipped about them.)

Here is the rest of the scene as it presented itself to the young people:

"Far in the eastern horizon hung a pile of brazen clouds, which had passed from the north, over which, the crinkling red lightning momentarily darted, and at times, long peals of thunder were faintly heard. They walked to a point of the beach, where stood a large rock whose base was washed by every tide. On this rock they seated themselves, and enjoyed a while the splendours of the scene —the drapery of nature.

" 'To this place,' said Melissa, 'have I taken many a solitary walk, on such an evening as this, and seated on this rock, have I experienced more pleasing sensations than I ever received in the most splendid ballroom.' "

The author adds: "The idea impressed the mind of Alonzo; it was congenial with the feeling of his soul".

Evidently it impressed him so profoundly with its wisdom and beauty that it rendered him absolutely speechless.

It was clear to Melissa that she had said something so good that all further conversation was totally unnecessary and that she had better be content with the amazing success of her first remark. And so, although it is recorded that "they returned at a late hour", they maintained a complete silence for the rest of the evening.

If anybody thinks that this is intended to indicate that their lips were otherwise engaged, or that that any such familiarities as kissing and holding of hands took place, then he knows little of the behavior of the youthful heroes and heroines of the novels of this period. Doubtless Alonzo proffered his arm to Melissa as they walked home together, but it is otherwise certain that as they sat on the rock together a distance of not less than two and a half feet intervened between them, and that there was nothing in their conversation and conduct, even so much as the fluttering of an eyelid, to suggest a flirtation.

On the next day they all went home. Beauman was there; he "handed Melissa into the carriage", and with some others travelled part of the way with them. But Alonzo and Melissa finished the journey alone. There was a brief visit with the father of Edgar and Melissa—a "plain Connecticut farmer", who was rich, "destitute of literature" and a "rigid presbyterian". Then Edgar departed for New York to begin his studies of divinity, and Alonzo, in his native village, about twenty miles from Melissa's home, "entered the office of an eminent attorney".

He was much worried, however, about his inability to keep Beauman from dazzling Melissa with his attractions. One day, late in the summer, "he ordered his horse, and was in a short time at the seat of Melissa's father".

The young lady was sitting by the window when he entered the hall. She rose and received him with a smile.

" 'I have just been thinking of an evening's walk,' said she, 'but had no one to attend me, and you have come just in time to perform that office. I will order tea immediately, while you rest from the fatigues of your journey." By the time they were ready to set out there was some really remarkable weather, which has to be mentioned. As in the story of the fisherman and the enchanted flounder, where the weather became more and more portentous each time the fisherman returned to the sea-shore, so, as Alonzo and Melissa's passion became

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warmer, the weather adapted itself to the situation.

On this afternoon: "A soft and silent shower had descended; a thousand transitory gems trembled upon the foliage glittering in the western ray. A bright rainbow sat upon a southern cloud; the light gales whispered among the branches, agitated the young harvest to billowy motion, or waved the tops of the distant deep green forest with majestic grandeur. Flocks, herds, and cottages were scattered over the variegated landscape".

This time the scenery provoked a more passionate conversation, and the author puts it into a form of dramatic dialogue. Melissa refers to the rock on the beach at New London, and says:

"I know not how it happened; but you are the only person who ever attended me there.

Alonzo: That is a little surprising.

Melissa: Why surprising?

Alonzo: Where was Beauman?

Melissa: Perhaps he was not fond of solitude. Besides he was not always my Beauman.

Alonzo: Sometimes.

Melissa: Yes, sometimes.

Alonzo: And now always.

Melissa: Not this evening.

Alonzo: He formally addresses you.

Melissa: Well.

Alonzo: And will soon claim the exclusive privilege so to do.

Melisso: That does not follow of course.

Alonzo: Of course, if his intentions are sincere, and the wishes of another should accord therewith.

Melisso: Who am I to understand by another?

Alonzo: Melissa. A pause ensued.

Melissa: See that ship, Alonzo, coming up the sound; how she ploughs through the white foam, while the breezes flutter among the sails, varying with the beams of the sun.

Alonzo: Yes, it is almost down.

Melissa: What is almost down?

Alonzo: The sun. Was not you speaking of the sun, madam?

Melissa: Your mind is absent, Alonzo; I was speaking of yonder ship.

Alonzo: I beg pardon, madam. O yes—the ship—it—it bounds with rapid motion over the waves.

A pause ensued. They walked leisurely around the hill, and moved toward home."

Their torrid courtship continues for a few weeks, until at last Alonzo "taking her hand with anxiety" begs Melissa to deal with him candidly, and remarks that he will bow to her decision, as "Beauman or Alonzo must relinquish their pretensions".

Melissa, "her cheeks suffused with a varying glow, her lips pale, her voice tremulous, her eyes still cast down", then utters this decorous speech: "My parents have informed me that it is improper to receive the particular addresses of more than one. I am conscious of my inadvertency, and that the reproof is just. One therefore must be dismissed. But ——"

She hesitated, and "a considerable pause ensued".

Yet everything hung fire, and Alonzo still addressed the lady as "Madam". A few days later, Melissa's father, the rigid presbyterian, announced to Alonzo and Beauman that on the morrow he would inform the two young men which was the lucky one in his daughter's choice. The whole face of nature, upon the evening of this fateful day, is dark with portent.

"The breeze's rustling wing was in the tree. The 'slitty sound' of the low murmuring brook, and the far-off water-fall, were faintly heard. The twinkling fire-fly arose from the surrounding verdure and illuminated the air with a thousand transient gleams. The mingling discordance of curs and watch-dogs echoed in the distant village, from whence the frequent lights darted their palely lustre thro' the gloom."

The whippoorwills, by this time, are treated practically like hired musicians: they "stationed themselves along the woody glens, the groves and rocky pastures, and sung a requiem to departed summer. A dark cloud was rising in the west, across whose gloomy front the vivid lightning bent its forky spires".

Next day, Melissa's father requested Alonzo and Beauman to withdraw with him to a private room, and as soon as they were

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all seated, the old gentleman "addressed them" in a speech one page in length. He maintained the suspense to the end and then announced: "I now inform you that she has decided in favor of—Alonzo".

Beauman was more or less broken up at this, but no trouble developed between the suitors. Indeed, every precaution against an outbreak had been taken by Melissa's father, since one of the provisions of his speech had been that instantly upon its conclusion both of them should depart and absent themselves for at least two weeks "as it would be improper for my daughter to see either of you at present".

As if Alonzo had not had delay and vexation enough, America and England took this inconvenient occasion to go to war: the battle of Lexington was followed by the battle of Bunker Hill, and a "panic and general bustle took place in America". These things "were not calculated to impress the mind of Melissa with the most pleasing sensations". The eminent attorney with whom Alonzo was studying received a commission in the American army, and marched to the lines near Boston.

Alonzo thought that it might soon be his duty to "take the field", and he talked the matter over with Melissa. They "agreed to form the mystic union previous to any wide separation", and even picked out a village in which they might live after the troubles were past. It was a place chiefly inhabited by farmers, who were "mild, sociable, moral and diligent". This village, which they called "The Asylum", a word with pleasanter associations than it has today, gave its name to Mitchell's novel.

" 'Here,' said Alonzo, describing the prospect to his affianced wife, 'will we pass our days in all that felicity of mind which the checquered scenes of life admit. In the spring we will rove among the flowers. In summer, we will gather strawberries in yonder fields, or whortleberries from the adjacent shrubbery. The breezes of fragrant morning and the sighs of the evening gale, will be mingled with the songs of the thousand various birds, which frequent the surrounding groves.' "

He did not particularize as to the birds, but we can be pretty sure which ones he had in mind.

Alonzo received a commission in a militia regiment, but was not yet ordered away. Besides, his father's affairs were causing anxiety. One evening the eminent merchant asked Alonzo "if it were not possible that his marriage with Melissa could be consummated within a few days".

"Alonzo, startled at so unexpected a question, replied, that such a proposal would be considered extraordinary perhaps improper: besides, when Melissa had fixed the day, she mentioned that she had an uncle who lived near Charleston, in South Carolina, whose daughter was expected to pass the summer with Melissa, and was to arrive before the appointed day. It would, he said, be a delicate point for him to request her to anticipate the nuptials, unless he could give some urgent reasons for so doing."

Next morning, at breakfast, the agitated merchant addressed his family in a speech of two pages, in which he reviewed his financial career and condition, informing them that five of his ships had been seized in English harbors as lawful prizes, and that, in point of fact, he was bankrupt.

At this moment, the sheriff and his officers came in, and dragged the old gentleman off to prison. This event had the most unfavorable effect upon Melissa's parent—the rigid presbyterian, who now begins to emerge as the unfeeling father of the sub-title. The lovers had a gloomy interview and as Melissa prepared to return from it "a whippoorwill tuned its nightly song at a little distance". But the sound, "late so cheerful and sprightly, now passed heavily over their hearts"; the situation was becoming too serious for whippoorwills to be of any use.

Melissa's father now received his daughter's lover "with a distant and retiring bow", and introduced to him a new member of the family: an unpleasant, comedy character in the person of a maiden aunt, who had "doubled her teens". This, as I understand it, meant that she was a haggard old crone of at least twenty-six.

The unfeeling father, in a speech of about a page and a half, told Alonzo that he must now relinquish "all pretensions to the hand

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of Melissa"—and immediately left the room.

The situation became worse and worse. Beauman, who had just come into a splendid fortune, once more appeared as a rival. Alonzo could only visit his love secretly by night, and converse with her from the garden while she leaned out the window. Her father and the comic aunt had locked her in her room.

After one of these nocturnal interviews, Alonzo met Beauman, who was standing just outside the garden wall. Beauman, awake to the requirements of the situation, immediately adopted the language of high romance.

" 'What, my chevalier,' said he, 'such an adept in the amorous science already? Hast thou then eluded the watchful eyes of Argus, and the vigilance of the dragon?' "

But Alonzo quickly showed him that he had learned something equally good at New Haven. Princeton had the ball, but it was not yet in Yale's territory.

" 'Unfeeling and impertinent intruder!' he retorted, seizing hold of him, 'is it not enough that an innocent daughter must endure a merciless parent's persecuting hand, but thou must add to her misery by thy disgusting interference!'

" 'Quit thy hold, tarquin,' said Beauman; 'art thou determined, after storming the fortress, to murder the garrison?'

" 'Go,' said Alonzo, quitting him; 'go sir, you are unworthy of my anger. Pursue thy grovelling schemes.' "

Beauman then abandoned the manner of formal speech, and returned to the customary conversational style in a speech of two pages, ending with the information that he was now going back to New London. And that was all that happened that night.

Melissa is taken from home by the comic aunt, and immured in a Gothic castle or dungeon, with a high wall and moat. It is rather surprising to find this structure in Colonial Connecticut, but the aunt's explanation is that it was built by Melissa's great-grandfather, as a fortress against the Indians.

The fact is, of course, that the novelist writing shortly after 1800, and under the influence of "The Mysteries of Udolpho" and the Gothic romance generally, was quite helpless in the matter. He could no more avoid putting his heroine into a haunted castle and subjecting her to horrid groans and ghastly visions than the novelist of the present decade can escape from Freudian terminology and dreams of sexual symbolism.

Soon Melissa is having a terrible time. There are foot-steps and there are mysterious whisperings. An icy hand grasps her arm when she is trying to go to sleep. Voices call to her, and warn her to depart—which, by this time, she would jolly well like to do. An exceedingly unpleasant figure at last stands at her bedside.

"Its appearance was tall and robust, wrapped in a tattered white robe, spotted with blood. The hair of its head was matted with clotted gore. A deep wound appeared to have pierced its breast, from which fresh blood flowed down its garment. Its pale face was gashed and gory! its eyes fixed, glazed, and glaring:—its lips open, its teeth set, and in its hand was a bloody dagger."

Over twenty years ago a discussion of "Alonzo and Melissa" was revived in the literary reviews, and from all parts of the country elderly men and women wrote in recalling with a glow of enthusiasm the old attic in some farmhouse in Connecticut, or New Hampshire, or New York, where, fifty or sixty years earlier, they had undergone delightful chillings of the blood as they read this incident. For many of these youthful readers it was their first experience with a fictitious story; to them a full-blown novel was hitherto unknown. Many households had certain devotional books; perhaps Baxter's "Saints' Everlasting Rest" or Foxe's "Book of Martyrs". But fiction, romance, tender sentiment and ghostly adventure were represented for the first time by this story, and by it alone. Probably this accounts for the enormous success of the book, and for the new editions which followed each other for seventy years.

Today I could find only two copies in a city which has millions of books, and the one through which I gained my first knowledge of the tale had been so worn that pages were missing. The book was rebound in such confusion that it was almost impossi-

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ble to discern what Melissa did or how she was rescued from her peril.

One fact was plain, however: Melissa was not easily stampeded. The horrendous figure vanished, leaving the room "involved in pitchy blackness". A "horrid hoarse voice" called "Begone! begone from this house!" The bed on which she lay then seemed to be agitated, "and directly she perceived some person crawling on its foot".

She sprang up, found the candle, lighted it, searched the room, and took the reasonable precaution of looking under the bed. But there was no explanation of the dreadful spectre, or the other annoyances.

Next day Alonzo got into the castle. He crossed the moat by a tree that fell during the storm which raged in the night when the hauntings were at their worst. He rescued Melissa; but soon afterwards lost her once more. Every time he turned his back, some malign influence snatched her away.

Alonzo returned to New London, where he fell ill of a fever, and had various other trying experiences, until one day, he was finally crushed to the ground by reading in a paper this notice: "Died, of a consumption, on the 26th ult. at the seat of her uncle, Col. W. D. ——, near Charleston, South Carolina, whither she had repaired for her health, Miss Melissa D ——, the amiable daughter of J —— D ——, Esq. of * * *, Connecticut, in the eighteenth year of her age."

"The paper fell from the palsied hand—a sudden faintness came upon him—the room grew dark—he staggered, and fell senseless upon the floor."

There follow several pages describing Alonzo's delirium and ravings, his partial recovery, his grief and progress, his solitary and melancholy days, and his final resolve to take part in the war. He offered himself to the captain of a war-ship at New London, and this officer, "pleased with his appearance" promptly made him commander of the marines. The hero's ill fortune was persistent. In the first engagement with an enemy ship each vessel disabled the other, and while they were lying helpless a large English frigate appeared, took captive the Americans and carried them to London.

Here he spends a gloomy time in prison. Beauman turns up there, sick and miserable, and, after some affecting speeches, passes away. The author cannot contrive enough woes to lavish upon Alonzo, so he introduces, for an hour or two, a wretched young Englishman, who is in sorry plight in the same prison. He obligingly tells the story of his life, and the point of it is that his sister had dressed up in man's clothes and pretended to be a rival for her brother's sweetheart. As a result of this prank he has murdered both the girls, and is himself to be hanged next week.

After a bit, Alonzo escapes from prison by making a rope out of his clothes. He lands on the streets of London at three in the morning, and stark naked. He is more than a little dejected, and quite chilly, since it is a very raw day. His first piece of luck, however, meets him in the person of an English sailor, a midshipman on the *Severn*, named Jack Brown. Alonzo confides in him, making his whole situation known, and the noble British tar takes pity upon his enemy in distress. He clothes him, takes him home, and finally ships him to France, with ten golden guineas in his pocket. This lavish generosity is probably accounted for by the fact that Jack is married, with four children, and naturally has to have a great deal of money.

In Paris, Alonzo repairs instantly to the American Embassy, and thus we are admitted to the venerable presence of Dr. Benjamin Franklin. He listens to Alonzo's story, and with due regard for his own reputation as sage and philosopher, sits in complete silence for fifteen minutes. As a result of this deep thought he gets Alonzo a job as clerk in a book-shop.

A few months later, Dr. Franklin calls Alonzo once more to his house and tells him of his own acquaintance with and indebtedness to Alonzo's father. He then addresses an eloquent and sonorous oration on life, death and love, on the vanity of human wishes, on patriotism, duty, the character of the late Melissa, and Alonzo's obligation to return and help the struggling colonies. He ships Alonzo back to America, and a few months later the young man is standing in

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the church-yard at Charleston, South Carolina, before a stone with this inscription:

Sacred
To the Memory of inestimable departed Worth;
To unrivalled Excellence and Virtue.
Miss Melissa D ——
Whose remains are deposited here, and whose ethereal parts became a seraph
October 26, 1776
in the 18th year of her age.

Alonzo's grief leads him to frantic demonstrations in the grave-yard, and about the only consolation he can find is that a nightingale is singing nearby. Nightingales, the author explains in a foot-note, are permissible in South Carolina. There is also a whippoorwill—"Melissa's favorite bird"—whistling near the portico of the church. (Some deception had been practised on this whippoorwill, as will presently appear.)

At a tavern, in Charleston, Alonzo becomes acquainted with a young officer, who gives him many hints about a mysterious young lady who wishes to meet him. There is much backing and filling, and great hesitation by Alonzo, before he will so much as look on any "female". At last however, he calls upon her.

"She was dressed in sky-blue silk, embroidered with spangled lace; a gemmed tiara gathered her hair, from which was suspended a green veil, according to the mode . . . a silken girdle, with diamond clasp surrounded her waist."

After a little preliminary banter, the green veil was lifted by the young lady, disclosing the beauteous features of—Melissa!

In a moment—and for the first time in the book—she was in his arms. But the author had to make extended apologies for this lapse, and try to disarm those readers who might be horrified or annoyed. "Sneer not, ye callous hearted insensibles, ye fastidious prudes, if we inform you that their tears fell in one intermingling shower, that their sighs wafted in one blended breeze."

The explanation of it all was that the deception had been necessary to foil the unfeeling father, the rigid presbyterian, and keep him from marrying her to Beauman. The Melissa D —— whose death had been reported, the lady who was actually buried in the church-yard, was *another* Melissa D ——, a cousin of our heroine. And near her grave, the whippoorwill—led astray by false pretences, like the reader of the book—was now whistling.

They go back to Connecticut; the tyrannical father is mollified—all the easier, since, about this time, Alonzo's father's ships come in, and he is once more restored to wealth. The "nuptials" are prepared.

"And now, reader of sensibility, indulge the pleasing sensation of thy bosom—for Alonzo and Melissa are MARRIED."

Accompanied by twenty men, with muskets and swords, they investigate the Gothic castle, and find that it is infested by "illicit traders", men who are carrying on a contraband business with the enemy troops in New York City. It was these miscreants who originated all the elaborate and expensive hocus-pocus to scare one girl out of the house.

By an odd coincidence, about the time of Alonzo's wedding, some English prisoners of war—sailors—are brought into port, and Alonzo finds his old benefactor, Jack Brown, deeply distressed and in manacles.

In a short time, Jack has been exchanged, his wounds healed, and he is sent home with a draft on London for £500. He returns to his wife and four children, and sets up a public house at the sign of *The Grateful American.*

Alonzo and Melissa are now in complete felicity, except that the bridegroom is called out now and then on militia duty until the end of the war. They return to the village, which they had chosen for their original home. Here they build their cottage, prepared to enjoy the charms of nature, which the author is ready to describe at the least provocation. All of those charms are present, and a new one—the strawberry bird—is introduced in the last paragraph. He comes in, however, as an addition, and not in substitution for their faithful accompanists, the whippoorwills.

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THE STRANGE CASE OF JAMES JOYCE

By Rebecca West

I SHUT the bookshop door behind me and walked slowly down the street that leads from the Odèon to the Boulevard St. Germain in the best of all cities, reading in the little volume which had there been sold to me not exactly pretentiously indeed with a matter-of-fact briskness, yet with a sense of there being something on hand different from an ordinary commercial transaction: as they sell pious whatnots in a cathedral porch. Presently I stopped. I said "Ah!" and smiled up into the clean French light. My eye lit on a dove that was bridging the tall houses by its flight, and I felt that interior agreement with its grace, that delighted participation in its experience, which is only possible when one is in a state of pleasure.

I was pleased by a poem that I had just read; the following poem:

ALONE

The moon's grey-golden meshes make
  All night a veil,
The shore lamps on the sleeping lake
  Laburnum tendrils trail.

The shy reeds whisper to the night
  A name — her name —
And all my soul is a delight,
  A swoon of shame.

It may seem inconceivable that this poem should bring pleasure to any living creature, for, as art is in part at least a matter of the communication to the audience of an emotion felt by an artist, this is plainly an exceedingly bad poem. "And all my soul is a delight, A swoon of shame" are words as blank as the back of a spoon. Nevertheless this poem gave me great pleasure, because I had considered it in the light of its authorship. For it is not the words to a song; it is not by Mr. Fred E. Weatherley. It is not by Miss Helen Wills, whose sole poetical production (published, I think, in *Vanity Fair*) it very closely resembles. It is, on the contrary, as one might say, by Mr. James Joyce. It is one of the poems, and not noticeably the worst, included in the collection he has called "Pomes Penyeach". And because he had written it I was pleased, though not at all as the mean are when they find that the mighty have fallen, for had he written three hundred poems as bad as this his prose works would still prove him beyond argument a writer of majestic genius. Indeed, the pleasure I was feeling was not at all dependent on what my conception of Mr. James Joyce is: it was derived from the fact that, very much more definitely than five minutes before, I had a conception of Mr. James Joyce. Suspicions had been confirmed. What was cloudy was now solid. In those eight lines he had ceased to belong to that vast army of our enemies, the facts we do not comprehend; he had passed over and become one of our friends, one of those who have yielded up an account of their nature, who do not keep back a secret which one day may act like a bomb on each theory of the universe that we have built for our defense.

For really, I reflected, as I went on my way down the Street of the Seine, this makes it quite plain that Mr. James Joyce is a great man who is entirely without taste. So much is proved by the preservation of this poem against considerable odds; for it was written at Zürich in 1916, and there was the removal to Paris, there were eleven years, there was space and there was time, in which to lose it. And lack of taste, when one comes to turn over the handicaps he has laid on his genius, is the source of nearly all of them. It explains, for example, the gross sentimentality which is his most fundamental error. What do I mean by sentimentality? I had to think. There appeared before my eyes another part of France, the Provençal village where I spend my summers, the crook in the

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high street where the men sit at little tables with heads bent sideways and downwards as if they all had stiff necks, watching the game of *boules* that incredibly goes on, parting and reassembling as the automobiles fly past, in the puddle-pocked, wheel-harassed roads. It is not a likable game. It brings two kinds of unpleasantness to the ear, for when the *boules* meet the spurting sound of their impact is like an exchange of rude remarks, and when they meet only with a little force, as must often happen in a game played on such a surface, that sound has the futile quality of feeble rudeness, of failure in an enterprise where even success would have meant nothing pleasant. And there comes from the onlookers never that tense yet languid cry, which is only a little more than a deep breath, which tells that a crowd is participating through attention in the deep peace of a beautiful movement: instead came praising, blaming "Ohs!" and "Ahs!" which show that they are not resting, that in this pastime there has not been lifted from them the human burden of discrimination and calculation, that load of pricking needles. It is, therefore, better as one passes to raise one's eyes to the great umbrella pine which is the steady roof to all the squint-sitting people, making out of a hundred branches, a million twigs, a form as single as a raindrop, casting a shadow as of an undivided substance. It had seemed to me that the men squatting at their *boules* were like the sentimental artist, that the pine-tree was like the non-sentimental artist.

For the non-sentimental artist has an intention of writing a book on a theme which is as determined and exclusive as the tree's intention of becoming a tree, and by passing all his material through his imagination and there experiencing it, he achieves the same identity with what he makes as the growing tree does. Now neither has eyes, neither has ears, neither is intelligent, simply they are becoming what they make. The writer puts out his force and it becomes a phase of his story, as the tree puts out its force and makes a branch. Both know how much force to put out, and where next to reassert it, because having achieved this identification with their creation they would feel a faulty distribution of balance as one would a withered limb. Since that which was made first wandered in the path of its making, as things created from the real elements do, like veins and rivers, the second exercise of force cannot be arranged according to a mechanical symmetry, but must balance irregularity with irregularity, and again the artist who has identified himself with his theme feels this almost as automatic an adjustment as a movement of his own body. In *La Princesse de Clèves*, in *Adolphe*, in the pages of Stendhal, there is established a perfect equilibrium, there are no patches or pages or chapters that are notably better or worse than the rest (though there are, of course, climaxes dictated by the theme); there is no character which is not displayed in the right extent of space with the right degree of emphasis, because each writer has passed the theme and its characters through the imagination and knows the value of each character as one knows the weight of an object one has held in one's hand; there is no part which rebels against the whole, there is the peace of unity.

But the sentimental artist is becoming nothing, he has ears, he has eyes, he is being intelligent, he is playing a game, he is moving certain objects according to certain rules in front of spectators. Those objects one may take as the isolated units of his material which he has passed through his imagination by an unfortunately discontinuous process. He sees that one of those objects occupies a certain position on the ground, and knows that he will score a point if he can remove it to another position; he therefore sends another of these objects rolling along to displace it. *Shock*...one hears that ugly sound. Often one hears it in the uglier form produced by weak impact, for this method presents more hazards than real creative writing. To communicate one's experience to an audience is no trouble to an artist, since in point of fact giving formal expression to a work of art is to interpret one's experience to oneself, so that one merely permits the audience to look over one's shoulder. But to condition the expression of one's experience out of regard for the effect on one's audience-man is to bring into the artistic

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process a factor so little of a constant—since that mind is perpetually changing according to the social and intellectual movements of the time, and one's understanding of it is as unstable—that it is comparable to playing bowls on a highroad.

Now one hears that *shock* very often in modern literature, in the writings of persons who have practised some revolutionary austerity regarding the superficialities of writing, and feeling, therefore,—having a streak of Puritan optimism in them—that they must thereby have bought salvation by it. Mr. Arnold Bennett feels he has ranked himself for ever as a dry wine by what he mixed with himself of Maupassant; nevertheless he has put on the market some grocer's Sauterne in the form of several novels that are highly sentimental so far as their fundamental balance of values are concerned. There is, for example, "The Pretty Lady", in which there is an antithesis between a society woman and a prostitute which is as wooden and made for a purpose as a clothes-horse. It is more than doubtful if a theme which presents itself to a writer in the form of a contrast can ever be the occasion of great art. To say "I am going to write a book about the contrast between two characters", instead of saying "I am going to write a book about two characters", is like saying, "I am going to write a beautiful book", for both beauty and contrast lie in the eye of the beholder. If one writes to create these effects, instead of to render an account of the values these characters have in relation to one's theme, one will be constantly tampering with an imaginative knowledge of them to prove a point. Anyway, in "The Pretty Lady" facts regarding the prostitute are rolled into position; other facts regarding the prostitute are rolled along to impact with them. *Shock.* In Katherine Mansfield's "Miss Brill" facts regarding the old maid with her pink nose pinched by her personal winter are rolled into position; towards them are rolled facts regarding the young and their brutal personal spring. *Shock.* Far too volitional the impact to excite pity. We refuse to join in the game; we suspect Katherine Mansfield as we do Charles Dickens when Little Nell is dying, and we feel that he relishes our tears as he would a kipper to his tea, and realize that if the logic of the book suddenly demanded an eleventh-hour recovery he would have hit the child on the head without the slightest compunction. To these and other sentimentalities Katherine Mansfield was decoyed by her knowledge that her attempts at Tchekovian directness and purity had been successful so far as an austerity of diction and economy of material and means were concerned. She could turn a coach-and-four in the smallest attic, she could make a coach-and-four of a pumpkin and white mice, of a disappointment and dull people; and she took that partial victory for the entire triumph, which was indeed hers in "Prelude" and "At the Bay", which are Tchekovian in spirit as well as in ingredient. She could not believe that though she had removed her sentence so far from Charles Dickens she might remain quite close to him in the matter of sentiment. Even so the young American expressionist dramatists push their methods so far past Toller that they cannot believe that their content nestles side by side with "East Lynne". And even so James Joyce, confident in his own revolutionary quality because his sentences wear the cap of liberty, weakens his masterpiece by executing it with hands made tremulous by the most reactionary sentimentality.

Shock. One hears the sound again and again in "Ulysses". Seduced by his use of a heterodox technique into believing himself to be a wholly emancipated writer, James Joyce is not at all ahead of his times in his enslavement to the sentimental. That is manifest in isolated incidents. For example, the volitional character of Miss Brill is as nothing compared to that of Gerty MacDowell, the girl who sat on the beach to the detriment of Mr. Bloom's chastity. Her erotic reverie is built up with as much noisy sense of meeting a special occasion as a grand-stand for a Royal procession, in order that we may be confounded by the fact of her lameness. *Shock.* But more important still, his sentimentality deforms the conception of one of the two protagonists, and that the one which should have been presented with the most careful sincerity and grace: the young Stephen Dedalus, whose quarrel with the

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grossness of man's theory of living (as symbolized by the Roman Catholic Church) and the grossness of man's living (as symbolized by Leopold Bloom) is meaningless unless they are destroying in him a sincere and graceful spirit. But the young man is transparently a hero. His creator has given him eyelashes an inch long. And how he comports himself! He rolls his eyes, he wobbles on his base with suffering, like a Guido Reni. This is partly, of course, a consequence of Mr. Joyce's habit of using his writing as a means of gratifying certain compulsions under which he labors without making the first effort towards lifting them over the threshold that divides life from art. An obvious example of this is his use of obscene words. This might be a perfectly justifiable artistic device. I would hesitate to say that some artist may not at some time find it necessary to use these Anglo-Saxon monosyllables, which are in a sense so little used and in a sense so much, for the completion of some artistic pattern. But that Mr. Joyce is not that artist, that his use of obscene words is altogether outside the esthetic process is proven by that spurt of satisfaction, more actual but also more feeble than authentic artistic emotion which marks the pages whenever he uses them. Simply he is gratifying in his maturity the desire to protest against the adult order of things by the closest possible verbal substitutes for the practical actions, originating in the zone against which adults seemed to have such a repressive prejudice, by which he could register such feelings in his infancy.

It would be odd if an infantile trait should exist in such pungency alone; and, of course, it does not. There is working here a narcissism, a compulsion to make a self-image and to make it with an eye to the approval of others, which turns Stephen Dedalus into a figure oddly familiar for the protagonist of a book supposed to be revolutionary and unique. In his monologues on esthetics, in his unfolding of his theory concerning Shakespeare, he enjoys the unnatural immunity from interruption that one might encounter not in life but in a typical Freudian wish-fulfilment dream. Buck Milligan the base, Lynch the banal, Best and Eglinton, the vocational Dubliners, intervene not as arguers but as accompanists. That is familiar. There is a sense of portentousness in his dislike of his environment, as if the author should turn his head to his audience and say in an awe-stricken whisper, as of a curate noting that the Bishop is not pleased, "He does not like it"; there is a sense of separateness in all his desirable qualities, of monopoly, of total lack of response from all others. These too are familiar, and as features in fiction of a not at all revolutionary sort. They are, in fact, the constant ingredients in almost every novel in which an Oxford or Cambridge graduate looks back on the Oxford or Cambridge undergraduate that he was five minutes previously and reverently commemorates the chrysalis. Such novels are written by talent or less, and "Ulysses" is written by genius, but there is in both the same narcissistic inspiration, which inevitably deforms all its products with sentimentality, since the self-image which it is the aim of narcissism to create is made out of material that has been imaginatively experienced but out of material that has been selected as likely to please others. *Shock.* Again the values have been externally adjusted.

Now if a writer can juxtapose sentimental material like this alongside material to which his imaginative experience of it has given absolutely just values—like the exquisitely pathetic picture of the visions of a sweet and ordered life that sometimes come to the squalid Dublin Jew, Leopold Bloom, evoked in the question-and-answer part of the book simply by cataloguing the specifications of the little country place of which the creature often dreams—he has really remarkably little taste. It is as odd as if a man who had inherited the finest diamonds in the world should know nothing about gems and should constantly be buying worthless paste. One feels that if he had not something more than a negative deficiency in good taste, a real positive attribute of bad taste, he would have learned better from his own possessions. And it occurs to one that a person who has this attribute is the very last person from whom one would look for a new development in literary technique. If he goes wrong

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in dealing with the content of his work, in the emotional values, where the psychic necessity which made him write the book is working to make him say what he means, he is far more likely to go wrong in dealing with its form, in which matter the intellect, with its confounded freedom of choice, can have its own way.

And James Joyce does go wrong. This is not to say that he does not write beautiful prose. The description of the young man bathing in the first part of "Ulysses", blue seas engulfing clean white limbs which because of their youth and beauty seem like the waters, not as dense as earth, while from Buck Milligan there come slow, indolent shouts of lewdness, like the roaring of a bull far down under the waters, far down under the earth, waiting for the hour when it may hammer its hoofs up some highway into that foolish thing, so extravagantly much less dense than earth, the light, and trample down to the earth all fair bloodless things like grass and flowers, and all things that having blood within them are disloyal to their corruptible content and seem ethereal, like these clean white limbs; the description of the Dublin summer afternoon, threaded with creeping bodies, with creeping minds, that do not know quite what they do, that do not do quite what they know, that are like ants, over which men express respectful wonder at the creative powers of nature, but on which they tread without compunction; the description of Marian Bloom, the great mother who needs not trouble to trace her descent from the primeval age whence all things come, who lies in a bed yeasty with her warmth and her sweat, and sends forth in a fountain from her strong, idealess mind thoughts of generation and recollection of sunshine, and the two are one, twisting and turning, the two are seen to be one: these are outside the sphere and beyond the power of any other writer alive or dead.

But that does not alter the fact that James Joyce is safe only when he stays within tradition; or one might say rather within a tradition, for the times when he is best able to give perfect form to his genius are when he is not trying to escape from the influence of his classical training. There are two stories in "Dubliners" which are among the most beautiful short stories that have been written in our time; and both of them guide their exquisite spirits to deliverance along a path prepared by Latin poetry. One of them is called "A Sad Case": and it tells of an obscure middle-aged man, a cashier in a bank, a subintellectual, liking to be squeamish alone with his books, who some years before had made the acquaintance of a sea-captain's wife—who was not a young person either—and has broken it off because she disclosed a quiet, desperate passion for him, and such things were not in his line; and on the night of which the story is written, as he takes his evening meal in an eating-house, he reads in a local newspaper a paragraph describing the woman's suicide at a level-crossing. He is stunned at first. He goes back to his little room and reads over again the report of the inquest. There is evidence that of late the dead woman had taken to intemperate habits, and at that he runs away into disgust at her; her passion for him seems part of her looseness, he hates and repudiates her. But the room grows cold, he goes out and has a hot punch in a public-house. A feeling of loneliness comes on him. He goes out into the Park where he and she had walked four years before and is desolate. Then he hears the complaining drone of a goods train winding its way down in the valley. It seems to be saying her name. It goes on for a long time. Silence falls. The black and empty sky remains, and that is all. The human heart has achieved nothing to counter its emptiness. It is as logically impossible that an arrangement of such drab colors should be beautiful as that the sight of two sardine tins and an old boot lying on a railway embankment should make us glad, but the esthetic process which is above logic makes them shine before us like one jewel; and the particular kind of process which organizes these colors to beauty, as the crystalline principle sees to it that the molecules of a jewel radiate color and light instead of having the substance of bread or lead, is that which organizes the most enduring parts of Latin poetry. Through these pages, in which the

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suffering of the man and woman stand up in the night like vast columns of a ruined temple, exquisite and desolate integers of a final and irremediable incompleteness, there sound precisely those accents which in one's schooldays one groped for and could not find when one tried to translate the passages in the Aeneid where people grieve, where they say, *"manibus date lilia plenis"* . . .

The sentences are austere in color, they drive straight down, they bring the earth something not soothing yet a benefit, like the gray spears of rain, like the lines of Virgil.

And in the other and still more marvellous story, "The Dead", which is one of the few masterpieces of mysticism, it is Lucretius who is recalled. There is a fine, upstanding young middle-aged man, good at slipping the right Christmas-box to Lily, the caretaker's daughter, as she helps him off with his coat at the old Miss Morkan's New Year dance, good at carving the goose at the sit-down supper, good at making a speech which pleases the old ladies and sets the guests singing, "For they are jolly good fellows", going through all these performances with just their right spice of contempt for those before whom he performs to guarantee that he might be right not only with this society but with the one above it. Throughout the evening he looks across the room at his wife, about whom there is a certain romantic distinction which marks her superior to the people about her, which makes him therefore still more superior to them in possessing her, and rejoices because he is going to spend the night with her, not in their house in the Dublin suburbs which is too well-used by domesticity, but in a hotel near the old ladies' house, in a strange, bare room, which can be furnished with a new and undimmed mood. It is typical of his egotism that as he leads her along the road he remembers tenderly passages not from the love-letters she wrote to him, but from those he wrote to her. But when he has her alone in the little room she will not melt into his easy mood of voluptuousness; she turns her face away, and when he asks her what is the matter she bursts into tears and says that she is thinking of a song which one of the guests had sung at the party. A boy whom she had known in the West in her youth used to sing it to her... a boy who had been in love with her...a boy, she sighs at last, who is dead. He had died for love of her, being in a decline and coming nevertheless through the rain to a tryst in her garden. There can be no love-making this night. Her husband lets her sob herself to sleep, and lies awake beside her thinking with humiliation of the dead boy's love, passion such as he had never known; and of the dead boy's death, which also he feels to be an experience above any that have come to his warm, bustling organism. Through the window-panes, in the light of a street lamp, he sees the snowflakes falling. The snow will be falling all over Ireland, on the graves of the dead, on the houses of the living. We perceive that the destiny of man is not comfortable, that he is born naked and without a quilt; that his end, so far as the furthest sight can see, is to lie in ground that is cold enough to chill though not enough to check corruption, and we perceive also that what raises him to a dignity which enables him to return the stare of the stars without shame are precisely those discomfortable elements, and not the moments when he contrives to forget them.

These two stories by themselves should explain why we rank James Joyce as a major writer. But the uncertainty of his power over his medium is manifest when he makes use of the same tradition with equal vigor and the most fatuous results. There are two colossal finger-prints left by literary incompetence on "Ulysses" which show that a pedantic accuracy about the letter and an insensitivity about the spirit can lead him wildly astray even while he is still loyal to the classicism. It was M. Valéry Larbaud who first detected that the title of that great work was not just put in to make it more difficult, but that there exists a close parallelism between the incidents of the Odyssey and "Ulysses": that Leopold Bloom is Ulysses, Stephen Dedalus is Telemachus, Marion Bloom is Penelope, the newspaper office is the Cave of the Winds, the brothel the Place

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of the Dead, and so on. This recognition plunges Mr. Joyce's devotees into profound ecstasies from which they never recover sufficiently to ask what the devil is the purpose that is served by these analogies. The theme of "Ulysses" is essentially Manichæan: Leopold and Stephen are Ormuz and Ahriman, the dark force of matter that rots as well as blossoms and the spirit of light that emerges from it and contends with it. But surely there was nothing in the philosophical world more alien from the Greek genius than Manichæanism, since the motive force which inspired it was its need to prove that there was no conflict between nature and beauty, and that whoso accepted the one begot the other by the act of acceptance. When one looks at the works of art recovered from the ruins of the City of Khochu, which are our first intimations of what Manichænism, functioning as orthodoxy, produced other than what we have gleaned from the report of its enemies, one is amazed by the way that though the externals of Greek are faithfully borrowed and respectfully superimposed on more Oriental forms, the admission that there is a fundamental disharmony in nature causes it to create effects that are totally different from anything which one could possibly experience on account of Greek Art. It is as if one met two beautiful sisters, much alike, but one a happy wife and the other a tragic widow. For Mr. Joyce to write his Manichæan epic with a dove-tailing fidelity to a Greek pattern is as sensible as it would be to write a novel about Middle Western farm life in French alexandrines.

The other finger-print he has left on his own masterpiece springs from not so fundamental a confusion, but it is as ominous in its bearing on his fitness to invent a valid new method. His devotees never weary of pointing out as evidence of his scholarship that the scene in the Lying-In Hospital consists of a series of parodies of a large number of great writers ranging from the Early English to the Victorians: the theory being that the mind of Stephen Dedalus picks up the bawdy conversation of Bloom and the medical students and translates it into terms of the literature in which he had been saturating himself. What they never pause to notice is that even as parodies—and perhaps the parody is the art-form which produces the largest percentage of execrable specimens—these are noticeably bad. The imitations of Bunyan and Sterne, even allowing for the increasing cloudiness of drunkenness, completely disprove all that is alleged concerning the quality of Stephen's mind.

It would be unlikely that a person so much in need of help from tradition, and so capable of going wrong even when he hasn't it, should do anything but fall on the floor when he lets go of it: and the method he adopts when he does proves, if one examines without infatuation, to be a wild flounder. It is executed deliberately, but it is conceived in confusion. Its keystones are inclusiveness and incoherence: Mr. Joyce's admirers lay stress on the fact that "Ulysses" tells the whole story of twenty-four hours in the life of Leopold Bloom, and they admire enormously passages such as "At four she. Winsomely she on Bloohimwhom smiled. Bloo smi qui go. Ternoon. Think you're the only pebble on the beach? Does that to all. For men". But this is not a new esthetic. For it is precisely that faith which inspired the well-known artist of the Victorian era, Mr. W. P. Frith, to convict his notorious paintings. It was his effort, which was surely crowned by success in a certain sense, to tell the whole story of what happened in an area a hundred yards square on the Derby course which resulted in "Derby Day"; and it is true that "Bronze by gold heard the hoofirons, steely-ringing", and the ensuing passage, vividly convey the effect of a bronze-haired barmaid and her golden-haired colleague standing behind the bar of the Ormonde, but consider how well done, how really awfully well done, the cockade on the footman's top-hat in the right-hand foreground of Mr. Frith's achievement and the so verily pink lobster he is lifting from the luncheon-basket.

The brilliantly informative presentation of insufficiently related objects is no novelty in any of the arts. Not only is this method old, it is also logically unsound in both its foundations, since inclusiveness and incoherence can be present in works of art only as the result of interesting and rare special cases.

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The problem of art is to communicate to the beholder an emotion caused in the artist by a certain object; and though it is possible that every attribute of that object, all its relations in time and space, are relevant to that emotion, it is not very probable. It is far more likely that the object will have a number of attributes which are merely cords that secure it a place in the world of physical fact, in the world of naïve realism, the world in which it must be for the artist to catch sight of it, but from which he must remove it in order to treat it; and that it has yet other attributes of a sort which might interest another artist but not this particular one. So far from being a way of handling the literary medium, inclusiveness is a condition which may or may not legitimately exist in a work of art owing to factors quite outside the conscious control of the artist; and which does not legitimately exist in "Ulysses", since many of the excrementitious and sexual passages have a non-esthetic gusto about them which implies that, in order to write of them at all Mr. Joyce has had to step out of his artistic process, even to the extent of losing touch with his characters. For every now and then Leopold Bloom, in whom there is no reticence, in whom there cannot be reticence since it is among the restrictions of life which he has foregone because he suspects them of being purposive, adopts toward sexual matters a coy titillating hesitancy. "I wonder if she knew I." In fact there are aspects of Leopold's life during the twenty-four hours which interest the artist in Mr. Joyce so little that they refuse to part with their knowledge to him while he insists on writing of them. Inclusiveness is therefore in these instances esthetically fatal to Mr. Joyce.

Incoherence, that is to say the presentation of words in other than the order appointed by any logic of words not in sentence formation, is at least a real device and not just a condition, and while it also is suitable for the handling only of a special case, that special case is certainly contained in Ulysses. But unfortunately Mr. Joyce applies it to many things in Ulysses as well as that special case. To begin with, he writes down these strings of words as if they corresponded to the stream of one's consciousness; as if, should one resolve to describe one's impressions as they came, one would produce isolated words and phrases which would not cohere into sentences. Yet there is nothing more certain than that sentences were used by man before words and still come with the readiness of instinct to his lips. They, and not words, are the foundations of all language. Your dog has no words, but it barks and whines sentences at you. Your cat has no words, but it has a considerable feeling for the architecture of the sentence in relation to the problem of expressing climax. Your baby has no words, but it will use sentences for hours together, sometimes pausing for thought and adding a pungent dependent clause, till it builds up a kind of argument-like mass. Indeed, the chief difficulty of teaching a child to talk is to persuade it to abandon the wordless sentence, which perfectly conveys all the emotional communications it wishes to make, and to go through the labor of memorizing words for the purpose of making the intellectual communications it will feel no need to make for some years to come. A mother who points to a doll and repeats "doll" over and over again to the child who for some time has been perfectly well able to convey that she wants the doll in her arms by saying "Wa wa *wa* WA", must seem to the child to be positively unteaching it to speak, to be cramping and deforming a faculty; which probably adds to the dark suspicion of the adult world held by the young.

Even an amazing large part of adult life could be carried on without words. One can perfectly well open one's mouth and by simply letting the emotions act on the larynx cause a series of sounds which inform the hearer that one means, "I love you more than anything in the world", or "Everything was peaceful and happy till you came and now you have spoiled it all", or "How nice you are looking", or "This steak is burned". A great many quite good plays could be performed with rhythmic howls in the place of dialogue and lose almost nothing by the change. "Tons of Money", for example, would have suffered very little. Even the entertaining effect of Mr. Noel Coward's

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comedies, though verbal wit contributes to it greatly, is very largely dependent on the amusing and entirely characteristic cadence of his sentences, which suggest that if one takes up almost any situation which the world pretends is sacred and solemn and of precious substance and examines it calmly, one will find that it can be snapped across and crumbled between the fingers like a biscuit. Except for the most complicated forms of human action and for those late human growths, literature and philosophy, words are not really necessary, and since they are only elaborations of sounds it is extremely unlikely that they occur to the mind except in the sentence form in which man has always handled them. The common conception of the sentence as something into which the higher faculties present them, that it represents sense constructed out of nonsense, is as much an error as the old-fashioned idea that when a man saw a triangle his mind crawled round each of its three sides collecting the information that they were joined together and formed a triangle instead of receiving an impression of a triangle as instantaneous as an electrical discharge.

Both errors depend on a similar assumption which, on examination, proves impossible to assume. The man who becomes aware of the triangle by synthesis of its lines instead of becoming aware of the lines by analysis of the triangle is supposed in some mysterious way to have grasped all the attributes of these lines except their relations to one another (the sum of which is the triangle), though these may well have been their most salient points; the man who perceives phenomena in a way that can be conveyed by isolated words and phrases is supposed in some equally mysterious way to have grasped all the attributes of these phenomena except their relations to the universe (since the structure of the sentence is simply an arrangement to exhibit such relations), although those may quite possibly be to him by far the most important and most obvious of their attributes. And, indeed, if one puts one's friend to a test one will find that not only is the idea of nonsense as a primary state of language improbable theoretically, but it can be disproved practically by the fact that people invariably find it a painful effort and ultimately an impossibility not to talk sense. If one asks them to put away as far as possible all consciousness of a listener and to record what they see going on outside the window or what is passing in their own minds, and beg them to do this without using the sentence form, however anxious they may be to accede they presently stumble and stutter uncomfortably and finally are dumb. Against their will what they have to say coagulates into sentences: short, simple sentences, but nevertheless sentences. Hence I refuse to believe Mr. Joyce when he describes the Ormonde Bar in verbal sneezes, or goes further in the successor to "Ulysses" and presents as a picture of the stream of consciousness: "Liverpoor? Got a bit of it. His braynes coolt parritch, his pelt massy, his heart's adrone, his bluidstreams acrawl, his puff but a piff, his extremeties extremely so. Humph is in his doge. Words weigh no more to him than all the raindrops of Rethfernhim. Which we all like. Rain. When we sleep. Drops. But wait until our sleeping. Drain. Sdops". This is likely, like the incoherencies of Mr. Frith: but, like the incoherencies of Mr. Frith, it is not true.

Nevertheless nonsense does exist. It is the emblem of the martyrdom of certain of God's children, and has long been known as such. Where have we been familiar from our childhood with strings of words which suggested their successors by some other link than that of sense, by rhyme, by jingle, by following some path of assonance that leads into parody of learned language or the vocabulary of science, into dog-latin or chit-chat of *barbara* and *celarent?* Wherever we read of the Shakespearean fool: of the court jester. Now, the point about that kind of fool is that he is no kind of fool. He is someone who has perspicacity enough to see that, through the developing genius of man, life is leaving earth on a flight into the skies, and in a panic pulls it back and drags it to the marshy places, so that it may get stuck in the mud, pushing it down into the ooze to make sure it clogs whatever wings it may be growing, holding it down if need be till the filth covers its mouth

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and smothers it, because surely such a death is better than spinning downwards through nothingness and breaking one's body on the stones. The part of the fool was to circulate in palaces and gardens, foci of man's ambition, plague-spots where life was getting out of hand, and tweak romantic lovers by the sleeve and gibe at their passion in order that they should feel shame at loving differently from the beasts of the fields and retreat to the safe underground burrow of lust; to sit at feasts where men wear crowns and women show their bosoms and to remind them by lewd jokes that it is of no avail for men to gird their corruptible skulls with incorruptible jewels and for women to put their best curves foremost: the flesh is still subject to a thousand ridiculous contretemps, and that government and grace will not check putrefaction; to take language, the prime instrument by which man is moving life to this perilous distance from its material bases, and to mock its highest uses, saying to priests and philosophers, "Listen to what I am saying. It sounds exactly like what you are saying. What I am saying is gibberish. Are you quite sure of the nature of what you are saying?"

And that is what, in relation to modern life, is the function of Leopold Bloom. For a long time the court jester was a figure that English life could not tolerate, because a state of doubt about the destination to which human evolution led was so general that anybody who expressed anything but admiration for the higher faculties of man was as unpopular as a person who voices a general panic concerning which every one has up till then kept silence. The particular aspect of civilization which was appalling them was the political problem; and it is interesting to notice how as history brought them nearer and nearer to the crux of their problem in the French Revolution and left them sitting face to face with its consequences, as it did till the end of the Napoleonic Wars, coarseness in life and art were increasingly banished until the dawn rose chalk-white on the Victorian age. Then there set in another condition in which the court jester was equally unwelcome. For through the economic consequences of the industrial revolution and the expedients which had been devised to solve the political problem, there emerged into power a new class, the middle class. It was scared stiff of its position, it found itself unable to act with the self-assurance and candor of the aristocracy, it felt fear of the working class, from which it had only recently separated itself, partly because it was reminded of its origins, and partly because of the menace of organized labor. It had, therefore, no use at all for the artist who hinted that in his life some stories do not have a happy ending; or who exhibited that freedom of manners and morals which were characteristic of those hated classes above and below it.

A precise parallel can be seen in the America of to-day where a similar class that is sure of itself only economically shows the same tendency to doctrinaire idealism, Puritanism and intolerance of satire. This state of affairs leads, of course, to the non-appreciation and non-appearance of the repudiated type of artist. In England it even had a curious retroactive effect on the reputation of a great man. It is habitually taught in school and handed about as current coin in criticism that the works of Dean Swift are primarily political allegories, and that he was first and foremost a controversialist; which is to say that so far from mocking the higher human activities, he was an active participant in them. But when one examines his works without prejudice one finds that, particularly considering he belonged to the nation which is more obsessed by politics than any other in the world, very little of his work has a political inspiration. It is not the affairs of Queen Anne's England that makes him bare his teeth with savage laughter; it is because the beginning of man is *inter fæces et urinam* (as St. Augustine put it), and his end the digestion of worms. The free and shameless aristocracy had recognized his genius so that it could not be later denied, but at least its character could be disguised.

Under this Victorian suppression the impulse of man to be candid about the fundamental good sense of walking on all fours and wallowing in the agreeable smoothness of mud and the warmth of dung found no

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outlet except on the old-fashioned variety stage and the old-fashioned pulpit: the message of Marie Lloyd and Little Tich was that the ideal state of mind was to squeeze all possible enjoyment out of smacking behinds in basement kitchens and the inherent humor of cheese, kippers, and mothers-in-law, since seeking other aspects of life is to find danger; and the appeal of the most popular Roman Catholic preacher of modern times, who had a pronounced Cockney accent and a turn for exercising buffoonery within the confines of the sermon, was surely that he passed into the sphere where it is insisted that man should practise the decorum of ritual and ordered thought and ordered conduct and proved that the insistence was a sham, that one should go right up to the altar-rails and perform like the natural quadruped man and neither priest nor God would say a word. But of serious representation of the court jester there was nothing. That is why there is such tremendous force behind "Ulysses": it is the liberation of a suppressed human tendency. And that is why James Joyce is treated by this age with a respect which is more than the due of his competence: why "Pomes Penyeach" had been sold to me in Sylvia Beach's bookshop as if it had been a saint's medal on the porch of Westminister Cathedral.

The importance of Leopold Bloom, how deep a criticism of life he is, can be seen only if one considers the grand plan of "Ulysses", which is much more important than its laboured parallels with the Odyssey. There appear to be six characters of the first importance in the book: four living, and two dead, who are still in life because of their influence on the living: Stephen Dedalus, his father Simon Dedalus, and his dead mother, May Dedalus; Leopold Bloom, who takes charge of Stephen during his wanderings through nocturnal Dublin (and who might, considering a certain memory of May Dedalus's face seen in a shady wood, be more truly Stephen's father than Simon, but of that we are never sure), his wife Marion, and their dead son, Rudy. These are, however, incarnations of but three types designed to show their different phases. Simon Dedalus and Leopold Bloom are different phases of the Universal Father, that which begets, which spills life anywhere, without care for its fate: and May Dedalus and Marion Bloom are different phases of the Universal Mother, that which conceives, which cherishes any life that is given to it, without care for anything but its physical fate; and Stephen and Rudy are different phases of the Universal Son whose fate is Death. For Simon also is a buffoon, a court jester, a Shakespearean fool, one that loves to look on offal and claim kinship with it and laugh with it like a brother. But he is not presented in his completeness because a son dares not look on the nakedness of his father. Merely he is left as an indication of the relations that exist between the Father and the Son in the world of fact. All his gross characteristics are isolated, and the dark meaning of him divulged, in the person of Leopold Bloom. That person grows before our eyes as hardly another person literature has created in our time. Here part, though not all, of Mr. Joyce's cloacal preoccupation is appropriate to his work of art, for the court jester, desiring to recede from life, looks back with nostalgia on the dung which he regards as the parent substance of the universe; his medieval prototype was wont to remind the rich and great as they sat in state at feasts of this base origin by japes, very odd to modern minds, which they hailed with laughter, laughter which is the soul's sign of relief at some promise of surcease from its efforts.

Every thought of that long day in which Leopold Bloom is exhibited, every action, has that peculiar squatting baseness which comes of a deliberate regression; for though he is entirely absorbed in the dingiest phases of his environment this is by a deliberate though unconscious choice, for he has ability above the average. One feels shame at him —as one does at a white dancer who tries to imitate Negro movements, putting off the racial pride native to her without being able to acquire the racial pride of the African, so that there is no pride at all but only shame—when he flies away from human love into a sweating infatuation for his wife which makes him willing at the end of the day to lie down by her on the imprint left by

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the coarse body of Blazes Boylon, which is not innocence, like an animal nuzzling by its mate, but a defilement of a known glory. His lack of dignity has the widest possible range; he travesties the whole nature of man; the instinct for art he parodies by his rootings for the works of Paul de Kock in second-hand bookshops; the instinct for science he parodies by pondering on unsavory oddments of knowledge, continuing curious ways of meeting emergencies, like a dog sniffing cracks and crannies in a city pavement, he can match his power of belittlement with the most tremendous experiences life has to show, for at the funeral of Patty Dignam he crops the occasion with the beard-wagging lewdness and gravity of an old goat. Of course he has power, for he is the Father, the progenitor of all humanity; the frustrator of all humanity, he sends it out on its search for the goal, he eternally turns it back from the goal. Jew he is, being like Judaism, which was the Father of Christianity, the dark and massive materialistic religion that engendered the ivory-white faith which was all spirit, the religion of burnt offerings and vows of vengeance to which in times of stress men and peoples return, letting the new faith die.

A tender father he is too; when he guides Stephen through the filthy squalor of nocturnal Dublin he is loving to the boy; his arm is round him in the brothel; he insinuates himself into the young mind with all manner of gentleness in Skin-the-Goat's cabman's shelter; in the dirty kitchen of his mean house he gives him of his gross and greasy best, pouring into his cocoa the cream ordinarily reserved for the breakfast of his wife Molly. It is true that the boy is in this vileness because of him; that he is trying to plunge down into drunkenness and stupor because there is so much Leopold Bloom in the world that he knows everything noble in himself to be defeated.

But that, too, is part of a fatherly plan. Leopold Bloom, the court jester, the Shakespearean fool, forbids the children of men to indulge in flight because he loves them. It is dangerous, they will die before their time. Let them keep near to earth and live out their days. Even his attitude is a sacrifice, for he too knows the desire to fly. Even he has risen from the earth at some time or other. For otherwise he would not be so sage about that desire and the delight of its gratification. He knows how his children are tempted; it breaks his heart to prevent them, but out of his great love he must. So when Leopold Bloom talks and thinks gurgling nonsense, when he translates the experiences that life is offering him into gibberish, as he does at Paddy Dignam's funeral, when he pulls away the substructure of sense on which language is supported, when he lets words fall about like fragments of a broken cup, finally disconnected, eternally useless, he is performing an act which beautifully expresses the essence of his being. So far as he is able he is saving his kind from the miseries of thought and the higher passions, like a man tearing up the death warrant that condemns his child to death. It is part of the martyrdom of his love that it must be done clownishly, with no upgrowth into dignity, squatting and snuffing.

I do most solemnly maintain that Leopold Bloom is one of the greatest creations of all time: that in him something true is said about man. Nothing happens to him at the end of "Ulysses". Nothing is suggested in the course of the book which would reconcile him to the nobility of life. Simply he stands before us, convincing us that man wishes to fall back from humanity into the earth, and that in that wish is power, as the façade of Notre Dame stands above us, convincing us that man wishes to rise from humanity into the sky, and that in that wish is power. But it is when one considers the rest of the work in both these expressions of man's desires that one is overcome by fury at Mr. James Joyce's extraordinary incompetence. In Notre Dame there is the façade, there are the two towers, richly carved to suggest the elaboration of life which will inevitably coexist with its elevation, sturdily proportioned to suggest that that elevation is mechanically possible, can endure in the real world where there is pull and stress; and behind the façade and under the towers are the naves and the transepts and the baptistry, and the whole body of the church, built

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reasonably high to show that when man worships he has already risen higher than when he sits by his fireside or in his little shop, but built lower than the towers, to show he has not yet risen very far. But behind Mr. Joyce's Leopold Bloom there are no such adjustments of proportion. Instead it is as if behind the façade of Notre Dame there were another couple of towers leaning over at an angle of sixty degrees and then behind them another couple lying almost flat with the ground. There are, as a matter of fact, some pretty bad holes in Mr. Joyce's façade, for again and again Leopold Bloom is represented as receiving impressions directly in the form of gibberish, without any translatory efforts on his part.

But worse still, two other characters in the book are made to use gibberish, though that is so much outside their characters that it renders the book pointless. In "Ulysses" the figure of the Son is divided into two persons—Stephen Dedalus, who is alive, and Rudy Bloom, who is dead—in order to convey that the Son is perpetually alive and perpetually dead, that he is always being born and being killed, and that though it is the Father who kills him he mourns him after his death. Rudy Bloom, of course, was not killed by his father in any sense of having been murdered by him, but he died so near his birth that his life was still entirely in his parent's charge, and he was a delicate child of the sort to whom the sordid environment they had decreed for him would be dangerous; just as Stephen's Soul was waking nothing but affection in Bloom, although nevertheless it was dying of what Bloom and his kind had made of Dublin. The slim and fragile ghost of Rudy, appearing in the brothel scene where Leopold Bloom's mind vomits in delirium, perfectly serves its part, configures the delicacy which his father has utterly excluded from his life: which he has killed. It is Stephen's part to configure that delicacy as it was when it lived and invited its death. That he can do only by being order. He must be a white Ahriman that the dark Ormuzd may hate him, he must have form that that which is formless should be incensed and resolve to reabsorb him into its chaos.

But Stephen talks and thinks gibberish nearly as much as Leopold Bloom. The very characteristic which is most expressive of Leopold's difference from Stephen and the need to destroy him is constantly manifested by Stephen himself. This robs the book of much of its effect, and it is only to be explained by supposing that Mr. James Joyce, when he found himself attaching gibberish to the person of Leopold Bloom, simply did not understand what he was doing, and imagined, as many of his followers have since done, that he had discovered a new method of universal applicability. The filtration of darkness into the child of light gives a great many readers a mistaken impression that this book, which is actually a heartbroken lament because the Kingdom of Heaven is not by any means at hand, is on the side of the disorder which actually it resents as one did not know modern literature could hold resentment. It can do this more easily, of course, because Stephen Dedalus is not quite a valid character, because he is conceived and executed with a pervasive sentimentality that makes the fastidious reader suspect the worst of him and his author.

Mr. Joyce's incompetence in his treatment of the Mother interferes a little with the function she plays in the book, but not seriously, because she is conceived and executed with a magnificent integrity of feeling. She is divided into two persons, into May Dedalus and Marion Bloom, for the same reason that the Father was bisected; since the Mother is seen in relation to the Son, Stephen Dedalus, it is necessary that all the sexual aspects of her which he could not bear to contemplate in his own mother should be isolated in some other woman. That is Marion Bloom: who for the most part of the book is an over-ripeness frowsting too long after wakening in tumbled blankness, the rumor of a contralto whose coarse volume, attractive, repulsive, one could swear by the end of reading, one had heard with one's own ears, a reported reagent on the physiological processes of the grossest Dubliners; but who in the last forty-two pages becomes one of the most tremendous summations of life that has ever been caught in the net of art.

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In the course of the Clark lectures which Mr. E. M. Forster delivered on "Aspects of the Novel", he discusses whether any but the simplest rhythms, those that consist of repetition plus variations, have ever been created in fiction. "Is there any effect in novels," he asks, "comparable to the effect of the Fifth Symphony as a whole, where, when the orchestra stops, we hear something that has never actually been played? The opening movement, the andante, and the trio-scherzo-trio-finale-trio-finale that composes the third block, all enter the mind at once and extend one another into a common entity. This common entity, this new thing, is the symphony as a whole, and it has been achieved mainly (though not entirely) by the relation between the three big blocks of sound which the orchestra has been playing." I would have said that the monologue of Marion Bloom which is the end of "Ulysses" perfectly secured just such an effect: just such a unified beauty. It is, of course, Mr. James Joyce being the writer he is, badly botched at points. There has always seemed to me something mysterious in the prodigious sexual athleticism in the two middle-aged Blooms; and the mysterious becomes the preposterous when a woman who is presented to us as above all a creature of healthy rhythms is shown immediately after she has had a thoroughly satisfactory sexual encounter as being immersed in frenzied and aggressive fantasies inexplicable save as the torments of abstinence. Also, though most of the wildness of the chapter is typographical cheating—a surface effect which is created by the lack of punctuation and would instantly disappear and show a groundwork of ordinary ecstatic prose if a few commas and periods and dashes and exclamation marks were inserted—there is some use of gibberish; and that is absurd in a speaker whose whole importance lies in the terrifying degree to which she is organized for purposefulness. But these confusions cannot blur the strong, tremendous pattern and rhythm of which his imagination has made itself possessed.

There is that in her reverie which sets before one the image of a recumbent woman. The air above her, that is to say the air above our mother earth, seems to become full of men, whom she calls into existence by her desirousness. Men and men and men crowd the air of the universe, with vague faces, with defined bodies. Surely there is no air left to breathe; it is all full of men. One thinks of the art of many countries, of many ages, of times and spaces which have nothing in common but this business of engenderment: of Demeter, shaped like a ship built for cargo, moving on the earth as a ship moves on the waters; of a stone arch in India carved with more than computable figures emblematic of fertility, more figures than can ever have been carved, that must surely have multiplied by fusion under the artist's fingers, surely now multiplying so under the beholder's eyes, and surely to be trusted to multiply still more when his back is turned; of the Chinese goddess who is called of mercy but has no particular interest in mercy, who looks down on city squares where passers-by do not wait long enough to watch the executioner's sword fall on all the fourteen bared napes and on dark rivers where the bodies of children float in tiny fleets, and is not disturbed, knowing that however far death throws the ball, she can throw it further; of Mayan houses, where those live who have such a passion for life that there is no plate or jug or spoon that is not moulded like some form of life, vigorous and hideous, without reference to dignity or beauty, for life is the point and not those qualities, though they too can be produced, produced so plentifully that the gods are never without worthy human sacrifices, a luxury that can be allowed them because women can repair the losses; of Raphael's Madonna, drooping her cheek to the hapless child whom she has borne that He may be crucified. . . .

All these attitudes, arising out of reproduction, that have ringed history and the globe are to be found in this dingy little room in Dublin, in the innocent and depraved, the tender and callous, musing of Marion Bloom. They move, these creations of her need to be fertile; this one serves her youth and goes, that one serves her maturity and goes, even she throws the noose of desire round Stephen Dedalus and draws him near

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to her. The Mother is going to draw the Son back into her body; by his consent he will become the Father, who will beget a son. By observing the rhythm of Marion Bloom we have been given knowledge, not otherwise stated, of the rhythms of Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus. Surely it might be said that "all enter the mind at once, and extend one another into a common entity". It is not the philosophy which gives the book beauty. That eternally Leopold Bloom and Simon Dedalus will kill Rudy Bloom and Stephen Dedalus, but that that will be no victory, since eternally Marion Bloom and May Dedalus will raise up their enemies against them, is not a happy ending on the facts. Personally I would prefer man to draw a better design, even if it was drawn but once and was not repeated like the pattern on a wall-paper. But I claim that the interweaving rhythms of Leopold Bloom and Stephen Dedalus and Marion Bloom make beauty, beauty of the sort whose recognition is an experience as real as the most intense personal experiences we can have, which gives a sense of reassurance, of exultant confidence in the universe, which no personal experience can give.

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TWO LIVES AND SIX MILLION

By Alfred Kreymborg

I

I've read the sonnet sequence called "Two Lives",
Where Love is hunted down to a tragic grave
By little slaves in university hives
Who reason alike and undermine the brave.
I've asked myself why Leonard left the old land
For the new. And how the cold Wisconsin sand
Can grow what Cambridge grew? How could his heart
Teach art to those who have no soil for art?

I've never met the man outside the book.
Nor have I taught a word to boy or beast.
A passionate poet he—I know the look
The dreamers wore when Concord led the East.
Why should a son of Greece leave Greece behind
In order to bring warm sunlight to the blind?

II

I'm not the man to tell the poet so
And so's the truth. I've tried to change my skin
Too many times since my poor youth. But oh,
When I behold two lives destroyed by men
Who nose about and hound Love like a sin,
I loathe each friendly two-faced village hive
And long for a town where the lonely millions live ——
Ah, but my wicked town is heavenly then!

I know the narrow island has no soul.
I've fled its heat a hundred times before.
But the moment autumn tints and cools the hole,
I run and haunt the streets I most adore.
Manhattan's a hell where culture rarely grew ——
But it lets two lives do all they care to do.

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STATEMENTS OF BELIEF

The "Credos" of America's Leading Authors

We begin, in the pages below, a series of personal statements in which America's leading authors set forth their fundamental views on life and their own work. Other statements will appear in succeeding numbers of The Bookman. The task of getting these Credos together was performed by Mr. Erich Posselt, co-author with Miss Eva Herrmann of the forthcoming book, "On Parade".

CONFESSION! Whoever told the truth about himself—or herself! It would either be hair-raising or dull. And only the dull would do it. Nor is anyone ever believed. I could say that I have never found anything satisfactory in life but writing, that I would rather write than even talk to an interesting man, and my friends at least would be skeptical. But then interesting men are few in real life, whereas in a novel you can concoct them and have everything all your own way. And whereas also you can forget the most charming of men while writing a book, the man cannot absorb you if there is a book in your head hammering to get out. But people have queer ideas on these matters. A very worldly woman in London once said to me, "You know, Gertrude, when you disappear for months at a time with a novel I assume that you take a man along with you". If I was surprised I concluded not to show it, and replied indifferently, "No, I always take the book at one time and the man at another. I find it impossible to manage the two at once". And so, I should say, it would be. But I have no intention of "confessing" in public or private.

Gertrude Atherton

* * *

I can make no comment on my work or my life that holds either interest or import for me. Nor can I imagine any explanation or interpretation of any life, my own included, that would be either true—or important, if true. Life is to me too much a welter and play of inscrutable forces to permit, in my case at least, any significant comment. One may paint for one's own entertainment, and that of others—perhaps. As I see him the utterly infinitesimal individual weaves among the mysteries a floss-like and wholly meaningless course—if course it be. In short I catch no meaning from all I have seen, and pass quite as I came, confused and dismayed.

Theodore Dreiser

* * *

I have already summed up such comment as seemed necessary upon my own works in "Straws and Prayer-Books". I doubt if I could put the matter more succinctly.

I am sure, in any case, I could add nothing to the paragraph which Mr. Dreiser has written for you. Sincere and strong as has always been my admiration for his colossal sincerity and strength—and, above all, for his tenacious faithfulness to his art—it has not always been possible for me to agree with all the ideas of Mr. Dreiser. Hastily be it added, that any such uniform agreement would have been bad for both of us. But here I find him phrasing my own half-apprehended notions quite perfectly. I elect therefore to say, with extreme admiration and with equivalent meekness, just "Ditto".

James Branch Cabell

* * *

What does one write about himself for an intimate biographical note of this sort? It is far more obvious what not to say than what can be properly revealed. The writing of the most intimate lyric does not assume one-half the proportion of unwarranted exposure as does the bald, informative statement of one's pet adorations and aversions. Nor can one hide himself by going to his own work for succor; that must inevitably speak for itself. Those who have gone there for some knowledge of me already know that as a poet I am

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intensely interested in preserving my own individuality, if that can be in any way aligned with an equally strong desire to evolve out of that individuality, with its markedly racial emphasis, some one song or lyric that may help establish my belief in the subsurface kinship of human beings. There is pleasure and pain in mere living; I believe both these aspects of life are intensified when one is a Negro in a white world; and I find their feather-strict balance so even that I am often inclined, to do what a poet should always shun: turn metaphysician and claim oneness for both pleasure and pain.

Countee Cullen

* * *

The only excuse for a novelist, aside from the entertainment and vicarious living his books give the people who read them, is as a sort of second-class historian of the age he lives in. The "reality" he misses by writing about imaginary people, he gains by being able to build a reality more nearly out of his own factual experience than a plain historian or biographer can. I suppose the best kind of narrative would combine the two like Froissart or Commines, or Darwin in "The Voyage of the Beagle". I think that any novelist that is worth his salt is a sort of truffle dog digging up raw material which a scientist, an anthropologist or a historian can later use to permanent advantage. Of course there's Chaucer and Homer and the Edda, but that's all way over our heads.

John Dos Passos

* * *

I do not look on writing as a respectable profession: it is more parasitic even than the Law and not far above Advertising; as a business I despise it. That I must earn my living by it (having discovered too late what it is) distresses me, and is a Cross I must bear. Writing, in a land like mine, and in our cultural chaos, is worthy only when it is regarded by the author as a mission—as an act of Faith and as an act of construction.

I approach writing with a profound distrust of all verbalisms, all rhetorics, however disguised; and with a contempt for cleverness. The reason for this is that we need so sorely another kind of writing: the kind that is an *organic action*. When writing is less than that, it is a danger in the world where all the high words of the past have rotted.

You will see, then, that there is a certain cleavage between me and most of my "confrères". I have personally nothing against them. But since their work, for the most part, is millinery and the concoction of candies, their self-importance is wearying. Of course, the American public, which is passive, intellectually effeminate and childish, is the creator of this self-importance. That is why the American public requires something better.

My purpose in writing is to create an organic act in this crucial period of the life of a country that symbolizes the crucial state and promise of the world.

What that act is, my work must tell.

Waldo Frank

* * *

I care passionately about people.

I think they are tinctured with enough of the sublime to make living in the hurting world, which they have cluttered with intolerance, vulgarity, cruelty, hate, lust and disloyalty, not only bearable, but an exciting and even sublime affair.

I take my page of the destiny of man out of my Book of Spencer and at the same time believe with Wordsworth that trailing clouds of glory does he come—and go.

When I think of my work I like to contemplate it in terms of plowing through the troubled and troubling scenes and getting said, in whatever manner or style my critics may arraign me for, some of this sublimity of the human race, which I love, and a member of which I beg to remain.

Fannie Hurst

* * *

I am credulous about the destiny of man, the future of the race, and the importance of illusions. I would like to be in the same moment an earthworm (which I am) and a rider to the moon (which I am).

Carl Sandburg

* * *

I am thirty-three years of age.

I am not yet old enough (and I hope that I never shall be old enough) to have a message. I have had a very good time. I hope to be able to continue to do so. I seem, in

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that respect, to differ considerably from the current writers of "significant" American literature, most of whom I believe to be dull, second rate, cowardly souls. It was Rabelais, I believe, who said that the proper function of mankind was to laugh. I agree with him. And I do not believe that he included in that function either the sad tired smile of irony or the loud weeping bellow of despair.

Donald Ogden Stewart

* * *

All art forms have one essential basis. All are trying to snatch from mortality one tiny thing which at least must be immortal. All tend to merge, and yet all are variations from the others. Each has its tiny province of time and place to link with timelessness.

The art of fiction is one of the loosest of all these forms—so loose that it is exploited for every other end than its own: to utter prophecies, to "solve" problems, to teach moral lessons, to play mental games of chess with human pawns, to prove theses and to set out philosophies, to glorify the personalities of authors, and—under an adroit veiling of romance—to take revenge upon their enemies. Under all this smothering of interesting irrelevancies and sheer rubbish, the particular province of fiction is almost a lost spot.

Yet, no matter what it may be forced to do, there is still one thing that fiction *can* do better than any other form of art: it can deal with human life as it is lived upon the earth. That it does so through endless varieties of form and interpretation is a proof, not a refutation, of such a statement. Every great novel that has survived owes its survival to the vitality of the phase of human life which it somehow embodies. Fiction is the most concrete form of literature; and to those minds which cannot perceive that the abstract lives in the concrete, it therefore seems trivial. But, to my mind, all the high-sounding abstractions in the world have less value and less delight than the perception, in the most local of habitations, of the most universal things.

Ruth Suckow

* * *

If the human race ever has knowledge enough, it can get everything else there is to be got. It never will, but there is still a great deal of pleasure in adding to its knowledge and subtracting from its ignorance. Only one other form of pleasure surpasses this one.

Carl Van Doren

* * *

I think of my work as being French in form and manner (Saint-Simon and La Bruyère); German in feeling (Bach and Beethoven); and American in eagerness.

Thornton Wilder

* * *

The greatest work of the twentieth century will be that of those who are placing literature on a plane superior to philosophy and science. Present day despairs of life are bred of the past triumphs of these latter. Literature will lay truth open upon a higher level. If I can have a part in that enterprise I shall be extremely contented. It will be an objective synthesis of chosen words to replace the common dilatoriness with stupid verities with which everyone is familiar. Reading will become an art also. Living in a backward country, as all which are products of the scientific and philosophic centuries must be, I am satisfied, since I prefer not to starve, to live by the practice of medicine, which combines the best features of both science and philosophy with that imponderable and enlightening element, disease, unknown in its normality to either. But, like Pasteur when he was young, or anyone else who has something to do, I wish I had more money for my literary experiments.

William Carlos Williams

Next month: Statements from Conrad Aiken, Sherwood Anderson, Henry Seidel Canby, John Erskine, Zona Gale, James Weldon Johnson, Alfred Kreymborg, H. L. Mencken, Upton Sinclair, Genevieve Taggard, Irita Van Doren, W. E. Woodward

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TOLSTOY COMES TO ST. PETERSBURG

A Centenary Study

By Alexander I. Nazaroff

ON a December day in 1855, a dinner is given on the premises of *The Contemporary* by its co-owners, Nekrassov and Panayev. The liberal and literary leaders of Russia are present: one sees the enormous, stately figure and beautiful head of Turgenev; the playwright Ostrovsky; the illustrious novelist Grigorovich, and others of equal distinction. M. Panayev's wife, an ex-ballerina with a perfect figure and an exquisitely beautiful face, permanently reflecting in a self-satisfied smile the admiration offered her by all, reigns over this masculine republic of talent, wit and brilliance.

Her irresistible eyes, nay, the eyes of the whole assemblage, turn time and again to the guest of honor—Sub-Lieutenant Count Tolstoy. The whole gathering, as planned by Turgenev, symbolizes the admission of the young author-soldier, who had returned from the Crimea only two weeks before to the Parnassus of Russia. But Sub-Lieutenant Count Tolstoy, dressed in an immaculate uniform jacket, is as cold as winter itself, as official as a diplomatic note. His piercing, expressive eyes are steely; his responses are monosyllabic, although faultlessly polite. This unexpected change in his demeanor astonishes and chills all who know him. In the first days after his arrival he was open-heartedness itself.

After this unsuccessful war, as after all unsuccessful wars in general, new winds are blowing in Russia—the ice of reaction has somewhat melted; the "political spring" is in the air, and everyone is talking of forthcoming great reforms and criticizing the Government. But no sooner does one of the guests venture some remark in this vein than Tolstoy's face assumes a sour and bored expression. "Oh, yes!" he says, quite casually, "it is considered fashionable nowadays to discuss the Government in bilious and venomous tones!" At such a sally everyone is taken aback. As a rule, such things are not spoken in the precincts of *The Contemporary,* the recognized bulwark of liberalism. Turgenev, who has been scribbling something in his note-book, attempts to save the situation. He waves his hand, in a tragi-comic manner inviting all to silence, and begins to recite, in his high falsetto voice so incongruous with his enormous stature, the nonsense verses which he has just improvised. He is greeted with general laughter and delight. His verses are a series of brilliant, inoffensively witty, verbal caricatures of some of those present . . .

Amid animated conversations the dinner progresses smoothly toward its end, when by chance someone mentions, in enthusiastic terms, George Sand's latest novel. Again Tolstoy speaks, and again all eyes turn to him. In a cold, indifferent tone, he protests: The novels of that female, who attempts to justify the wanton indecency of her own conduct behind her sonorous words on the emancipation of women? How can people with taste admire her dull, inept rhetoric? It is incomprehensible! Do they not see that all of her characters are hopelessly dead? "Besides," (this is said with emphasis) "if there really were women like those she describes, they ought to be tied to the chariots of turpitude and dragged through the streets of the city!" There is general embarrassment at his words. Turgenev coughs; Nekrassov's hand nervously tugs at his drooping moustaches and his thin, long beard; Panayev concentrates upon his plate. It is a secret from nobody that Mme. Panayev practices that which George Sand preaches; that she is the wife not only of Panayev, but also of Nekrassov, and that these two gentlemen are

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often referred to not only as co-publishers, but also as co-husbands. Tolstoy's rudeness is the more astonishing, since many of the guests are aware that he has been warned upon this point.

Back in Turgenev's apartment (for he has been Turgenev's guest ever since his return from the Crimea), Tolstoy notes: "Again said brutal things to all, and am sorry for them . . ." Why did he say them? To vex these men, his new confrères? Yes. And, perhaps, especially to vex Turgenev. Meanwhile, Turgenev is quietly reading in the next room, or pretending that he is reading. His studious attempts to act as if nothing has happened prove how surely he has again been hurt. That fills Tolstoy with repentance. Why is there in him this inexplicable exasperation against this group of people, and especially against Turgenev? And how is it that, in the whirlwind of these two weeks, his relations with the literati of the capital have assumed this extraordinary and unexpected form? It is absurd and incomprehensible.

II

While fighting in the Crimea, Tolstoy could not even remotely surmise what a great triumph his earlier works, especially his "Sebastopol Stories" (two of which had already appeared in *The Contemporary*), had gained for him in St. Petersburg. Two months after the storming of Sebastopol by the Allies and its fall (on the day when Tolstoy had galloped from his Bilbek camp to the city and had taken part as a volunteer in this last act of the tragedy), he was dispatched to Petersburg with some official reports. When he started off, he was not quite determined whether he would remain in the capital or return to the Army. But his home-coming was such an unexpected and unforgettable triumph that there was no room for hesitation—he would resign from the military service and remain.

It was indeed flattering to receive, on the way to Petersburg, a letter from Turgenev, in which the foremost novelist of Russia bade him sojourn beneath no other roof than his, and to regard his Petersburg apartment as Tolstoy's own. It was a delight for him, who at heart still regarded himself as a beginner, almost as a "failure", to receive the visits of Nekrassov, Panayev, Grigorovich and other men known to all Russia, to hear their compliments and to feel that he was in their eyes not only their full-fledged confrère, but also the man of the hour and the most promising young writer in Russia. Moreover, it was not only the literary world that so welcomed him. From his very first days in Petersburg, he had been one of the most prominent and sought-after figures in the leading aristocratic salons. Prince Vyazemsky, the Minister of Education, invited him to his soirées; his presence was requested at an amateur performance which was to be given at the Court; hundreds of old and new friends assailed him with invitations. Indeed, Tolstoy found it far more attractive to be a general of letters than a sub-lieutenant of artillery.

Why, then, was it that this happy intoxication did not last more than a week? Why did there come a day when the word "we", employed by one of his new literary friends to set them, the writers, off from the rest of the world, shocked Tolstoy instead of giving him pleasure?

The fact was that he felt, at first perhaps only instinctively, that he was absolutely out of *rapprochement* with his new literary associates. They were enthusiastically enamoured of the winds of reform that were then blowing in Russia, and pronounced the words "progress", "liberty", "democracy", "European culture", with, so to speak, capital letters. He doubted it all; he hardly believed in any progress and questioned the value of all culture. His particular ideal lay somewhere between Yepishka's "natural" brutality and the tireless moral self-improvement of the ascetic. "Moral self-improvement"? "Yepishka"? Both of these were matters of ridicule to them. Who could talk of such trifles, when Russia was standing on the eve of great reforms; when everybody was obliged above all to be a "citizen"? "Tolstoy? A great talent, no doubt, but what a singular crank! . . . When will he give up his moralistic nonsense and become a grown man?"—such were the remarks made of him

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behind his back. About him he saw politely suppressed smiles. Moreover, Tolstoy was instinctively too much of an aristocrat to feel at ease in the plebeian and Bohemian atmosphere of these intellectuals. It irritated him. His companions, in their turn, were irritated and offended by the note of superiority which, now and again, broke out in his tone. Cutting epigrams were passed on his "snobbishness".

If Tolstoy had been another man than Tolstoy, he would easily have been able to reconcile all these trifling discrepancies by the use of a modicum of tolerance and tact. In spite of his "crankiness", his personality continued to attract the literati, as it had attracted his fellow-officers, the soldiers and the Grebensky Cossacks. But as soon as he became aware of the ironical smiles, his vanity was piqued and there flared up in him an irresistible desire to torment and shock his new friends in whatever way he could—to "épater les bourgeois". He was not sufficiently Bohemian? Very well, then! He would assume his most snobbish airs and become politely arrogant, as only he could be. They found him not sufficiently liberal? He would knock them off their feet by the most aggressive, medieval, seigniorial aspect of mind that he could assume. When they would say "white", he would say "black", in the most obstinate manner, even though he knew that "white" was right. The feeble intellectuals, how dared they!

He was ashamed of that mood, and tried to struggle against it; but conquer himself he could not, and the dinner of *The Contemporary* given in his honor was the first occasion that his wrath made itself felt.

III

Soon after the dinner, the first bomb-shell explodes. A few persons, including Tolstoy, gather at Nekrassov's, around the gaming table. The poet-publisher is an excellent gambler. His cold, calculating intellect and iron self-control enable him to win almost invariably, and he had frequently thus restored the tottering finances of *The Contemporary*. While Nekrassov is dealing, a letter is brought to him from one Longinov, and he requests Tolstoy to unseal it and read it aloud. The letter concerns various literary matters, for Longinov, a wealthy landlord and a lazy good-natured epicurean, takes an active interest in the affairs of *The Contemporary*. Several names are mentioned, and among them that of Tolstoy, followed by bitter remarks about the latter's "fear of liberalism". Tolstoy reads it all without pausing or exhibiting any emotion. But as soon as he is at home, he writes a challenge to Longinov and sends it off. "God alone knows what will come of it, but I will be firm and determined." Meanwhile, he simmers with indignation, and waits for Longinov's seconds to present themselves.

The next morning, however, instead of the seconds, Tolstoy is confronted by Nekrassov's grieved and troubled countenance.

"Leo Nicholayevich, if you do not withdraw your challenge to Longinov, you will have to fight a duel with me also! All this is my fault, and I must bear the responsibility for it!"

Turgenev joins Nekrassov in his entreaties. Both endeavor to prove to Tolstoy that even the most exacting attitude in matters of honor cannot justify a duel on the basis of such a trivial misunderstanding. And it can be hardly doubted that if all this had happened in the milieu of Army officers, or among men of society, Tolstoy would himself have dismissed it with a laugh. But before Nekrassov and the other literati in whose presence it had happened—no! He remains adamant. He *will* teach this gentleman a lesson! He *wants* to fight a duel, and that is all! Nekrassov leaves in despair.

The difficulty is solved by Longinov himself. Either out of his good-natured laziness, or out of deliberate consideration, he merely makes no answer at all to Tolstoy's challenge. This attitude proves to be the wisest: a few days later Tolstoy's wrath cools.

No, Tolstoy was certainly more attractive in the Caucasus and at Sebastopol than he is here, in Petersburg. Why is this so? Does it mean that there, among soldiers and shells, the future pacifist was more in his element than he is here, among the liberal literati?

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IV

Meanwhile Tolstoy's relations with Turgenev become most strained; and this, in a way, is the most incomprehensible perversity of all.

Ivan Sergeyevich is a man of the same class as Tolstoy, the offspring of an aristocratic family, and a landlord. Although he spends most of his time among the literary intellectuals and shares their liberal and democratic ideas, there is nothing Bohemian about his enormous, well-groomed and impeccably-dressed person, nor anything in his gentlemanly deportment that might irritate even so exacting a snob as Tolstoy. Moreover, in the days that followed Tolstoy's arrival, Ivan Sergeyevich had displayed a fatherly tenderness for the young man that no one could have expected of him—for, as a rule, he is a man who prefers to be admired rather than to admire, and to be worshipped rather than to worship. As soon as Tolstoy entered his apartment and they embraced, the elder man had been conquered. "A face not at all good-looking," he wrote, the next day, "but what eyes! Let fate grant him a long life, and he will achieve wonders!" Without the slightest trace of jealousy, he exclaimed over Tolstoy's talent, proclaimed him to be "the greatest rising author of Russia", and introduced him to all his friends, arranging dinners, receptions and less formal gatherings in his honor. As he himself put it, he desired to be "the mid-wife of Tolstoy's birth into the literary Petersburg". Turgenev, thirty-seven years old, is Tolstoy's senior by ten years. The publication of "A Sportsman's Sketches", and of "Rudin", have made him the most celebrated and popular of living Russian writers, and his apartment is the Mecca of cultured Russia. A first rate artist, a man of rare cosmopolitan erudition and of supreme mental refinement—whose enthusiastic compliments could flatter one more than his, whose attention and affection could seduce one's vanity more easily?

At first Tolstoy, so sensitive to sincere sympathy, was charmed and almost conquered. During the first days he did not separate himself for a moment from the illustrious novelist. Then why had this change come over him? Did he perceive in Turgenev, in spite of the latter's compliments, a grain of the condescending superiority of a senior towards a junior, of a master towards an apprentice? Did his unfailing eye discern Turgenev's unceasing and often irritating self-admiration and thirst for admiration? Did Turgenev, perhaps, display towards Tolstoy's homely philosophy an attitude as ironical as that displayed by others? We do not know. Tolstoy's entries for the first months of his life in Petersburg are so scant that they suggest no answer.

What we do know from eye-witnesses is that even in his second or third week in Petersburg, Tolstoy began to tease and shock and anger Turgenev more deliberately than any of his other new friends. He behaved with the annoying impertinence of a quarrelsome schoolboy. He would pick up every trifling and silly pretext to start an argument with his obliging host, and would sustain his own views in a tone calculated to hurt him as grievously as possible. No sooner would Turgenev give expression—even indirect, undeliberate expression — to his "Western" ideas, than Tolstoy would shrug his shoulders and remark that putrid, rotten Western Europe was the perfection of hypocrisy, bourgeois self-satisfaction and senile impotence, from which Russia had certainly nothing to learn. No sooner would Turgenev announce that Panayev, the critic Chernyshevsky, and some others were coming in for a chat than Tolstoy would fix him with his piercing eyes and ejaculate: "Again a lit-t-terary gathering!"; no sooner, as Turgenev himself put it later, would he say "the soup is good" than Tolstoy would assert most emphatically that it was terribly bad. This was the reward that the enthusiastic "mid-wife" got for disinterested efforts! At first, Turgenev wondered, suffered and controlled himself. Offense and bitterness accumulated in him, yet he apparently still hoped that this was but a passing mood with Tolstoy. Finally, however, there comes a day when Turgenev loses his temper, and the first real clash takes place. This is how Foeth-Shenskin, a poet and an eye-witness, describes the scene.

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It is another gathering at Nekrassov's; Foeth-Shenskin arrives later than others. The clamor of unusually loud voices reaches him as he rings the doorbell. And when he enters, he witnesses the following scene:

TURGENEV *(whose figure preserves no trace of its usual dignity, with red face and swollen veins on his forehead, shouting at the top of his falsetto voice to Tolstoy):*

"Yes, but such are our convictions!"

TOLSTOY *(with outward composure, but with burning eyes and a studied note of contempt in his voice):*

"Oh, convictions! No, sir, I cannot regard those as your convictions. Here I stand, in the doorway, with a dagger or a sword, and say: 'As long as I am alive no one will leave this room'. Well, that is conviction. As for you" *(with a cold glance around)*, "you are doing your best to hide from one another the motives of your actions, and call that 'conviction'!"

TURGENEV *(definitely losing his temper and jumping up from his chair):*

"Why do you, then, remain in our company?"

TOLSTOY *(still outwardly composed, but paling and frowning menacingly):*

"Permit me to choose for myself the company I wish to remain in!"

At this moment, Turgenev rushes, with inarticulate exclamations, into the next room and nervously paces up and down. Meanwhile, "the greatest rising author of Russia", still breathing heavily, curls up on a sofa. Mme Panayev, as embarrassed as the rest of the company, comes up to him. "Tolstoy, dear, don't be so angry with him! Please control yourself!" Tolstoy, spitting out his words, replies: "I won't permit him to speak in that way! It is to irritate me that he walks there, swinging his democratic calves". Turgenev, recovering his self-control in the next room, complains to Mme Panayev: "What can I do? You may boil a Russian army-officer in soda for three days, yet his arrogant superiority will always remain in him! . . . Oh, how can I help it!"

Probably it was again some mere trifle which Tolstoy had used to taunt Turgenev. In any case, Tolstoy moves from Turgenev's apartment and notes: "Quarreled with Turgenev—apparently for good".

But no; nothing of the kind! Turgenev, generally speaking, can seldom bear a grudge against anyone—he is too lazy, if not too good-natured; still less can he bear a grudge against Tolstoy. For, strange as it may be, he continues to have a strong affection for him. Peace is made again. Tolstoy apologizes, with a blush. Turgenev is delighted. They meet almost every day. Then again Tolstoy begins to prick and Turgenev finally explodes again. Then a new peace is made—it soon becomes evident that this sort of thing has become chronic.

V

Upon his arrival from the Crimea, Tolstoy plunged not only into literary circles, but also into the *beau monde* of Petersburg. Twenty-seven years of age, unexpectedly famous, in excellent health, spurred on by the feeling of something important achieved in the past, on the battlefields of Caucasus and Sebastopol, and by finding himself once again upon the immaculate glittering parquet floors and amid the luxury of Court uniforms and the soft, perfumed lustre of women's decolletés—that milieu in which he always belonged, in spite of his philosophy, in spite of all the Rousseaus in the world—he rushes from tea to reception, from reception to concert, cramming his day with as great a number of activities as one man could contrive to do. The impression he makes on those who happen to meet him in these quarters is exceptionally favorable. As so often, we see two entirely different Tolstoys.

Here is how one Countess Alexandra Tolstoy, his aunt twice-removed and an uncannily keen observer, who makes his acquaintance at this time, describes him:

"Not a shade of playing a rôle, not a trace of 'look-at-me, the hero'; extreme modesty; the easy simplicity and natural reserve of a born man-of-fashion, combined with the most engaging cheerfulness. When pressed to speak about Sebastopol—the sad subject is still on everybody's lips—he paints the scene in simple, racy Russian (or French), with such graphic clearness that all listen in

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silence. But there is nothing of the veteran's habitual 'I' in what he tells; the 'I' is carefully obscured. Obscured also as though out of noble, manly shyness, is that indomitable power which is within him; only at times does it sparkle in his vivid, constantly-changing eyes and in the rich variety of the expressions on his face."

We perceive here a peculiarity which is an essential part of Tolstoy. Like a typical provincial aristocrat deeply rooted in his soil, he is at home with his equals; he is also fully at home with peasants, soldiers, Cossacks—with all those who grew out of the soil. But the "proletariat", whether educated or uneducated, and especially the professional city-intellectuals, are foreign and repugnant to him, no matter how zealously he struggles against the feeling. In this Tolstoy is a picturesquely anachronistic Russian *barin* or even *boyarin* (lord) of the days before Peter—of the seventeenth or even the sixteenth century.

Quarrels and social activities cannot prevent Tolstoy from pursuing his destiny, any more than could rifle shots; and in the course of these months he has not ceased to write. Among other things, he has conceived a novelette, "Two Hussars", and after a month of work has finished and polished it. Artistically speaking, it is perfect. In theme the novelette is both a resuscitation of that vision of the "natural man" which obsessed Tolstoy in the Caucasus, and a new attack on the literati of Petersburg, with their liberal religion of progress and civilization. "Progress, civilization?" Tolstoy seems to ask: "Well, I prefer Count Theodor Turbin's blessed, medieval simplicity and brutality!"

Like all of Tolstoy's preceding works, "Two Hussars" appears in *The Contemporary*. Yet—and this is significant—Tolstoy's new friends, as well as the public at large, greet the novelette with an eloquent coldness. Some of the liberal critics even indirectly rebuke Tolstoy: "At the time in which we are living, more serious subjects and more significant works would be desirable". Others merely say nothing. On the whole, the novelette passes unnoticed, as no work of his has hitherto passed.

Tolstoy is slightly hurt and much surprised. Yet, apparently, this first little reverse does not fully open his eyes to the fact that his young literary fame will inevitably dwindle unless he deliberately tries to comply with the prevailing liberal moods, and begins to treat, in his fiction, the burning political subjects which are on everybody's lips and in everybody's mind.

VI

Five months have passed since Tolstoy's arrival in Petersburg; it is the beginning of May, 1856, and the first touches of spring have already revived the cold and majestic northern capital. As it has happened with him on every spring of his life, a confused mood of new hopes, and self-examination takes hold of him. He makes an effort to draw up a balance of the past, to lay out new plans for the future. Dissatisfaction with himself is uppermost in his thoughts.

What has he been doing in these months? "Squabbling; indulging in vain pleasures." He has, indeed, been dissipating badly and burning the candle at both ends; even before this spiritual kitchen-cleansing, he once felt obliged to jot down: "Rule: never to enter again a café or a brothel". True, he has also been writing; but literature has not formed more than a comparatively small part of his life and spirit.

And the old, infinitely childish and yet great sentimental idea re-awakens in his soul for the hundredth time; he can be happy only if he is "doing good to men". Yielding again to the call of this re-awakened moral urging, overflowing again with this confused and obscure life-dream of his, he jots down in his diary the words in which he succeeds in expressing what is most endurable in his restless and contradictory heart:

"The most powerful weapon for the conquest of real happiness is to emit from oneself, like a spider, without any restraint or meditation, a whole web of love, and to catch into it whomever one encounters—a child, a woman, an octogenarian, or a policeman . . ."

A radical change must take place; and soon his program is ready. Three main purposes align themselves before him. First, he

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will continue to write, for writing is his profession, and it is chiefly through writing that he can "do good". Second, he must "get married as soon as possible"—of this he has long been dreaming; it is the only path that can lead him to "clean, moral life". Third, he will go to his home at Yassnaya and liberate his peasants. Having taken this threefold decision, he sets out with his usual dash to carry it out. First of all—the liberation of his peasants.

Two months before this the young Emperor had pronounced before the assembly of brilliantly uniformed, silent noblemen of Moscow a speech in which he declared that it was his irrevocable will to abolish serfdom in Russia. He had concluded with the historical phrase: "It is better to abolish it from above, than to wait until it begins to abolish itself from below". In spite of all his anti-liberalism, Tolstoy had been deeply moved by these words. The abolition of serfdom was for him a purely moral, not a political, issue. During his years of fighting, he had come to know the Russian soldier—that is to say, the peasant dressed in a uniform—as intimately as any could know him. He saw with what modesty and fabulous endurance this peasant lives, and with what simplicity and resignation he dies. At Sebastopol he decided that he could not "own" these men any longer; that it was his duty on his return, to set them free. Now, with the abolition of serfdom officially decided upon, the matter seems to be settled. But no. The enormous reform will require at least four or five years to be worked out, and Tolstoy's re-awakened passion for "goodness" does not permit him to wait. He will liberate his men immediately, and on terms more advantageous to them than those which will be probably offered by the Government.

Having taken this decision, he visits Kavelin, one of the most celebrated experts on the peasant question, consults other authoritative advisers, works for a week, and drafts an elaborate plan of liberation. Now, instead of a nebulous Utopia, he has a sound, practical proposition, which fully meets the needs of peasants and at the same time does as little harm as possible to the financial interests of Tolstoy himself.

A few days later, his plan is given the necessary approval of the Ministry for Home Affairs, and burning with the thirst for activity, Tolstoy journeys to Yassnaya. But in Moscow, where he stops for a few days, an altogether unexpected thing happens.

He meets here an old University friend, one Dyakov, and the latter's sister, who is now married to a Prince Obolensky, and with whom Tolstoy was once in love during his Kazan days. At first he does not even recognize, in this tall, beautiful blonde, the heroine of his youthful dreams. But then, looking at her after all these years, he is strangely moved and perturbed. "I did not expect to meet her again, and this made the emotion which I had all the more strong." What emotion is it? He does not know, but he is inexplicably happy. "What wonderful relations may yet exist! Why is it that I do not find such joy while being with my sister? Perhaps the greatest happiness of all is to stand on the threshold of love . . ."

The next day, however, he meets her again and becomes fully aware of the fact that he has already gone beyond this "threshold". He is again "passionately in love"; the old, long-since forgotten feeling has unexpectedly re-awakened in him with all its poetic overtones of sentimental youth. Suffering, he thinks "of the happiness which might have been" his, "and which, instead, passed to another and, at that, a very distinguished man". He realizes that the wisest thing would be not to let himself go further, and to flee at once. Princess Obolensky is not of those women with whom one can have an intrigue. Besides—is not this typical of Tolstoy?—an experienced man of twenty-seven, he still sees, as he saw at seventeen, "garments of bronze" on every woman with whom he seriously falls in love. Yet, instead of fleeing, he goes to see her every day, and then lies sleepless for hours, repeating to himself every casual word which she has said to him, and trying to find in every such word a secret promise. Of what? He does not know. And he tries with all his being to hope. For what? He has no idea.

"She told Serge Sukhotin (a friend) in my presence that, when she was betrothed, she had no lovers. Her husband was not

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there at the moment. Is it possible that she wanted me to understand that she was not in love with him? Later, preparing to leave, she *suddenly* held out her hand to me; tears sparkled in her eyes—she had been crying because of the illness of her little daughter. I was beside myself with happiness. Then it so happened that she accompanied me to the door. . . ."

It is impossible to predict where this passion would have led Tolstoy, had not Princess Obolensky suddenly taken her children and left with them for Petersburg. What was this? A gracious pity for the man whose sentiments she had guessed? We do not know. But there are indications that it was not that. She seems to have become afraid for herself, for the tranquillity of her own heart.

Upset, with confused feelings battling within him, Tolstoy continues his journey to Yassnaya. As he arrives, a new element of farcical sadness is added to his agitated sentiments. His eye is wounded by the unfamiliar sight of a large, square, hideously naked space, the silent reminder of a Sebastopol card exploit: the imposing ancestral mansion, with its columns and balconies, with its forty-two rooms and numberless family reminiscences, which he had sold to a neighboring landlord, had been bodily transported to the purchaser's estate. The gray-haired Mlle. Yergolsky greets her nephew on the veranda of one of the side buildings.

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THE SUBTERRANEAN CENSORSHIP

By Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle

IN THE middle of the nineteenth century in England there arose an institution which as an instrument for literary censorship has never been surpassed, not even by the Watch and Ward Society of Boston, which is its nearest and most successful rival, nor by the American Postal Laws. That institution was the English Circulating Library.

In 1842, when Mudie's Select Circulating Library was founded, there had newly arisen in Great Britain a prosperous, educated and leisured upper-middle class. It was also the day of the three-volume novel—"the old t h r e e-decker", as the Victorians affectionately called it. The earliest English novels, the novels of Richardson, Fielding, Fanny Burney, Smollett and Sterne, had appeared in from five to ten volumes; but with the appearance and popularity of the Waverley Novels three volumes became the customary size. Three volumes, at an almost standardized price of thirty-one shillings and sixpence! Even sturdy middle-class prosperity could hardly hope to stock a library of three-deckers at that price.

The answer, it was obvious, was the circulating library; and a number of them—Mudie's and Day's and Moses's and Smith's—sprang up to meet the need. From the first the most popular was Mudie's.

It seems hard to believe that the circulating library, that almost terrifying force for righteousness throughout the better part of a century, could ever have been regarded with suspicion. But there were respectable folk in those early years who looked upon reading as a secret and shameful vice. "Madam," said Sir Anthony Absolute, in "The Rivals", "a circulating library in a town is an evergreen tree of diabolical knowledge. It blossoms every year." But very soon the circulating libraries were fighting "diabolical knowledge" root and branch. For decades they exercised their subterranean censorship in an almost uncontested tyranny, and even today their disapproval is a force with which English novelists must reckon.

All the circumstances of literary production and distribution among the Victorians conspired to give great power into their hands. Public libraries, the modern Open Sesame to books, were unknown. But since education for the first time was general, and leisure was no longer the prerogative only of the upper classes, the success of the new venture was immediate. "Going to Mudie's" was an event in the Victorian household; it actually came soon to confer social prestige. The fashionable congregated there. The wife of the prosperous merchant saw the great lord and lady within its portals. Of an afternoon the carriages of the gentry would draw up before the shop in Oxford Street, and anon the powdered footman would follow his master or mistress bearing the precious burden of books. Packages of books went to every corner of the Empire, and even beyond the Dominions. "I remember," we are told in one of the Memoirs of the times, "when staying abroad at His Excellency's, the Ambassador, the Government dispatch boxes were awaited with eager interest because the Queen's Messenger was the bearer of important novels from Mudie's!"

The greatest novelists of the day, Thackeray, Dickens, George Eliot, wrote to the traditional three-volume size and had their work passed beneath the watchful eye of the circulating libraries' censor. That they actually managed to produce literature in those trying times is proof that genius can overcome any handicap. A horde of minor novelists arose, padding out their thin gifts to the required length by the insertion of moral tales, sermonizings, homilies and reflections; they descended to the absurdest inanities. The tales of the lady-novelists of that day—Ouida, Edna Lyall, Miss Braddon and the rest—although invariably provided with repentance and a proper moral, did sometimes glow with

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sulphurous passion, but this was exceptional. The literary prudery of the age was unbelievable. It is hard for us to realize that "Jane Eyre" very narrowly escaped being banned; that George Eliot's "Adam Bede" was characterized as "the vile outpourings of a lewd woman's mind"; and that Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" was described as "the hysterical indecencies of an erotic mind". Kingsley's "Hypatia" caused such a tempest that he was actually forbidden to preach in London until after an investigation had been made of the charges against him, and Harriet Martineau, although she was a free-thinker, declared herself "unable to read 'Vanity Fair' from the moral disgust it occasions".

The remarkable uniformity of the moral judgments of the period was one reason for the success of the circulating libraries as censors. Before any hint of sexual irregularity the Mid-Victorian face was set; the code had been transgressed, the offender must be punished; no law of the Medes and Persians was more rigid. The libraries were representative middle-class institutions which accurately reflected the attitude of their times. The proprietors of the libraries were earnest Victorian Christians, as ready to be shocked by the very least hint of impropriety as any of their readers. It took only a very faint protest from a guinea subscriber to alarm them. As tradesmen their whole prosperity was bound up with keeping the novel pure for their customers, and their relation to the author, publisher and reading public made it easy for them to dictate terms. They did not need to be bold or to venture into perilous experiments; their income was assured under the existing arrangement.

The publisher was, by the nature of his agreement with the proprietors of the circulating libraries, entirely at their mercy; Mudie's, Smith's, and the others, had become not only middlemen but virtually monopolists. By the existing terms they took a minimum number of copies of every book published, good, bad, or indifferent, just as jobbers agree to take specified lots of goods from factories. When a book offended it was entirely unnecessary to invoke the law. The Anglo-Saxon hates to go to law when it can possibly be avoided. It is such a nuisance. He will not budge from his stand, but he hates to be disagreeable. And although the success of even such a semi-private censorship as that of the circulating libraries rests implicitly upon the threat of an appeal to law, the legal standards of obscenity did not coincide with Victorian literary prudery until 1868, which is a comparatively late date. No; going to law was not necessary. If the libraries agreed among themselves not to stock a book the publisher might just as well decide to sell it for so much waste paper; it had been relegated to limbo.

As the end of the century drew near British novelists began to grow restive under the interacting tyranny of the three-volume book and the circulating library censorship. Thackeray had already satirized both institutions. "Anybody," said Oscar Wilde, that hopelessly lost soul among the Victorians, "can write a three-volume novel. It merely requires a complete ignorance of both life and literature." George Gissing drew a vivid portrait of honest writers of the period struggling with the incubus in "New Grub Street". Meredith and Hardy had complained, though ineffectually. The cause of literary freedom needed a champion who was both artist and fighter, and it found him in George Moore.

Mr. Moore is to the history of Anglo-Saxon book censorship what Bernard Shaw is to the history of Anglo-Saxon dramatic censorship. Shaw had his Lord Chamberlain; George Moore found his Mr. Mudie. In 1883 Moore had published "A Mummer's Wife". One day he was informed that Mudie's Library had refused to stock it because of the protests of two ladies in the country, who had written in to say that they disapproved of it. He was infuriated, and no wonder. He determined to go at once to see Mr. Mudie personally. Moore waited below in the library, and soon the guardian of the public morals descended the stairs from his sanctum, "an almost lifeless, thick-set, middle-aged man", to use Moore's own words. Moore demanded, as a man of letters, to know the reason for the indignity that had been visited upon him. Mr. Mudie refused to explain or to change his stand. Mr. Moore lost patience. "I will wreck this big house of yours, Mr. Mudie!" he cried. "My next novel will be issued at

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a popular price. I will appeal to the public." The defiance delivered, he departed to compose "A Modern Lover", which duly appeared under the imprint of Vizetelly and Company in a one-volume format, at the popular price of six shillings.

"A Modern Lover" was suppressed, and Moore joined the ranks of the great English pamphleteers with "Literature at Nurse, or Circulating Morality". There are no reminiscences of George Moore more amusing than those in which he tells of his encounters with Anglo-Saxon prudery. It remains to this day his favorite subject. Towards Mudie his personal vanity made him merciless; he dubbed his victim "the British Matron, and President and Founder of the English Academy". But his animus did not undermine his judgment; he perceived very clearly that the English censorship of his time was a censorship by virtue of thirty-one shillings and sixpence, and that it would not be over until the three-volume novel was vanquished.

The victory was not won in a day. The three-decker died hard. But the Nineties looked more favorably on the six-shilling book than the readers of the decades who preceded them. The turn of the tide came when Heinemann's brought out "The Manxman", by Hall Caine, that Prince of Best Sellers, in a six-shilling edition. Within a fortnight the book had sold one hundred thousand copies, and the three-volume tradition went down in the flood. Figures in Shaylor's "The Fascination of Books" tell the story: in 1890 there were one hundred and sixty three-volume novels published; by 1897 there were only four. Rudyard Kipling celebrated its death agony in "The Three Decker":

Full thirty foot she towered from waterline to rail.
It cost a watch to steer her, and a week to shorten sail;
But, spite all modern notions, I've found her first and best,
The only certain packet for the Islands of the Blest.

Fair held the breeze behind us—'twas warm with lovers' prayers.
We'd stolen wills for ballast and a crew of missing heirs.
They shipped as Able Bastards till the wicked nurse confessed,
And they worked the old three decker to the Islands of the Blest.

By ways no gaze could follow, a course unspoiled of cook,
Per Fancy, fleetest in man, our titled berths we took
With maids of matchless beauty and parentage unguessed,
And a Church of England parson for the Islands of the Blest.

We asked no social questions—we pumped no hidden shame—
We never talked obstetrics when the Little Stranger came:
We left the Lord in heaven, we left the fiends in hell,
We weren't exactly Yussufs, but—Zuleika didn't tell.

No moral doubt assailed us, so when the port we neared,
The villain had his flogging at the gangway and we cheered.
'Twas fiddle in the foc's'le—'twas garlands on the mast,
For everyone got married and we went ashore at last.

I left 'em all in couples akissing on the decks,
I left the lovers loving and the parents signing checks.
In endless English comfort by county-folk caressed,
I left the old three decker at the Islands of the Blest.

But those who celebrated the end of circulating library censorship when the three-volume novel passed celebrated it prematurely. "One day," wrote Carlyle, "the Mudie mountain, which seemed to stand strong like other rock mountains, gave suddenly, as the icebergs do, a loud sounding crack; suddenly, with huge clangour, shivered itself into ice dust; and sank, carrying much along with it." Too optimistic by far. Indeed, a decade after the three deckers had finally disappeared, the circulating libraries, still conscious of their high mission, attempted to revive their censorial powers. They refused to circulate Sudermann's "Song of Songs", Neil Lyon's "Cottage Pie", and even, to cap

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the climax, Tyler's book on Shakespeare's sonnets! The Times Book Club declined to send out Henry James's "Italian Hours", explaining that "it was not likely to promote the library's reputation as a circulator of wholesome literature", which raised the speculation that the title had perhaps been misread as the more voluptuous one, "Italian Houris".

But, apparently still unsatisfied and still crusading, in December of 1909 the circulating libraries—Mudie's, Smith's, Boots's, The Booklovers' Library, The Times Book Club, Day's and Cawthorn and Hutt's, Ltd.—organized the Circulating Libraries Association. "We have determined," they announced, "that in the future we will not place in circulation any book which by reason of the personally scandalous, libelous, immoral or otherwise disagreeable nature of its contents is in our opinion likely to prove offensive to any considerable section of our subscribers." Not content with this, they required publishers to submit all books one week before publication, to be divided into the categories of "satisfactory", "doubtful", or "objectionable". The members of the association then agreed that they would not circulate any book to which three members of the Association took exception.

The impudence of this proposal was manifest. The battle for "pure literature" reached such an intensity that to many of the good late Victorians it appeared to be dictated by the sternest necessity. They had been shocked almost into insensibility by George Moore's "Esther Waters" (which the circulating libraries promptly banned upon its appearance in 1894); Hardy's "Jude, the Obscure", banned in 1895, almost floored them. But it was the publication of H. G. Wells's "Ann Veronica" in 1909 which made them feel that the world was coming to an end. It was denounced by publishers and editors, headed by J. St. Loe Strachey, famous editor of *The Spectator*, who made a personal appeal to the Home Secretary for the application of a rigid literary censorship. Hardly was this excitement over when Frank Harris wrote an article in the *English Review* in which he compared the Japanese code of morals with the Ten Commandments to the disadvantage of the latter, and Mr. Strachey announced that thereafter no advertisements of the *English Review* would appear in the chaste columns of *The Spectator*. But Frank Harris was a fighter; he began a campaign against English hypocrisy, and discovered and pointed out that Mr. Strachey himself was the publisher of the passionate Byron, and of unexpurgated editions of the plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.

By this time the proprietors of the circulating libraries could contend blandly that novels were now within the reach of the purse of the general public, and that the outcry of the authors against this "suppression and censorship" was quite irrelevant. Certainly, as private tradesmen, they were privileged to regulate their own business, and that was nobody's business but their own. The speciousness of this argument deceived nobody. The united libraries were still too important as book distributors for their action to carry no weight. The authors revolted and the publishers refused to submit their manuscripts to this private Inquisition. To Moore and Frank Harris there now rallied Sir Edmund Gosse, John Balderston, Austin Harrison, Charles Tennyson, Sir Oliver Lodge, Hardy, Wells, Bennett and Shaw. The days of the worst abuse of this private censorship are over, but even now Mudie's, Smith's and Boots's have an informal agreement that when one of them comes across a book which it considers immoral it will inform the others, and they will all refuse to place it on their shelves.

When one muses on the circulating libraries' censorship, one is naturally led to think of Boston. There is little, indeed, that is new in the show it is making of itself. When the little slips of paper are handed out which spell the blacklisting of a book by the Boston Booksellers' Committee, it is the subterranean censorship in action again. The agreement of the Boston booksellers among themselves that they would not circulate or stock any book to which the Secretary of the Watch and Ward Society took exception is so reminiscent in all essential aspects of the English Libraries' Association that it is only another instance of the repetition of history.

The American public library system has

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always been far better than the English. However, in recent years the public libraries, with their budgets remaining almost stationary while the price of books has risen, have fallen behind the demands for the latest fiction. In consequence commercial circulating libraries have sprung up everywhere. Last year alone sixty-seven new ones appeared, outnumbering new bookstores by three to five, and new free libraries by seven to one. So far no one has concentrated on them as agents of literary "decency", and it is to be doubted that they will ever be in a position to dictate to their readers. Yet no one can really predict what might happen if a Smith or Mudie appeared upon the scene. But rumor has it that when a few years ago a protest was made to Womrath's, the largest chain of circulating libraries in New York, to the effect that it ought to be ashamed not to take steps to check the spread of indecent literature, Womrath's replied that if their customers wanted to read "bad" books they would be supplied with them as long as the books were not outside the law.

The subterranean censorship, however, may appear in the public library. Do public libraries attempt to supervise the tastes of their readers by making it a policy not to buy "objectionable" books? The public librarian often has the plausible excuse that since the funds of a library are limited he must pick and choose, and naturally the more wholesome books are given preference. This works out to the end that however great the demand for books of the unapproved type may be, the public library readers may not have them. The Kansas City Library has explicitly banned "Elmer Gantry"; other libraries have at times excluded not only Robert W. Chambers and Elinor Glyn but also "Huckleberry Finn" and *Les Misérables,* exactly as English provincial libraries not many years ago outlawed Kingsley and Scott. Often "sex" books are not listed in the general catalogues. The catalogue of the great British Museum Library showed neither Ellis's "Psychology of Sex" nor Carpenter's "The Intermediate Sex", although the library had both. Many public libraries in both England and America have "private cases" of books in which such old classics as "The Arabian Nights", "The Decameron" and Rabelais are kept.

The subterranean censorship exists, and is exercised in innumerable ways. The history of the circulating library censorship suggests the only principle for determining those forms of censorship which are benign from those which are malignant. It is the principle of public use, which says that there shall be no combinations, restraints or monopolies —no concerted action, no collusion, no agreements. A literary trust is no less inconceivable than a beef trust. The degree in which an agency of a public or quasi-public nature is in a position of monopoly should be of decisive consideration. Otherwise the subterranean censorship may reach intolerable limits.

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AN AUTHOR

By Patrick Kearney

EVERY evening the author dined at the same place. It was a little restaurant just off Broadway at the top of Morningside-hill, and meals were only forty cents. The table-cloths were as dirty as daily usage could make them, and the dishes were thick and ugly, with cracks and rough edges that, in the cups, gritted harshly against the lips. The author always tried to dash down his coffee without touching his lower lip to the cup in order to avoid the unpleasant contact. He did this unconsciously, for his mind was never on his dinner. Then too, the coffee always spilled into the saucer, so that he had to pour it back. Every time the cup was lifted coffee dripped on the cloth and the clothing, making little disagreeable stains.

The author's light summer suit was very badly stained, for he wore it the year round. He had an overcoat which was thin and worn, and he had had it for ten years. He wore low tan shoes with buttons. His hat flopped weakly over his forehead and ears.

Every evening for ten years the author had eaten the same meal in this place and then every evening he had returned to his room, which was four blocks away, down the hill. When he got home he would write until ten o'clock, and then he would go to bed.

He had to get up very early in the morning in order to get a good start at the drudgery which supported him. He supported himself by selling books. By starting his rounds at eight and continuing until twelve he could make from two to three dollars, enough for his needs. He had been selling books for twenty years, ever since he came to New York to be an author. After he had finished his morning's work he returned to his room and wrote all afternoon.

His name was Remington Bishop. He was born in a small town in Ohio, and he was led to literary pursuits by seeing a picture of Mark Twain in a magazine and later reading his writings and his life. He immediately adopted Mark Twain as his ideal and guide, and his determination to follow in his steps led him to a little western college, where he worked his way to a bachelor's degree, and finally to New York. His aspirations were received with no sympathy by his family, who were ignorant and poor.

He was thirty when he left home, but he was consoled by reading that very few authors had done anything really good until they were past thirty, and he felt that by working hard and studying his chances were as good as anyone's else.

In New York he made no acquaintances. He was by nature and habit retiring and shy. He had lived so long in isolation that he knew nothing about making friends. One or two persons had spoken to him in the lunch-room, which was the only place he frequented, but he had answered their approaches in such a shy way that no further advances were offered. Only indiscriminate mixers ever thought of approaching him at all. He did not promise much in appearance. He was tall and stooped and slightly bald, and his face carried perpetually an expression of mingled fear and shyness and humility which established him in the minds of the judicious as one born to live alone and within himself.

His shyness was an almost insuperable barrier to his even making a living. Were it not for his unfortunate weakness he could have made four times as many sales in his working periods. But the slightest frown, the least show of impatience on the part of his prospective customer, always drove him to confused apologies and an ignominious departure. His work was torture to him. But any other kind of work would require all his time, and as his writing was his prime interest his lesser comforts were of necessity sacrificed.

His routine had continued for twenty years without any variance. Promptly at noon every day he set off for his room and deposited

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his unsold books and samples. He then got his lunch, which consisted of tea and buns. The tea he made over a single-burner gas stove, which he was forced to hide in a drawer because the rules of his rooming-house forbade cooking. The buns were purchased at a nearby bakery. He bought those which had been baked the day before and thus got them at half price.

At one o'clock he was at his typewriter. All the years he had used the instrument had not made him expert, and he was forced to write very slowly. As his thoughts ran slowly also he did not recognize this as a hardship.

In his writing he dwelt principally on style. He had taken several courses at Columbia University during his first years in New York, and all of them laid emphasis on style, especially punctuation and rhetoric. The professors told him there was a story in everything if one only handled it properly, and he had taken this literally, and diligently wrote out everything that happened to him during his daily life. This same idea had urged him to write a book about his experiences as a book-agent, and on this book he had been engaged for ten years. It took him a long while to write even a simple paragraph, because he was given to many revisions, and he was never satisfied with his work when it was completed, but always tried to improve it in punctuation and rhetoric.

His ideas of punctuation, gained in his courses at the University, were applied to the study of Mark Twain, and deductions were made for his own guidance from this study. He noted that his author was very fond of italics, and he concluded that the frequent use of this device was therefore one of the secrets of success. A careful study of his model taught him little of the methods of applying the trick, so he solved the difficulty by italicizing about seven words in each paragraph, in an arbitrary fashion. When he read his efforts over the effect seemed a little peculiar, and he re-wrote them. At the end of ten years he had reached his seventh chapter.

There were times when he broke off from his chief work to write short stories or descriptions. He often felt that since these took a comparatively short time to write he might do enough of them to support himself while working on his book, and thus be enabled to drop the book-selling. But the editors returned his stories without comment. Sometimes he tried to re-write them, but usually he put them in a box for later consideration. There were over a hundred of these stories in the box, which also held the earlier versions of his book. He always kept every line he wrote with a view to comparison.

The author kept a scrap book in which he pasted everything which seemed to him well written or to contain valuable ideas. The book contained newspaper cartoons, advertisements, news stories and editorials from the daily papers. Many of these editorials he considered masterpieces of style.

It never occurred to him to become discouraged. When an editor returned a story he consoled himself with the thought that Mark Twain and other writers had not been able to sell their works in the beginning, but had attained fame only after years of striving.

His life went on so monotonously and so exactly in routine that he never realized he was growing old. His consciousness was taken up with his writing alone, and as his book neared completion he began dimly to vision the future. Fame was the goal of his labors.

Half-conscious desires at the outset of his career had told him it would be nice to be an author like Mark Twain. There was in this ambition no consciousness of the craftsman's joy nor any sympathy with beauty. None of the arts was significant to him, not even the art of writing; all he sought for in a book was the technique, which, when mastered, might enable him to produce similar work. He did not desire to be rich, caring nothing for the things that wealth brought.

But he was often attacked by a desire for companionship, an unconquerable powerful craving which in rare moments drove him from his typewriter out into the street, to gaze into the faces of persons passing and attempt to communicate to them in an unspoken message his pitiful loneliness. When strangers spoke to him in a friendly manner in the lunch-room he was moved by a hope that an acquaintance might result. At these

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times he strove feebly to make himself as agreeable as he could.

II

One evening when the author went to the little lunch-room to have his dinner there were strangers sitting at the table he usually occupied. He took the fourth place and clumsily fumbled at the bill of fare, for his self-consciousness was always stronger while he was eating. He was self-conscious about buttering his bread, about lifting his glass, about speaking to the waitress. His voice failed him when she asked him his order.

He was eating his soup hurriedly, half-choking on every swallow, when a chance phrase of one of the young men at the table attracted his attention. The young man had said that his paper was short of men: this indicated that he was in some way connected with the profession of authorship. He had never before seen anyone connected with writing in any manner, and this nearness inspired in him a feeling of dread combined with a feeling of fraternity. The young man continued to talk, and the author listened, keeping his eyes on the soup in front of him.

"I'm almost single-handed on the editorial end now," said the young man. "I wish I could get hold of someone who could help out a little. Everybody I know is working." One of the other men knew of someone who had done some slight editorial work, and he promised to send him down to the office the next day. The author soon learned that the young man was editor of a weekly, and he was filled with a desire to make his acquaintance. After a time two of the men left, leaving the young man alone with the author, who struggled with his shyness for the period required to consume his rice pudding. Then he looked over at the young man.

"Excuse me; do you know anything about book-publishing?"

The young man nodded affably that he knew a little, and was glad to tell what he knew. But his experience had been chiefly with magazines.

"I am an author. At least—I'm trying to be one. I have almost finished a book, and I don't know much about how to get it published. Do you know anything about it?"

"I think you ought to write stories first and sell them to the magazines," said the young man. "Then getting the book published would be easier. Have you written any stories?"

"Yes, but they've all been rejected. I felt that book writing was the best kind to do. All the great writers got famous just on books, didn't they? Twain . . ."

"There isn't much fame to be got from stories. If they're good enough you might get a publisher to take them after the magazines have printed them."

"But in the long run," persisted the author, "book writing is what makes a man famous, isn't it?" The young man agreed that it was. He was interested in the author. He was touched a little by his helpless and eager manner, and he drew him out, feeling that there might be something in him worth encouraging. The author was glad to have a listener, and he told the young man about his life and ambitions.

"I haven't sold anything yet," he said. "But it takes time, and I know that if I keep on and improve I will have a chance. I have been writing for about twenty years now. I like to write, but I don't get much time for it."

When they had finished their meal the author hesitantly invited the young man over to his room to continue the conversation. The way led down Morningside Park, and as they climbed down the cliff, out of the trees and air into the dirty streets below, the young man tried to tell the author something of the writing profession, and how difficult was success in it. He felt a bit sorry for his companion, and he would have liked to discourage him from further useless striving. But the author was consumed by a feeling of wonder at the young man at his side, who knew so much of writing and who seemed to have been so successful and yet was very young.

The young man told the author that he had tried to write short stories, but failed. "When I first came to New York," he said, "I nearly starved and I finally decided to get a newspaper job and give it up for a while. For a writer newspaper work is the easiest way of making a living. Lately I've been landing a

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few things in the magazines, and now I'm trying my hand at some plays."

They reached the rooming house in which the author lived, and he took out his key and opened the door. The house was a brownstone on a street filled with brownstones. The hallway into which the two now entered was lighted by only a tiny point of gas, which threw a flickering glare on the green carpet of the stairs. The young man noticed that in the rear was a wall telephone, just now being used by a fat blonde woman in a dressing-gown, who was shouting angrily at someone on the other end. He shuddered, for he had lived in similar surroundings for six months when he was new to the city, and the memory was unpleasant.

The author's room was on the third floor front; a slab of space with a narrow window. On the window-sill there was set forth a little library. It was made up of a book on paragraph composition, one on punctuation, a grammar, a dilapidated copy of "Huckleberry Finn", and a treatise on the short-story.

The table was littered with typewritten sheets of paper, and the author fumbled among the heap until he found a bulky package, encompassed by a sort of pasteboard portfolio, which he handed to the young man with an eager, timid gesture, his eyes a bit more frightened, more anxious than usual.

The young man glanced at the title and said nothing. The book was called "Some True Experiences of a Book Agent". Chapter One was entitled "I Begin", and as the young man started to read his pity grew with every word.

"As soon as I had *seen* the advertisement in the paper for a *book-agent* I journeyed to the address named to apply for the *position,* which, although not an *attractive* one, nor one to which I should turn out of *choice,* seemed to offer to me what I desired: an *opportunity* to support myself—an opportunity, indeed, which to a person of my needs gave full *promise* of being greatly acceptable."

The young man paused at the end of that paragraph and looked up curiously at the author. A sense of a great duty suddenly fallen upon him overpowered him. He met the author's eyes unflinchingly, and saw in them the dreams of years, the unwavering hopefulness of a lonely and weary existence. To tell this man the truth, to point out to him that the pages on which he had spent his life were not equal in literary power to the merest compositions of a high-school girl, suddenly became impossible to him. It occurred to him that he was the first human being who had ever read a dozen sentences of the author's manuscripts, except, perhaps, a few editors to whom they had been sent; but he knew the habits of editors well enough to know that two or three sentences of this sort would supply them with all they needed to know about the story they were considering. It was to him then that the man looked for praise or criticism, and knowing his own feelings when a friend was reading a prized manuscript, he could not bring himself to shatter this man's life with the truth. And yet he knew that the truth was bound to come out sometime. But if twenty years of rejection had not deadened the ardor of the author, perhaps he was doomed never to lose hope.

"This strikes me as being very good, as far as I've gone," he said. "You have an attractive style and the material surely should be worth working on. No one has ever done the book agent from the personal viewpoint, so far as I know, and your book ought to be liked." His heart sank; he felt that he could say no more, that if he were pressed for further comment his voice would break and he would blush and stutter.

"But—isn't there anything wrong with it? It doesn't seem quite right to me in places, but I work over it so often that after a time I can hardly tell what I have written. Won't you point out the flaws?"

"Well—it strikes me that you use the italic a bit too often. That's a device that weakens your whole structure unless used very infrequently, and you have almost every fourth word italicized."

"But Twain uses the italic very often—almost as much as I do. In almost every sentence he has some words italicized. I figured that if he did it it must be all right. I like to use it."

"The idea is to make your words themselves, without outside assistance, tell your

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story," the young man offered weakly. He lighted a cigarette, and then attempted to read further. After a few moments he pretended he had to go, and rose and mumbled a few words, greatly embarrassed. The author rose too, rather helplessly.

"How shall I go about getting it published?" he asked. "You haven't told me yet." As the young man put on his coat and hat he quickly ran through a series of probable replies, and hit on the one he felt would be most satisfactory.

"I'll give you the name of an agent who has sold some stories for me," he said. "Take your manuscript to him and he will read it and tell you just what is wrong with it, and if there is a market for it he can sell it for you more easily and more profitably than you could yourself." He gave the author the name, wondering all the while why he had selected such a cruel subterfuge, and slipped out into the cold air, feeling that he was a cad for having raised in the author's heart a hope which could never be realized.

The author thought for a long time after the young man had gone on the advice he had been given, and finally he decided to remove half the italics. He set to work re-typing his manuscript with this correction in view. His mind continually repeated the name and address of the agent, and when he went to bed at ten the name and address were still singing in his ears.

III

The author sat in the little outer office of the agent, his hat between his hands. He had arrived at half-past nine, for he had received a letter the day before saying that a report on his story was ready. He was afraid to think much about what it would be. His eyes roamed over the book-shelves filling the room in which he sat. They were filled with books which had originally been placed by the agency. On the table was a heap of magazines, and as he glanced at some of these he saw that they contained stories and articles which the agency had also placed. He concluded from these displays that his chances were good, and hoped they would report a sale of his book.

After he had been waiting an hour a boy came out and told him to come into the inner office. A little man with glasses sat in a revolving chair and did not rise. The author stood helplessly for a moment, until the man in the chair waved him to a seat. The little man spoke in a squeaky voice, without feeling.

"I have read your book very carefully, Mr. Bishop. Very carefully." He paused. The author waited a moment.

"Do you think it will be popular?" he finally inquired in a trembling voice.

"In its present state I am afraid it is not suited for publication. Unless it is changed in many ways I do not think we can handle it. I am very sorry."

The author rose weakly. A hundred questions surged up in him, but he was so dazed and bewildered by the shortness of the interview on which he had spent so much hope that for a time he could think of nothing, and he started for the door. When his hand was on the knob he realized he had better take his manuscript. He turned around for it. The man sent the boy into another office, and the author sat down again.

"If you think—if you could tell me what is wrong with my book I might be able to change it."

"We are very glad to offer constructive criticisms on any work that is submitted to us," said the little man quickly. "Our charge for this critical service depends on the length of the article. For your book it would be five dollars."

"If it would help any I would be glad to have the criticism." Only for an instant did the author think of what five dollars meant to him.

"Of course we do not guarantee that our advice will make the work salable. But we have often helped writers in the past to improve their manuscripts to such an extent that we could find a market for them. We simply tell you what is wrong with the book and how to improve it. The rest is entirely in your hands. But we incur no obligation whatever in giving the service." The little man turned to his desk again as though finished with the interview. The author started to rise from his chair, and then sat down again. The little man was so abrupt and businesslike that the author felt very

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uncomfortable in his presence. His natural shyness came over him like a submerging wave, and for a moment the whole office went dark before his eyes. The rustle of a paper brought him partly back again, and he started for the door. He felt that something must be said before going, but he did not know what to say. It was always difficult for him to break off an interview or a visit. In an endeavor to find something to break the tensity of his leave-taking he reached in his pocket and pulled out seven dollars, his capital for the rest of the week.

"When will you give me the criticism?" he asked.

The little man looked up again, pressed a bell and then took the five one-dollar bills which the author laid on his desk. A boy came in.

"Call Miss Leonard," said the little man. Then he turned to his papers again, and the author sat down.

Miss Leonard, a tall woman with spectacles and graying hair, came into the office and looked blankly at the author. The little man wheeled about.

"This is my sister, Miss Leonard. She is in charge of the critical department. Mr. Bishop is the author of a book entitled "Some Experiences of a Book Agent." He desires a critical comment on it. Will you prepare this, please?" It gave the author a thrill of pleasure such as he seldom experienced to hear the title of his book spoken in this haphazard fashion. It made him feel the reality of his aspirations. He really had written a book . . .

"I can have the criticism ready tomorrow morning, if you will come in. I have already read the book." Again the necessity for leaving came over the author. He bowed stiffly to the little man, to the woman, and turned to the door. The little man called him back and pointed to his hat which he had forgotten, and which was lying on the desk. This increased his embarrassment so that he jostled against the door frame as he went out. Then he could not find the exit, and had to be led out by an office boy. He got to the elevator, and his daze continued so that when they had reached the ground floor the elevator boy had to tell him three times to get out.

It was nearly noon, and he realized that he could not write at all that day, because he must sell as many books as possible to make up for the five dollars just spent. He took the elevated to Harlem and went to his room, where he packed up his little suitcase with books, samples and receipt blanks, and started forth. With a whole afternoon ahead of him he might make ten or more sales. He made twenty-five cents on each sale. He decided to work all day long, but he made few sales, and returned home at seven thoroughly discouraged. He got out his typewriter and started to work over some short stories, and at ten he went to bed. In the morning he was at the agent's office at nine-thirty.

This time he did not have to wait. An office boy took his name, and in a moment returned from the inner office with a package neatly wrapped, with his name on it. The boy told him the criticism and the manuscript were both in the package. He took it under his arm and took the elevated for home, not wishing to open it until he was at leisure to read the criticism carefully and think it over. And when he had climbed the three flights of stairs leading to his room he took off his overcoat and sat down to open the package.

An envelope was lying on top of the manuscript. Before he opened this he looked again at his book, which he had not seen for over a month. The title followed by his name thrilled him again, as though he had seen a book of his on display in a window. He started absently to read the first page of the manuscript, but he remembered the criticism and opened it.

It was a single page of letter paper, headed by the agency's name and address, and it occupied only a few paragraphs. It read:

"The incidents which make up the book are not sufficiently interesting to appeal to a casual reader. The same sort of happening is repeated constantly, so that the book becomes monotonous after a few chapters.

"As for style, the sentences are too long and involved. Write naturally, simply, do not try to be flowery in your language. Avoid unusual words. Keep the sentences short.

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Avoid unusual punctuations, such as the frequent use of the dash and the italic. Strive to be straight-forward and concise.

"In a book of this sort the interest should gradually grow, until a climax is reached. In this book the interest is always at the same pitch.

"If you care to revise the book in conformity with these suggestions, we shall be very glad to read it again with a view to placing it."

The author read the criticism four times. Then he laid it down and looked in a bewildered way at the manuscript, at the table, and out of the window. He picked up the criticism and read it again, and this time a sort of helpless wistfulness came over him, as he thought of the five dollars he had spent for it. He forced himself not to believe it worthless, because he could not bear the idea of being cheated. To a professional writer, he reflected, this criticism would be very valuable. He did not know enough about writing to understand it and profit by it. The only clear message that it brought to him was that his book was utterly worthless as it stood. And he had worked ten years on it. He felt that the agency's refusal to consider it in its present form was conclusive, and he realized that he must try to improve it according to the suggestions, however vague they might seem to him. He glanced at the paragraph in the criticism in which his style was considered. Perhaps his sentences were too long. He read one or two of them, counted the words. There were about thirty words in each sentence. He decided to cut this down to fifteen, and he reached to the windowsill where his little book on rhetoric rested, and turned to the page on which short sentences were discussed.

IV

He wandered into the restaurant the next evening, put his hat and newspaper on the little nickel rail around the wall, and sat down at his usual table. The young man, whom he had not seen since the evening he met him, was seated nearby, and the author saw that he was beckoning, so he moved over and took a seat beside him.

"Did you go down to the agency?" the young man asked.

"Yes. They didn't care to handle my book, they said. They gave me a criticism of it, though."

"A criticism? You mean you paid for it?"

"Yes. I thought it might do some good. Five dollars."

The young man muttered to himself, so that the author did not catch his words. Then he spoke to the author:

"You shouldn't have done that. Their criticisms don't help much. It's just a trick they have to get money when they think you don't know any better. Did the criticism help any?" The author smiled weakly. His smile so increased the pathos of his face that the young man was touched.

"It didn't help much. I guess the book's no good. That's about all they said. They told me to revise it and use short sentences. I guess they are too long. And my punctuation didn't seem to come up to standard."

"Look here," said the young man, "I think you worry too much about the length of your sentences, and all that. Now just forget all you've learned about form for a while and try to write carelessly. Get your story on paper. If you think of all those things while you're writing you'll never be able to turn out a decent paragraph." The young man had a copy of a current magazine with him, and in it was one of his own short stories. He thought he might better emphasize his advice with concrete examples. He opened the magazine.

"Now here, for instance. I sold this story, and I don't know a thing about style or punctuation or anything of that sort. I just turned it out straight away, without thinking of the length of the sentences."

The author read a few paragraphs. "But you do know about punctuation," he said after a moment. "You use the dash quite a lot, I see. And your sentences are short. Something like Twain's."

The young man realized the hopelessness of advice. He reflected that the man could never learn, and he wondered if he were not happier in his ignorance than if he knew the truth. If he did not lose hope he would continue all his life with a firm belief that

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in the future he would be a great writer. A life of aspiration, faith and struggle. Few men had that much. His thoughts suddenly flashed to himself, and he wondered if the author were not happier. And to encourage him, he felt, was the humane thing.

"Well, don't lose your nerve. Revise the book and it's almost sure to sell. And if it doesn't—well, write another and make it better. You're bound to get there if you keep at it." The young man finished his dinner and escaped, knowing that if he remained he would betray his true feelings.

The author finished his dinner in silence, reading his newspaper propped up against the catsup bottle. When he had finished he paid his forty-cent check and slid out the swinging door. There was a strong wind at that corner, and he huddled in his thin overcoat as he turned to go down Morningside Hill to his little room at the bottom. As he started the descent he was glad he would not have to come up the hill until the next night. The climb always tired him, but he liked the descent. He reached the brownstone house and climbed up to his room. When he opened the door he fumbled around for a match, and while searching for it he glanced at the manuscript lying on the table. He must get at the re-writing immediately. He struck the match and held it to the gas-jet, which burst into a squeaking nervous flame.

Then he sat down at his typewriter and began to re-write his book.

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A GALLERY

OF

LITERARY PORTRAITS

By

Eva Herrmann

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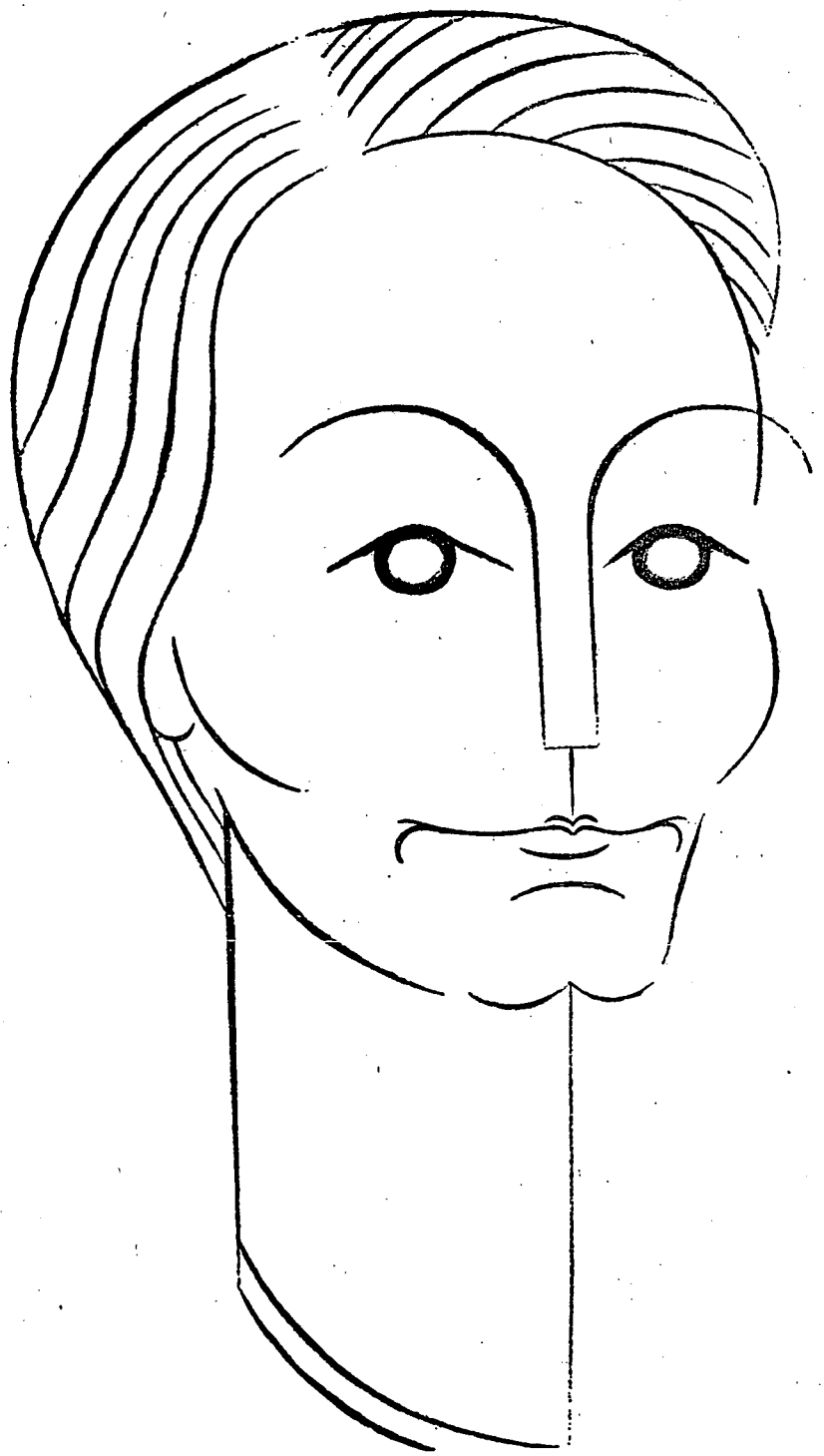

GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

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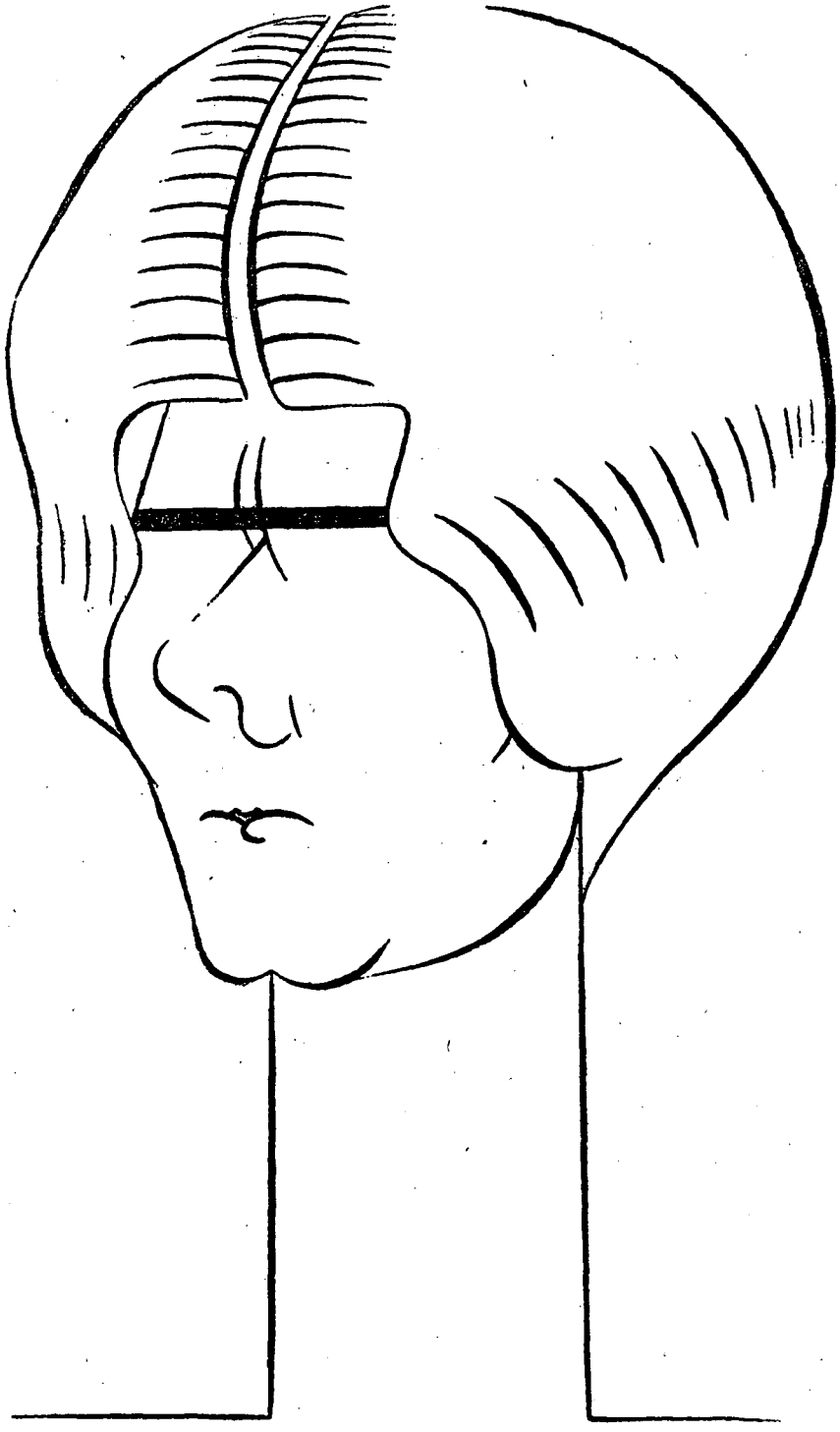

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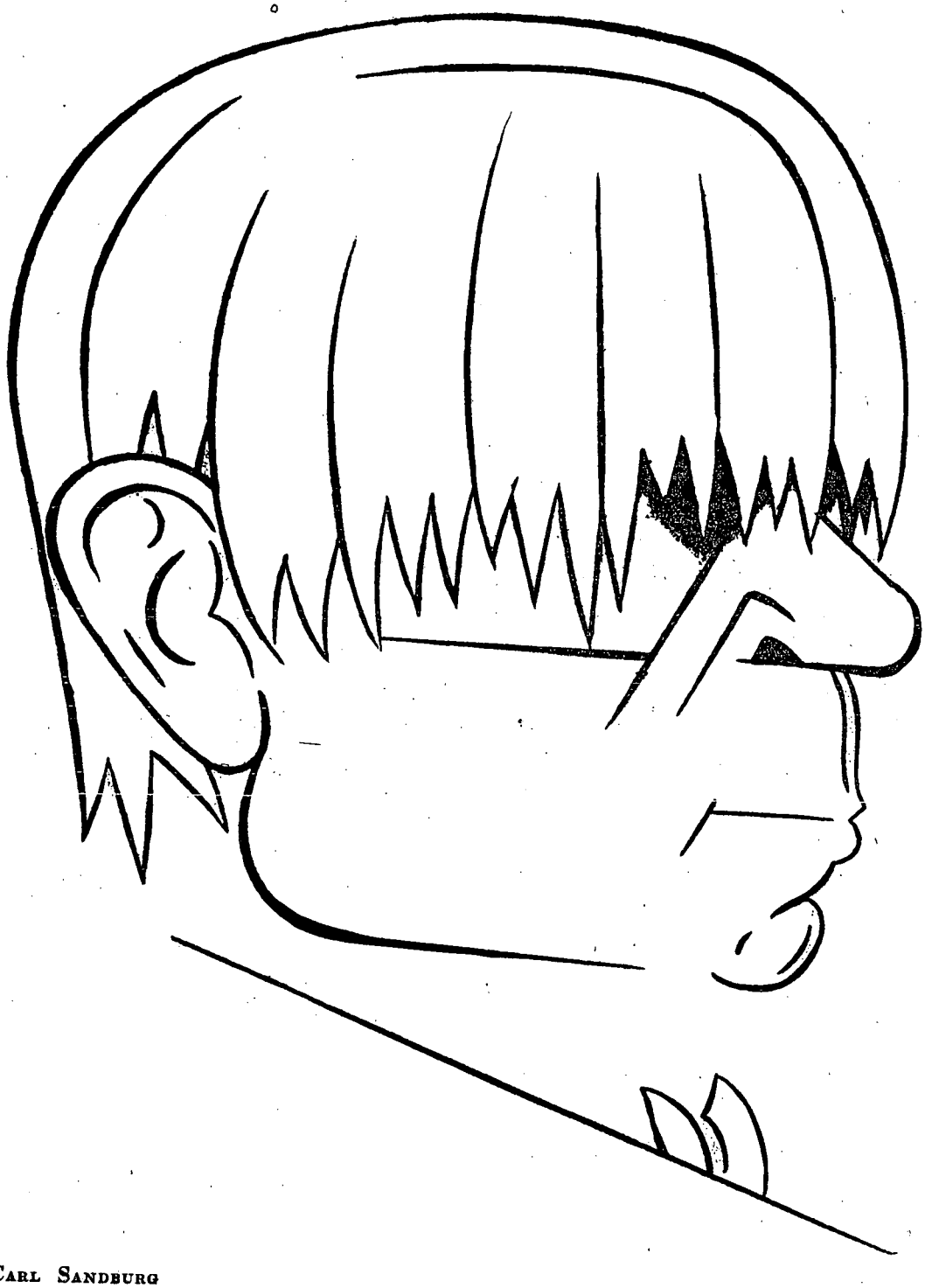

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WYNDHAM LEWIS, ALIAS THE ENEMY

By Montgomery Belgion

MR. WYNDHAM LEWIS (the reason for his nickname, The Enemy, will become obvious later) is recognized in England as one of the most talented and versatile personalities of our time. His first fame dates from before the War, when he became the leader of the "advanced" English painters. In 1917, furthermore, he sprang into the front rank of English novelists with the astonishing "Tarr". But the reason for writing about him today is that he has recently turned social philosopher and polemicist, and also that he has begun to write experimental fiction, a sort of prose epic—two developments which have greatly enhanced his reputation in his own country and must impose him upon the attention of America.

I want to consider here, first, the man himself, and, secondly, his ideas.

Although an Englishman, Mr. Lewis was born in America, in Maine. He is about forty years old. He was brought up in England and at fifteen entered the celebrated art school of London University, the Slade. There he promptly won a prize usually awarded to a much older student, and left to continue his studies in a desultory way on the Continent. He wandered in Brittany and Spanish Galicia, painting and trying his hand at the writing of sketches.

He also sat for a time under Bergson, who was then lecturing at the Collège de France in Paris, and took a philosophy course at the University of Berlin. For some months, too, he painted in an *atelier* in Munich where the master was a Turk.

In 1911 he was back in England and some of his stories were welcomed by Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer (now Mr. Ford Madox Ford) for his then newly-launched *English Review*. Others were to appear later in *Art and Letters* and in *The Little Review* in America. At that time, although he was contributing regularly to the *English Review*, Mr. Lewis had not yet decided whether to be a painter or a writer.

While the decision was still in the balance, he fell in with Mr. Walter Sickert and Mr. Roger Fry, when the latter was organizing the Omega Workshops in Bloomsbury. The idea of the Omega Workshops may be said to have been derived from William Morris: their workers made furniture and did interior decorating, as it is called, but instead of being "decorators" they were artists. Thus the current craze in America for "modernist" furnishing was, thanks to Mr. Fry and his associates, having its forerunner in England some years before the War.

Entering the Omega Workshops, Mr. Lewis was led for a while to concentrate all his efforts upon painting. He worked there side by side with other young artists, all involved, as he was, in the strong movement for the revaluation of painting which was going on all over Europe and of which he had gained a first-hand knowledge on the Continent. The result was the organization in January, 1914, of the famous Cubist Room exhibition, which provided a sensation in the London newspapers and led Mr. Ezra Pound to declare that a new school was born: Vorticism. Mr. Lewis was unanimously regarded not only as the leader of the Vorticists but as their spokesman, their chief of propaganda.

That he well deserved the leadership of the group may be easily verified by consulting a popular book recently published in New York, "A Primer of Modern Art", in which the American author, Sheldon Cheney, though evidently by no means over-partial, rates Mr. Lewis as one of the two best living English painters, and sets him well above Mr. Augustus John, whom I mention because he is, perhaps, the English painter most widely known by Americans.

And in propaganda Mr. Lewis proved himself every whit as talented as he was in paint-

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ing. For one thing, his appearance was—and, since he continues to dress in the same way, still is—arresting: his ample body stowed into a black jacket and nondescript trousers, and his head almost entirely concealed inside a black sombrero, larger and stiffer than either Mr. Aldous Huxley's or Mr. Osbert Sitwell's—which, anyway, were unknown at that time—not to mention the huge black horn-rimmed spectacles and the great black pipe screening what little of his face was not hidden by the hat.

Moreover, he perpetrated a series of stunts. One of the most widely advertised was the decoration of the walls of the upstairs room in the Eiffel Tower Restaurant, off the Tottenham Court Road, with a series of Vorticist frescoes. These frescoes gained much publicity for Vorticism in the newspapers, and incidentally made the fortune of the restaurant.

But the most important act of propaganda for the "new" art performed in those days was undoubtedly Mr. Lewis's publication of the review, *Blast*, in collaboration with Mr. Ezra Pound. It was in June, 1914, that the first number appeared, an octavo volume of which the text was printed in a large full-face type, and the illustrations were a number of "queer", "what-do-they-mean" pictures by various Vorticists. A second number — the "War Number"— was issued during the following year. In *Blast No. 1*, was a play, 'The Enemy of the Stars", and in *Blast No. 2* the first instalment of a never-completed serial, "The Crowdmaster", both by Mr. Lewis; and in these contributions, it is important to note, he originated many of the tricks of style, which, some years later, Mr. Joyce displayed independently and in his own manner in "Ulysses".

After that final "War Number" of *Blast* Mr. Lewis enlisted in the ranks of the Royal Artillery, gained a commission, and saw considerable active service in France. But before enlisting he wrote at great speed a novel which he had been meditating for several years. This novel, 'Tarr", was ultimately published by the Egoist Press in London at the end of 1917, and, much later, by Mr. Knopf in New York. Its reception by the critics in England was one that a first novel rarely obtains, and can only be compared to that accorded to "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man", published, also in 1917, by the same press.

In spite of this appreciation of his novel, Mr. Lewis, upon the termination of the War, at first proposed to go on devoting himself chiefly to painting. But he very soon found that the post-war situation of art was an extremely unfavorable one. So, after writing one little book for the cause—a book called "The Caliph's Design: Architects, Where is Your Vortex?"—and starting another review, *The Tyro*, which he had almost at once to abandon, he went into retirement. Nothing more was heard of him until the autumn of 1925, when "The Art of Being Ruled" was published, a very long essay which should, it has been said, "stand towards our generation in the same relation that 'Culture and Anarchy' did to the generation of the seventies".

It was the publication of this essay which revealed that Mr. Lewis had turned social philosopher. This book, like "Tarr", attracted much attention and discussion in England—partly, it is true, on account of the hypothesis advanced in it to explain the great increase of perversion in Europe in the years following the War. The hypothesis was based upon the belief that it is as rare for a male to be a true warrior—to embody, that is, the pure masculine ideal—as it is for a man to be a true creative artist; or, to put it otherwise, that most males have of masculinity little more than the name. When the War came, it revealed, according to Mr. Lewis, that if the ordinary male had appeared masculine at all it was merely because he had imagined himself as a virile type: he had formed a picture of the "male of the species" and had believed himself to fit that picture. And, since his maleness was only self-imagined, the demands of war put a great strain upon him. Once the War was over, the reaction from this strain, on the one hand, and his confrontation with Feminism triumphant, on the other, led the average man in many instances to ask himself: Is it worth while any longer to be a male? Why not all be female, with the female prerogatives of dependence and irresponsibility? And

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the great increase in homosexuality was the result.

But if it was this hypothesis that aroused popular interest in "The Art of Being Ruled", the less obviously sensational portions of the book did not escape the notice of the thoughtful; and the publication in 1926 and 1927, respectively, of two more essays, "The Lion and the Fox" and "Time and Western Man", definitely established Mr. Lewis in England as a social philosopher.

Meanwhile, early in 1927—and this brings us to his nickname—he had launched another *Blast*. The first number of this new review ran to one hundred and ninety-five pages and was sold for a mere 2s.6d. Never since the War, certainly, had a new periodical been so "written up" in England. Its success was largely the result of the attitude Mr. Lewis adopted in its pages—nearly all filled with his own work. He stood forth as an Ishmaelite: his review he called *The Enemy*, and in it he showed himself to be indeed a very vigorous enemy of a great many people and things. A second number, issued in September, 1927, contained a long and provocative essay on the Color Question, entitled "Paleface". Number Three is appearing early this autumn.

Finally, in June of this year, Mr. Lewis—whose literary activity, it can be seen, has been of late almost incredible—entered yet another field. He followed up his early and somewhat hasty novel, "Tarr", with the first section of what is, as I have said, a sort of prose epic. It is called "The Childermass", and may well prove a landmark in the history of fiction. Moreover, it is, I understand, in this field that he hopes to be known best.

So much for Mr. Lewis himself. I now turn to his ideas—to the ideas he has put forward in the three long essays, "The Art of Being Ruled", "The Lion and the Fox", and "Time and Western Man"; in short, his social philosophy.

I will begin with "The Lion and the Fox". Although second in order of publication, it was the first to be written; and the order of writing is, I feel, the order of the writer's thought.

In a short paper, "The Revolt of the Spectator", Mr. Lewis had already called attention to the fact that, since the War, the professional artist had been more or less put out of business because rich people have ceased to buy of works of art and have become amateur artists themselves instead. Indeed not only rich persons, but literally almost everybody, today imagines himself or (chiefly) herself to be an artist. Unless the fashion wanes promptly the genuine artist, it is to be feared, will soon either become unrecognizable or vanish out of existence. It was in an effort to avert either calamity that Mr. Lewis wrote "The Lion and the Fox". The book is devoted to showing what a true artist is really like, so that people may know one when they see him; and for his example of a true artist Mr. Lewis takes the greatest of English poets, Shakespeare; that is to say, he examines "the internal evidence afforded us by some of the plays as to the personality behind this mask", called Shakespeare.

The minor characters in Shakespeare's plays are, he contends, mere reflections of the Elizabethan age; it is only into his great heroes that Shakespeare put himself. And so the book takes us in quest of the Shakespeare in Othello, Timon, Coriolanus, Thersites, Apemantus, Antony, and Caliban. The Shakespearian hero is, Mr. Lewis believes, not only the lion of Machiavelli's opposition of the lion and the fox, but also the Dying God of Frazer's "The Golden Bough", and each tragedy is, in reality, the *pathos* of this Dying God.

For Mr. Lewis the great artist of Shakespeare's calibre is, thanks to the power of his imagination, the equal of the hero; is, indeed, the hero's superior, since Shakespeare, in his imagination, is able to be both that hero himself and his external Fate. The similarity of the hero and the poet extends to their solitariness, the poet being isolated by his imagination as the hero is by his high office. But it is a solitariness different in each, the hero's being the loneliness of his semi-divinity and the poet's the solitude imposed by his gifts. Further, the poet, being through his imagination more far-seeing than the hero, nourishes at bottom a contempt for action and for the men of action which heroes are, a contempt inspired by the foreknowledge that action

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never fully succeeds. Mr. Lewis discerns in Shakespeare many signs of the puppets of action being thus despised by their creator; but such characters as Antony are exceptions, for whom, on the contrary, Shakespeare displays a womanish affection. This affection, the author holds, is evidence of the presence in Shakespeare of the feminine element so often a part of the great artist, the "universal", and it is this feminine element in Shakespeare that, we are told, completes his ability to be in his tragedies both the Victim, the Dying God in his *pathos*, and also Fate, the impassive executioner.

So much is the merest indication of the rich intimations which "The Lion and the Fox" provides concerning the nature of the artist; an indication intended to send those whom it interests to the book itself, while I hasten on to "The Art of Being Ruled".

"There is no *real* criticism of society" today, says Mr. Lewis. Therefore, having, in "The Lion and the Fox", shown the nature of the real artist, he himself next attempted such a real criticism of the society in which it has been possible for the present unparalleled swarm of pseudo-artists to arise. This attempt is "The Art of Being Ruled", which he describes as "nothing but a rough working system of thought for the wild time we live in".

It is a plea, based on the community's need of the thinker and the artist, for the establishment of a régime under which thinker and artist can get on with their work, which is all they ask of any society to allow. Such a régime, he argues, must be one in which authority is once again an open authority. It is not the fact that in democracies the people rule; that is impossible. What happens in a "liberal democracy" is that rule by the few is not banished, but concealed. And it is this concealment which is, Mr. Lewis holds, responsible for so many of our contemporary ills, the greatest of these being, perhaps, mass suggestion. In a democracy the actual rulers are not the best rulers, but those who are most cunning in obtaining power, and, furthermore, since their rule has to be secret, it becomes necessary for these rulers to hypnotize the ruled into acquiescence, to discredit the old standards of existence through the agency of Science, and to organize the populace, to mechanize it, to pump it full of a destructive fatalism while it is kept imagining itself its own master.

In making his plea, Mr. Lewis reviews the history of modern social ideas: he traces in turn the transition from agricultural to industrial thought; the influence of vulgarization in hastening political decay; the nature and value of the family as a social unit; the contemporary cults and crazes which are both a protest against, and an admission of, the servitude which pseudo-liberty really is—feminism, pretending to be a child, the masculinization of women, and the feminization of men.

He is thus led to deal with the evolution of abstract socialism all the way from Rousseau to Leninism and Fascismo. Socialist theory, he says, "is a rag-doll at the best, or, if you like, a gutta-percha baby". There never has been any common agreement as to what Socialism is, and this is because what socialist theorizers have been actually occupied with has been, not a theory of government at all, but schemes of government. They have been busy, in short, devising variations of the ineluctable dichotomy of rulers and ruled. The present decay of Europe—for Mr. Lewis believes Europe is decaying—he ascribes directly to the notion of freedom. Since people cannot be free and in any case do not want to be free, but only to be irresponsible, the notion of freedom has been thought to be the notion of irresponsibility, and, thus misunderstood, has been steadily weakening Europe. To this wasteful and disorganizing notion of irresponsibility he opposes the notion of "working together" under a central control, which, he points out, gives the comfort and strength of solidarity.

Finally, in "Time and Western Man", Mr. Lewis selects what appear to him the chief of those cults and crazes he had already examined briefly in "The Art of Being Ruled", and submits this chief cult to a detailed scrutiny both on the practical and the theoretic planes. To organize his scrutiny he coins the name of "Time-cult", and the theory implicit in it he calls the "Time-philosophy".

The book is in two parts. In the first the time-mind as the author calls it, is considered

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in its more concrete manifestations—as it is found, notably, in works of fiction, poetry, or painting. Everybody is discontented today, says Mr. Lewis; everybody is revolutionary; but the principal "revolutionary" tendency is that of a return to the earlier forms of life. We want to be either children once again or else savages. Now, to imagine yourself a child is to live in your memories; it is to dwell in the past, a past, moreover, when you were "so happy"; a past swathed in the romance of sentimentality. And being the past, it makes the child-cult actually a part of the time-cult. And so with the savage-cult. It happens that a number of eminent and talented imaginative writers cater today, Mr. Lewis says, to the votaries of these cults. Among such writers Mr. Lewis names Miss Gertrude Stein and Miss Anita Loos as caterers to the child-cult, and Proust and Mr. James Joyce as panderers to the time-cult proper. Further, Mr. Joyce is, he says, rapidly growing in his writing more like Miss Stein; he, too, is rapidly becoming pseudo-childlike. In the service of the time-cult also, according to Mr. Lewis, are the Russian Ballet, Charlie Chaplin, the "pure poetry" of the Abbe Brémond, and many other fashionable art manifestations.

Having thus dealt with the concrete plane, Mr. Lewis next goes to the plane of theory. He seeks to show how the relativity theories of Einstein have been taken from their context in physics and utilized, in conjunction with the idea of psychological time or duration promoted by Bergson, to produce the philosophy of Professor Alexander, with his "age of time or motion", and Professor Whitehead's "philosophy of the instruments of research" or "organic mechanism". From these two philosophers he passes to Spengler; the idea at the bottom of "Decline of the West", he declares, "is that *all* manifestations of art, mathematics, biology, physics, are political". For Spengler they are all the inventions of a particular time, produced in response to a culture-spirit, and "have no validity except as chronological phenomena".

Thus, both in the domain of philosophy proper and in that of the philosophy of history, Mr. Lewis finds the "revolutionary tendency" to return to more primitive forms of life being actively supported and encouraged. And this, he implies, is most deplorable. Already, under cover of democracy, mankind, he asserts, has been partially enslaved by such masters as mass production and standardization. What must be the result if people are persuaded that it is best to be mere children or savages? Obviously, since it is far easier to make a slave out of a child or a savage than out of a mature human being, the result must be to render the partial enslavement complete. That, then, is the warning contained in "Time and Western Man".

The first section of "The Childermass", which Mr. Lewis terms a sort of prose epic, has already appeared in England, and is just being published in America. The festival of Childermass-day is the festival of the Holy Innocents massacred by Herod. In Mr. Lewis's book the Holy Innocents are the souls that on the other side of death assemble in great concentration camps to suffer judgment before being admitted to heaven. The first section opens with a morning walk taken by two men who were great friends in life; in the course of this walk every shade of their psychological relations is displayed and explored. Then the reader is brought to the great open court in which the Bailiff, from his *bema*, examines the souls waiting to enter heaven. The long scene in the court is described largely in the form of a play. The book, in this part particularly, is best read aloud.

Inevitably "The Childermass" is being compared with "Ulysses", but it differs from "Ulysses" in two important respects: it has an intellectual content such as is not easily discernible in "Ulysses", and Mr. Joyce tells his story from inside the heads of his characters, while Mr. Lewis tells his from outside their bodies. Conrad, of course, told his stories from outside the majority of his characters through a narrator who was himself in disguise, but this narrator speculated interminably about the insides of the characters he dealt with; Mr. Lewis, on the contrary, suppresses himself and reports merely what, in imagination, he *sees*. He may thus be said to inaugurate the pictorial method of narration.

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THE GREAT GOD O'NEILL

Being an imaginary conversation between Mr. Eustace Jones, dramatic critic of "The Algonquin Parnassus" and M. Achille Pasivite, New York Correspondent of "Laisser Taire", in the former's library

By Winifred Katzin

MONSIEUR PASIVITE: *Cher ami,* I find you again among your books. You are occupied? You meditate?

MR. JONES: I more than meditate, Achille. I am nearer, well—praying.

MONSIEUR P.: Indeed? You American critics are so—how do you say?—devotional! It is charming. Before what are you prostrate now, my friend?

MR. J.: Before the only thing which merits that attitude, Achille—before a supreme work of art.

MONSIEUR P.: The miracle has happened! You have discovered Shakespeare.

MR. J.: That is a continental quip which we are accustomed to ignore, Achille. No, I allude to a manuscript which has just left its author's hand. I'd like you to take it with you to read. You won't scoff long. It is a truly gigantic work, colossal. There were moments during the performance of "Lazarus Laughed" and "Strange Interlude" that gave me somewhat the same emotion I experienced on reading this, but on the whole this dwarfs them.

MONSIEUR P.: Permit me to anticipate you, my dear colleague: its form transcends form as its language transcends language. You know of no parallel for its structure, yet it is wrought so magnificently within the frame of drama that you cannot but believe he had no model for it. Nothing can surpass the majesty of its symbolism. In fact, you are speechless before it, speechless! Ah, *mon ami,* I know—the attendants of M. Eugene O'Neill have laid upon your knees his latest-born.

MR. J.: Achille, you are making progress. A year ago I should have had to mention his name.

MONSIEUR P.: I have learned since then that there is not another dramatist on earth upon whom any American critic would dare to pronounce himself solo with such enthusiasm.

MR. J.: We are not so provincial, Achille, as to discriminate against native genius.

MONSIEUR P.: And who should applaud that jingo in you, *Eustache de mon cœur,* more cordially than we, who are jingo to the marrow of our bones? Of course I shall read this play with pleasure; but forgive me that the prospect does not destroy my calm.

MR. J.: That I did not expect. The bloodless Gaul is not easy to stir.

MONSIEUR P.: You are inclined to overestimate blood in your country, Eustache. It is too blue in Virginia and too red in the West. However, that is beside the point. I merely allow myself to regret that, having seen or read most of M. O'Neill's works, I see no reason to anticipate a masterpiece.

MR. J.: Then you are wrong. But I have noticed in all our conversation, my dear Achille, a tendency in you to disparage our dramatic literature.

MONSIEUR P.: Not disparage, I hope. I simply make the point that in America the term "dramatic literature" must be taken differently from the way it is taken, say, in Germany. You have drama, you have literature—but your drama is not literature, neither is your literature drama. It is novel, it is *conte,* it is even poetry; but drama, no.

MR. J.: Not if you insist on library drama, which is what you do in Europe. I think we achieve a finer expression of life in our, to you, unliterary drama than you in your too literary kind, because we have learnt the essential difference between seeing and hearing.

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MONSIEUR P.: And that has created a theatre and killed a drama for you. I think you express there precisely the distinction between your conception of this art and ours. I do not know, of course, but that may be the reason why your dramatists, compared to your other writers, are fifth-rate.

MR. J.: No. There you're off on another tack. The desertion of drama is universal. You have only to look around to see that.

MONSIEUR P.: Yet Germany can still manage to squeeze out a play or so. The drama is still a good deal alive there, but I'll grant that we in France have little to show for the past many years.

MR. J.: My own feeling is that the thing that's the matter with the drama, Achille, is the novel and compulsory schooling. You and I, as professional drama-lovers, easily overlook the novelist's advantages. I personally believe that every artist's main concern is to tell his truth to the best of his ability to as large a world as possible. The novelist has a hundred to one more chances of doing this than the playwright, whoever he is. There is no more illiteracy, novels are cheap; they are easily transportable all over the face of the earth; they don't have to be cut to anybody's pattern but the author's. If Shakespeare were alive today, I don't believe he'd have written plays, nor Schiller either. Molière might have.

MONSIEUR P.: Molière would have, Eustache. So would Shakespeare, make no error. The drama may be in eclipse for the moment, as you try perhaps rightly to show. But not for ever, or even, I dare say, for long. Against the play, the novel is a dimension short, and certain artists depicting life will always need that extra dimension. They will come again. It may not seem so in theory, but the closer you look the clearer you see that Punch and Judy, whether they act slapstick and talk the patter of slapstick, or utter their souls in poetry, call to something in us that is older than our literacy and our sophistication, and apart from them.

In the case of your own country, I believe you have no drama because you have not yet felt the need of it. For the present you are content with journalism. Your journalist playwrights, which is to say all of them except two or three, are the cleverest and most expert of all the theatre's artisans. O'Neill is no journalist.

MR. J.: O'Neill is no journalist.

MONSIEUR P.: He is not. It would be absurd to deny that he is both sincere and incorruptible. Those are great qualities, but you will admit that by themselves they are not enough to make an artist.

MR. J.: It's his forms that worry you, Achille—or rather his denial of a symmetrical ideal. He is not "classic", and what modern dramatist could be and still breathe? Breathing-space and elbow-room are what a man like him needs and must have ——

MONSIEUR P.: Even unto the ninth act.

MR. J.: And not only the playwright in him demands it, but the poet and philosopher as well.

MONSIEUR P.: *Mon pauvre ami!* Playwright if you like—but not poet, and surely not philosopher ——

MR. J.: The development of O'Neill's philosophic consciousness during the past four years has been one of the most extraordinary things I ever observed, Achille. Up to "The Hairy Ape" he was, so to say, a superbly gifted story-teller. Since then, his stories have been but frames in which he set a *Weltanschauung*.

MONSIEUR P.: You know, Eustache, it has often occurred to me, apropos of *Weltanschauung*, that we hear too often of "those who seek and find not". A spectacle as much more familiar as it is, to me, more depressing, is that of those who find yet seek not. I think you would find, if you were to look into the matter, that the cosmic question is far more rarely asked than the cosmic conclusion is announced.

MR. J.: It seems to me that in "The Great God Brown" and "Lazarus Laughed"—O'Neill announces some conclusions you would find it hard to upset.

MONSIEUR P.: I do assure you, Eustache, (and one day you will see it yourself), that M. O'Neill made a fatal misstep when he exchanged his ships and his wharfside inns for what you call in American his "five-foot shelf" of metaphysics. Oh yes, he took the wrong path there. But what did his friends

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do? They cheered him on his way. It is they who are to blame, and in good time the world will blame them. When they have ruined by flattery the only good playwright their theatre ever had and set a Bottom with an ass's head of philosophy and poetry and mysticism in his place, they will not be thanked for it. But by that time it will be too late to help matters.

MR. J.: He outgrew his ships. That sort of thing became child's play to him.

MONSIEUR P.: He was a magnificent *raconteur*. He had the power to create atmosphere and generate a mood in you, even while you disbelieved in the persons whose story he was telling. That was his gift—to a lesser degree it still is. He did not outgrow it, he came to despise it, which is something else altogether. But what has he done to compare with his one-act plays? "The Emperor Jones" is a masterpiece; and how fine are several of the other one-act things. "Anna Christie" and "Desire Under the Elms" would have been fine too if he had done them in that size. As it is, the one fails on account of its confusion of motive, the other by being forced into a preconceived pattern which it does not fit; both by a basic indefiniteness in the characters and motivation, due, I suspect, to the author's habit of evasion. He has a Dickens-like method of highly-individualizing and effective tricks of speech for his people; much weakness of characterization can be concealed that way, but not everything. O'Neill makes it do too much. The man of the theatre comes out there too, as again in that unforgivable moment towards the end of "Anna Christie", when, after bringing Anna's anguish to a point of rest in the return of her lover *malgré tout,* he flicks a whip at the audience's dying suspense by introducing the crucifix motif. A shabby stage heredity showed its hoof there, Eustache, and not there only. These details—how they let the cat out of the bag, *mon vieux!*

MR. J.: I agree with you partly about "Anna Christie". But if you put "Desire" in the same class, I leave you altogether. I've never been so moved by a play in my life. If you can't see in it a true epic of earth and the dark lives of some who live too close to it, it would be useless for me to praise its greatness as an epic. And if you can't see the poet in a man who can take the most sordid circumstances in the lives of people so primitive that they are almost brutes, and tell their story in the finest example of folk-writing in our American language, then too, it would be useless for me to go further and speak of its almost savage truthfulness, or of its deep pity and understanding.

MONSIEUR P.: *Tiens,* you are speechless again, Eustache. Well, let us not go into that, since, as I learn from those who follow his progress, he has now definitely abandoned conventional form. Let us look rather at his more recent works which have culminated, as you declare, in the apotheosis *que voilà.*

MR. J.: If you're going to say "The Fountain" is a bad play, I'll forestall you, Achille. The poet outstripped the dramatist there, and it did not come off as a play. Ah, but how exquisite as literature! The dramatic problem was not exacting enough for O'Neill—he needs something of great difficulty to tempt his finest effort. "The Fountain" was too easy.

MONSIEUR P.: I've not the faintest idea what you mean, Eustache, but never mind. As a matter of fact, I consider "The Fountain" a most important play in any consideration of M. O'Neill's work. At least to me, it indicates two essential points. For one thing, it is "literary", as are "Brown" and "Lazarus", and, no doubt, this manuscript here. The nature of all great drama demands poetry or the prose of eloquence, Eustache, and by his realization of this M. O'Neill has gone a step in advance of his American contemporaries. The other thing I learn from "The Fountain" is that as clearly as he realizes the need for "literature", so abundantly does M. O'Neill demonstrate the fact that he is unable to meet that need. Let me have the book, will you? I will not quote from the dialogue—that would be too cruel. But lend your ear for a second to the poem (God save the mark, as my English friends say) which is the core and heart of the piece. And tell me frankly

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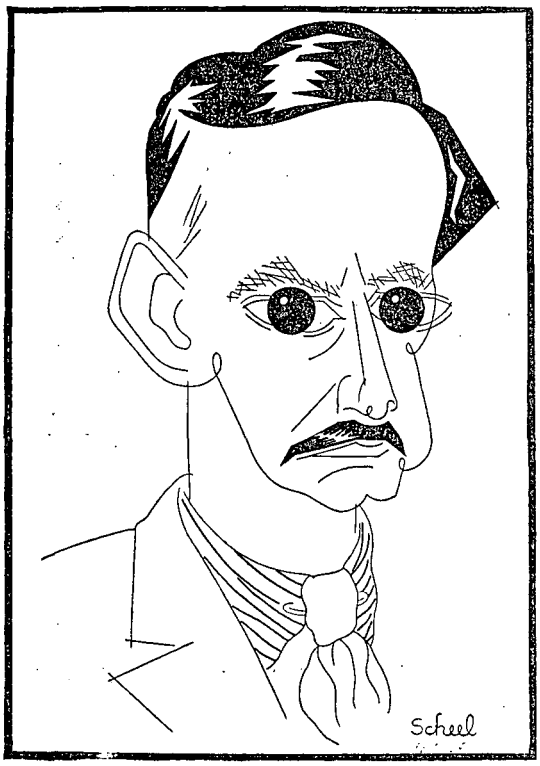

what you would say if you met it, unsigned, in any of your journals:

Love is a flower
Forever blooming.
Beauty a fountain
Forever flowing,
Upward into the source of sunshine,
Upward into the azure heaven;
One with God, but
Ever returning
To kiss the earth that the flower may live.

And if I remember rightly, *mon gars,* Ponce de Leon listens "in an ecstasy" to these lines without music, to this paltry imagery—he had no choice in the matter, of course! No, Eustache, let us not discuss "The Fountain"; you do right to avoid it.

Mr. J.: If you can show me an artist who never had a weak moment, I'll show you an artist who isn't one.

Monsieur P.: I'm not so foolish. I merely note as significant the fact that this artist keeps his weak moments to himself, while that one perpetuates his because he has not the judgment to tell his wheat from his chaff. Too easily satisfied, Eustache; too kind to himself.

Mr. J.: For my part, I'd gladly give all his other plays for "Desire", "Brown", "Lazarus", "Strange Interlude", and this one here. What an astounding list to the credit of a man still this side of forty! In "Brown" I feel he reached the heart of life. By some sixth sense of indescribable subtlety he has penetrated the secret places and seen the souls of men in great and tragic conflict with the world of men. Yet out of that he evolves a philosophy which is after all triumphant in spite of its irony, and profoundly brave.

Monsieur P.: That is very interesting. To me the play is in almost equal parts pitiable, ludicrous and infuriating. He has discovered the soul of man. He has found out that it is inaccessible, infinitely vulnerable; it occurs to him that to unmask before the blindness of our fellow-men is to court the brutality of misunderstanding; also that parallel lines never meet; also that Queen Anne, to put it metaphysically, is dead. And all these revelations he sets down with the solemn trumpery of masks, symbolistic nomenclature, and eloquence, Eustache. Eloquence! Wait one moment while I find you a page or two, though you may have it all by heart . . . Yes, here: Dion, about to prostitute himself to Brown, goes down fighting, as you would say. "Pride is dying," goes the theme—"the pride which came after man's fall—by which he laughs as a creator at his self-defeats!" "Pride without which the Gods are worms!" And the curtain of that great act, where, with an unction no words can describe, Dionysos-St. Anthony unmasks. (No *extempore* here, my friend; this passage is your poet's best. It has been worked over.)

" . . . . . And my mother? I remember a sweet strange girl, with affectionate, bewildered eyes, as if God had locked her in a dark closet, without any explanation. I was the sole doll our ogre, her husband, allowed her and she played mother and child with me for many years in that house until at last through two tears" (two, Eustache!) "I watched her die with the shy

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pride of one who has lengthened her dress and put up her hair."

Well? Is that adolescent? Sentimental? Embarrassingly bad? Come, deny it. Show me, my cherished colleague, the equal of that passage for utter inanity.

MR. J.: You're too much of a Frenchman, Achille, not to be repelled by emotion. That passage you have just quoted is at once too throbbing and too naïve for you. I don't claim for "Brown" that it is as perfect as "Desire". It is not. But it is more beautiful, more thought-provoking. I consider it far, far beyond us, frankly. All the more reason, though, why we should try to increase our intellectual reach until we can grasp what he is telling us.

MONSIEUR P.: I've not seen you since the opening of "Strange Interlude". Did it come up to your expectations?

MR. J.: Ah, Achille, that was more than a play. It was the experience of a life-time.

MONSIEUR P.: I don't doubt it, Eustache. I too found it very long.

MR. J.: The man is incredible, Achille. With each new play he throws open a new world to our vision. Lives of men and women ——

MONSIEUR P.: And that great symbol of God's maternity?

MR. J.: Yes, Achille; that great symbol of God's maternity.

MONSIEUR P.: Come, come, my friend, pull yourself together! I can't have you being overcome in retrospect.

MR. J.: . . . . Lives of men and women as they have never before been lived upon the stage. That upper dialogue, so casual, almost static, and underneath, the infinite mobility of that complex, ever-shifting, underthought. Incredible!

MONSIEUR P.: Time and a future autobiography will prove whether my theory about "Strange Interlude" is correct or not, Eustache. It is that the version which you are at present celebrating is but the author's own private working-sketch of a play, which by some mischance fell prematurely into the hands of his worshippers, who drowned his protests in their hosannas. The many "asides" which you glorify with the name of under-dialogue were never meant, I am sure, to appear in the finished work at all, unless perhaps just here and there, for practically none of them could not have been made implicit in a gesture or a pause or a turn of phrase in what you call the upper dialogue. No, Eustache, they were undoubtedly marginal notes for the author's reference in telling the lives of a group of spiritual invertebrates who happened at the moment to engage his interest. It is doubtful whether they could have held it long, for they are rather poor human specimens, dull and commonplace, especially Nina and Marsden when their thin veneer of exceptionalness is scratched away—and you can do it with your fingernail. Of course in the light of my theory, it is not fair to judge the play "Strange Interlude" was meant to be, but as it stands there seems little in it. M. O'Neill manages pictures better than people, so "Lazarus" was better by far.

MR. J.: "Lazarus!" There is a work, Achille! It bursts the walls of the theatre and inundates the whole world with a flood of ecstasy. And there, if you want one, is a philosophy of life that you won't disparage.

MONSIEUR P.: Mr. O'Neill is not the only philosopher who has mistaken a mathematic for life. Such a method is a common refuge, too, for the artist defeated in the struggle to reconcile life with symmetry. Greater men than he—Kaiser more than once, Pirandello always—have gone down under the strain, and no wonder. Schematization is one way out; a problem may be effectively smothered in a picture. Isolate your elements, objectify them, substitute for mood and impulse expressed in dialogue a group face and a mass movement, and you have an infallible system of symbolistic evasion. In the case of O'Neill, I find this deeply characteristic. Wherever he presents a question, he invariably begs it. The issue is evaded in "All God's Chillun Got Wings", in "Desire Under The Elms", in "The Hairy Ape", and in the first of these there is a clear foreshadowing of his later trick of pictorializing himself out of his dilemmas. For

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the dramatist, the escape from life is always into the theatre, and I hardly see how you can dodge the conclusion that it is the road M. O'Neill inevitably takes, though perhaps unconsciously. It would surprise me to learn that he ever stopped long enough to analyze his position—he impresses me as the least self-suspecting of artists, which is a sad pity, Eustache. Credulity is one luxury the artist cannot afford.

Mr. J.: All drama is not naturalistic, Achille. Fortunately; for although the naturalistic drama has many admirable qualities grandeur is not one of them, and if one were deprived of that in the theatre one would lose much. Much of the beauty of "Lazarus", for instance.

Monsieur P.: Yes. The grandeur of forty-two plus forty-two; of eighty-four concerted voices shouting together; of sixty-six added to eighty-four; of an "immense multitude" added to one hundred and fifty. That is a grandeur for schoolboys, Eustache. Alas, I am past my first youth. I envy you.

Mr. J.: Nothing is easier than to ridicule things we are temperamentally unqualified to understand, my dear Achille. I am not the simpleton you take me for, and I'm very far from falling into what you call a devotional attitude under the compulsion of mere numbers. To me the philosophy of "Lazarus Laughed" is worth all the theologies ever preached. And when I say that the language in which it is expressed ennobles the theme and is ennobled by it, I believe I do not exaggerate. Before such a work I am willing to assume an attitude of more than deference. And you will admit that, esthetically speaking, praying hands are more beautiful than shrugging shoulders. And now you will scoff again.

Monsieur P.: The shrug, *mon Eustache,* is the ultimate gesture of civilization. It evolves out of the movements which occur when your praying hands fall apart, which in turn occurs when the worshipper stops shouting for a moment and begins to listen instead. I will ask you to listen to a few lines from "Lazarus", taken at random:

> Fear is no more!
> Death is no more!
> Death is dead!
> Thou hast slain death!
> Death slinks out
> Of this grave in the heart!
> Ghosts of fear
> Creep back in the brain . . . .

And these:

> Caligula: Do not take pain away from us! It is our one truth. Without pain there is nothing—a nothingness in which even your laughter, Lazarus, *is swallowed at one gulp like a whining gnat by the cretin's silence of immensity.* Pain must twinkle with a mad mirth in a Caesar's eyes . . . ."
>
> Lazarus: But there is hope for Man. Love is Man's hope—love for his life on earth, a noble love above suspicion and distrust! Hitherto Man has always suspected his Life, and, in revenge and self-torture his love has been faithless! He has even betrayed Eternity, his mother, with his slave, Immortal Soul! Hope for you, Tiberius Caesar? Then dare to love Eternity without your fear desiring to possess her! Be brave enough to be possessed!

But why go on if this is literature? Why discuss the handling of Miriam's death or of Pompeia's revenge if those are drama?

Cher ami, did you ever hear the story of Whistler at the exhibition where the *pièce de résistance* was an immense canvas showing a dreadnought cutting through heavy seas, her decks cleared for action? Critics and public had been chanting a veritable chorus of praise over it—its vigor, draughtsmanship, and what not. Then Whistler came along, monocle, cane, flower—you know, a great charlatan, keen as a hawk. And how he'd swoop on an artistic lie, though he was none too scrupulous about resorting to them himself! Well, he threw a glance at the picture, flirted his stick at it and passed on. "Tin!" he said.

Thank you, Eustache, I take this to read, *n'est-ce pas?* I am no Whistler—still, I do not anticipate a masterpiece.

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NEW BOOKS I'D LIKE TO READ

By L. J. de Bekker

PUBLISHERS' fall announcements make it possible to forecast the good times ahead for book lovers in the next few months with a certain degree of accuracy and prove that the slogan "more and better books" is being realized. Although these are distracting times, with a President to be elected, the new titles and new editions for the first half of the year number 4,265, a gain of one per-cent over the same period in 1927—figures that represent a healthy stabilization in the publishing industry, due in part to improved methods of distribution. In the last six months there has been an increase in the number of books on religion, biography, geography and travel, with fiction holding its own; and a decrease in those dealing with history, business, poetry and the drama. It is safe to assume that these changes reflect the mood of the buying public and will prevail for the rest of the year, and that there will be a gain in the total output. Good times ahead for Everyman and his wife are thus indicated, and for the great reading public, if anything, an embarrassment of riches.

There's lots of fun to be had in browsing over catalogues, and much help to be derived from reviews and from the organizations which tell you what you ought to read; but after all, the only restriction in choice is the limitation of time, which is purely an individual matter. For instance, I gobbled up a masterpiece by Anita Loos in one hour, with no ill effects except soreness in the chest next day from too much laughter, while a distinguished magazine editor needed a year and a half to get through "Jean Christophe". But people feel obliged to keep up with certain types of books because of business or professional interests, while they instinctively turn to others from taste or habit. No matter, however, what special lines must be followed, I venture to say that nine out of every ten men and women with a huge stack of catalogues beside them would do just as I have done: go through the fiction lists first.

First among the novels I'd like to read is *The White Robe,* by James Branch Cabell. Robert M. McBride Company, his publishers, say that this is the story of Odo Le Noir, who early lost faith in that Master of Evil from whom he learned divers sorceries and magics, was received into the bosom of mother church, and was called "The Blessed". It tells also of his preachings, and the many famous conversions they brought about, and of his final journey toward the Heaven in which he had, long since, given up his belief. Part, I assume, of "The Biography" to which Cabell has devoted a quarter of a century, I know it will be exquisite in style, and I can't imagine it as dull. From the same house will come *The Red Branch,* by Charles McMorris Purdy, which seems to tell how the richest man in Peruvia, Mo., found happiness ultimately in marriage with a Parisian café girl. I want to know how this can be possible, or even plausible.

Here Comes An Old Sailor, by Alfred Tressidor Sheppard, is a book I must read because the London *Bookman* rates it above "The Cloister and the Hearth", which I have always regarded as the finest historical novel in English. *Lily Christine,* by Michael Arlen, if one may judge from the serial instalments to date, makes better reading than "The Green Hat", being no less amusing but much less involved. Although "Porgy" as a play gives more and better singing than I ever heard among the Negroes of the South, it reveals a clearer understanding of the race than any other work I have encountered by an American with the exception of "The Emperor Jones". For this reason I shall read DuBose Heyward's *Mamba's Daughters.* If *Mr. Blettsworthy on Rampole Island* were another study in sociology in the form of a novel I might be disposed to pass it by, but if H. G. Wells has really

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composed an idyl of simple human happiness and love . . . after a shipwreck . . . and laid his scene on a forgotten cannibal island, I wouldn't like to miss it. These books are promised by Doubleday, Doran.

The House of Stokes announces three novels that interest me. *Hill Country* by Ramsey Benson, a newspaper man who lived through the adventures he describes as fiction, is a story of pioneer days in Minnesota, where the influence of James J. Hill was paramount. It won the $7,500 Stokes-*Forum* prize. *Beau Ideal,* by Major Percival Christopher Wren, is a successor to "Beau Geste" and "Beau Sabreur", all dealing with life in the Foreign Legion. *The Flutes of Shanghai* is by Louise Jordan Miln, who seems to me the most sympathetic of living interpreters of Chinese life.

Theresa, in which Arthur Schnitzler traces the adventures of a Viennese governess from her first love affair at seventeen to her death at forty, is the author's first full length novel in twenty years. *Mother Marie* will be the first of Heinrich Mann's novels to be offered the American public. *Departure* is a travel novel by Roland Dorgéles, said to combine oriental satire with Gallic wit. These three translations, offered by Simon & Schuster, are a necessity if one intends to keep up with European letters. So are two books announced by Horace Liveright, Herman Sudermann's two-volume novel, *The Mad Professor,* and Jacob Wassermann's *Caspar Hauser.* Mr. Liveright, by the way, has added to his Black and Gold Series a novel by Casanova, written about the time he was penning his famous memoirs. It takes its name *Icosameron* from the fact that it took twenty days for Edward and Elizabeth to tell what happened to them on a voyage to the New World. Casanova pretended that this was a translation from the English, which may be one reason why the Inquisition burned most of the first edition.

Among the other foreign novels are *The Pure in Heart* and *L'Equipage* by J. Kessel, presented in English by Dodd, Mead & Company as one volume, after their sixty-third and one hundredth printings in Paris! Then there is Miguel de Unamuno's *Mist,* the first of his purely imaginative works to appear in English. *The Devil's Bridge* is the second of the trilogy by M. A. Andanov, of which "The Ninth Thermidor" was first. *Trenck* is Bruno Frank's story of the famous Pandour who figures in George Sand's "Consuelo". *The Tree of Knowledge* is a story of Madrid by Pio Baroja. *Ashes,* by Stefan Zeromski, called "the greatest master of Polish literature" by Joseph Conrad, deals with the struggle for liberty during the Napoleonic epoch. All these are from the Knopf list. I can't quite think of William J. Locke as a foreigner, for probably he has a larger audience in America than in England. In any case I wouldn't think of missing his *Joshua's Vision* announced by Dodd, Mead.

If Carl Van Vechten's *Spider Boy* proves as good as Alfred A. Knopf thinks it is when he calls it Van Vechten's "gayest novel", I may as well begin to save my winnings at Mah Jong, for the Japanese vellum edition will be 1,000 percent more expensive than the trade edition. The scene is Hollywood.

Outstanding among American women novelists are Edith Wharton, whose *The Children* is announced by Appleton; Honoré Willsie Morrow, whose *With Malice Toward None,* the second story dealing with the life of Abraham Lincoln, will be issued by her husband, William Morrow; and Gertrude Atherton, whose *The Jealous Gods* deals with Athens in the time of Alcibiades. In what are to me major concerns, women dominate American life, and it is easy to get the feminine point of view in the pleasant guise of fiction. For this reason I will not miss Anne Parrish's *All Kneeling,* published by Harper & Brothers; and Katherine Holland Brown's *The Father,* which won the *Woman's Home Companion*-John Day $25,000 prize, and is published by John Day. Other attractive titles by women authors are *The Youngest Venus,* by Berta Ruck, and *Alimony,* by Faith Baldwin, both issued by Dodd, Mead.

It is my belief that the old age of such men as Manuel Garcia, Leo XIII and Chauncey Mitchell Depew is much more to be envied than the turbulent youth Dr. Faust bought from Mephistopheles, and that the first half-century of existence is much the worst. I haven't the slightest desire to repeat the mad follies of earlier life, but as it is considered

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bad form in my family to die under ninety, I feel obliged to Brentano's for publishing *The Conquest of Life,* by Serge Voronoff, in what is certain to be an admirable translation by Dr. Geo. Gibier Rambaud. This is Dr. Voronoff's own story of his contributions to the prolongation of life and the vital powers by the grafting of glands. Unfortunately the common fate of extreme age is that of the immortals Gulliver describes. From the same house comes a second book to excite one's liveliest curiosity, Margaret Sanger's *Motherhood in Bondage.* The publishers say that it will be denounced as indecent, and that there may be some who will demand its suppression. They add that is a painful, often a shocking, book to read, but they are surely within bounds in saying that it "touches life at the quick". I'd like also to read, as a possible check on Mrs. Sanger, *Some More Medical Views on Birth Control,* by a group of European physicians, edited by Norman Haire, and published by E. P. Dutton.

In connection with Eugenics I'd like to read *The Twilight of the American Mind,* first, because it is the work of Walter B. Pitkin, one of three professors in schools of journalism known to me who have more ideas than they can put on paper; and second, because he undertakes to prove that men of brains find no room in the present mechanical order of things, and that trustification and mechanization will throw the top one percent out of jobs. This is a Simon & Schuster book. And to understand the mechanical order of things I may have to read *Western Civilization,* a symposium edited by Charles A. Beard, and published by Longmans, Green & Company, which is "an interpretation of the machine age".

Political Behavior is a non-partisan study of American politics and politicians by Frank R. Kent, published by William Morrow. Thirty years ago Kent, Mencken and De Bekker covered the same assignments for the *Sunpaper, The Herald* and *The American* in Baltimore, and traded news and drank beer all along the Light Street wharves. I must read this as a duty to American citizenship, for Kent knows as much about politics as De Bekker does about music, or Mencken about *The American Mercury.* Most of the worthwhile books on politics this season, however, fall more appropriately in the section on biography.

First in biographical interest announced in the fall catalogues is *Rabelais,* the last unpublished work of Anatole France. Only two things can keep me away from it . . . sudden death or blindness. Veritable descendants of Rabelais, in mind if not blood, were Voltaire, Balzac and France himself—all laughing philosophers and iconoclasts; and it is singularly appropriate that France, in thus honoring a great Frenchman, should have terminated his own career. It is good to know that Ernest Boyd made the translation. There will be thirty humorous engravings, and it is to be published by Henry Holt & Company. It will be interesting to compare *The Life of Rabelais* by Jake Falstaff, put in autobiographical form, illustrated by Guy Arnoux, and published by Doubleday, Doran. Incidentally, Simon & Schuster are reprinting the complete Urquhart and Le Motteux translation of Rabelais, at a popular price.

Two additional literary biographies of Frenchmen that I'd like to read are *François Villon,* by D. B. Wyndham Lewis; and *The Fourth Musketeer,* a new life of A. Dumas *père.* Lewis has produced what he terms a "documented survey" of Villon, and appended selections of Villon's poems as they have been translated by masters of English verse. There is an introduction by Hilaire Belloc. L. Lucas-Dubreton is the author of the new Dumas, and the translation is by Maida C. Darnton. Both are published by Coward-McCann.

George Sand and Her Lovers, by Francis Gribble, gets a paragraph all to itself because Sand wasn't a French man of letters. I'd like to read that book because I offered to write it myself some years ago when I was requested to do a life of Chopin, and declined on the ground that, while he was a great tone poet, he only lived as one of George Sand's lovers.

Of musical biographies, two are offered by Paul Bekker, the Berlin musicologist, and I'd like to read both because of the good job he made of his book on Beethoven. One is *Wagner, His Life in His Work,* and the other is

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his *The Story of Music,* really history, but a biographical treatment of the art's development. W. W. Norton & Company are the publishers.

Beethoven is represented in *Eroica,* by Samuel Chotzinoff, music critic of the New York *World,* and himself a musician. This is a Simon & Schuster publication. *Beethoven: The Man Who Freed Music* is a two-volume work by Robert Haven Schauffler, published by Doubleday, Doran. As Thayer is again out of print, and Grove obsolete, I'd like to read both, not merely to check up on facts, but for the opposing viewpoints one can reasonably hope for.

The Man Schubert, Oscar Bie's biography, has been officially adopted by the Centennial Committee, and translated from the German by Jean Starr Untermeyer. Otto H. Kahn writes the introduction.

Possibly the most interesting of the American political biographies will be *Martin Van Buren,* by Denis Tilden Lynch, whose book on "Boss Tweed" was one of last season's successes; and *Meet General Grant,* by W. E. Woodward, which may enable Americans to see the man and not the myth. Both are announced by Horace Liveright. My reason for placing these books ahead of Albert J. Beveridge's two-volume *Abraham Lincoln,* a Houghton Mifflin Co. book, is merely the superabundance of material on Lincoln.

Biography, if honest, is often more fascinating than fiction, and the output, as shown by the publishers' records, is increasing. There are many more tempting titles against which only the element of time can weigh. I'd like to understand clearly the cause and real course of the World War, and the wealth of material continues to increase. For instance there is Ronaldshay's *Life of Lord Curzon,* already a best seller in Great Britain, of which Volumes Two and Three are due. These cover the period of Curzon's administration as Viceroy of India, his wartime service in the British cabinet, his influence as foreign secretary during the formative years of the League of Nations. Liveright is the American publisher. Then there are the *Memories and Reflections, 1852-1927,* of H. H. Asquith, later Earl of Oxford and Asquith, in two volumes, with illustrations, maps and facsimiles. Lady Asquith, the erstwhile "Margot", provides a foreword. Asquith, of course, was Prime Minister of Great Britain during the earlier years of the war. This is published by Little, Brown & Company. Next comes *Our Inheritance,* by Stanley Baldwin, present Prime Minister, which cannot fail to be in part retrospect, published by Doubleday, Doran. These are all to be considered in the light of Lord Beaverbrook's *Politicians and the War,* also a Doubleday, Doran book, in which he tells how he brought about the fall of Asquith, and the rise of Lloyd George. Finally, there are *The Intimate Papers of Colonel House,* Volumes Two and Three, which Houghton Mifflin admits are "the most valuable of all war books", and which cover America's entrance into the war and the war's end.

I pass these by reluctantly, tentatively, because I *must* read *Goethe, the History of a Man,* by Emil Ludwig; and *Jefferson, Friend of France,* by Meade Minnigerode, both Putnam books; *Susan B. Anthony,* by Rheta Childe Dorr, issued by the house of Stokes; *Troupers of the Gold Coast* in which Constance Rourke tells the life-story of Lotta Crabtree, published by Harcourt, Brace & Co., and *The Devil and Cotton Mather,* by Katherine Anne Porter, who takes a wealth of material from the witch-burner's diary for her book, which is published by Liveright.

Books not so easily classified are numerous and attractive. I must get *John Brown's Body,* by Stephen Vincent Benét, (Doubleday, Doran) to see if it is possible to tell history in one hundred thousand words of verse, remembering "The Light of Asia", which is biography; "Lucile", a novel; "Don Juan", a masterpiece to delight all who read English.

Leonardo, the Florentine, a Harper book, promises to be not so much a biography of a versatile genius as a picture of Renaissance Italy, and I'd like to see how much of her admittedly profound knowledge of such subject matter Rachel Annand Taylor can compress into one volume. I'd like to compare with this Edward McCurdy's *The Mind of Leonardo da Vinci,* a study in which mentality is the selective factor. Dodd, Mead publish this.

Mexico and Its Heritage, a Century publi-

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cation, will, I believe, explain the causes of friction between two neighboring republics in a candid and interesting way, and I'd like to read it because I think Ernest Gruening is an honest man who thoroughly knows his subject.

Beneath Tropic Seas, by William Beebe, appeals to me because the author is one of the few genuine scientists who can write entertainingly, and because I know he will reveal the submarine wonders of flora and fauna in the Gulf of Gonave, all unknown, but vaguely guessed at, by those of us who have sailed over its surface. G. P. Putnam's Sons are the publishers.

The Fall of the Russian Empire, by the Rev. Dr. Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., is a book I'd like to read because it undertakes to compress the whole story of the fall in one volume, and represents six years' work by a man who lived in Russia to do relief work, and who had ample opportunity to gather material. Little, Brown & Company are the publishers. With this I might read to advantage *The Real Situation in Russia,* by Leon Trotsky, the first message in several years from this leader to the western world, giving hidden correspondence between himself and Lenin. The translation is by Max Eastman, and Harcourt, Brace publishes it.

To the Pure (Viking Press) is an effort on the part of Morris L. Ernst and William Seagle to explain literary obscenity and censorship. It is dedicated "to the perplexed booksellers who, under the unknown rules of literary decency cannot insure themselves against imprisonment even by reading all the volumes on their shelves". Knowing even less about obscenity than Judge Peck or the late Anthony Comstock, I'd like to read this for information and protection, particularly as I believe Ernst to be a good lawyer.

The Dilemma of American Music, and Other Essays, by Daniel Gregory Mason, (Macmillan) will be a book worth reading not only because Mason is a professor of music at Columbia, but because he is a composer of ability, and these essays relate to present day problems with which he is necessarily in close contact.

Regardless of the publishers' classification, as an old student of theology, I'd like to read two books of biblical origin. Under the guise of fiction and the title *The Giantkiller,* John Day publishes Elmer Davis's story of King David, an epic of a great figure in a heroic age. It has never been clear in my mind whether the husband of the widow David married died of natural causes, or why David took back the daughter of Saul as a wife. Mr. Davis is too good a journalist to have overlooked these points. *Moses* is the subject of a book by Louis Untermeyer, called a first novel which "will surprise some, shock others and interest all". He isn't sure Moses was wholly Hebraic, and raises other important questions. The publisher is Harcourt, Brace.

In naming these books it may be I'm like the woman who goes to market hungry, and have allowed appetite to exceed capacity by taking the pick of too many counters. The solemn fact is that I have made a modest list, there are so many other books for which I have a hankering. I seem, in fact, to have overlooked most of the poetry and all the drama, and a good deal of *belles lettres.* And of self-confessed humor there is none, and of straight history very little. But despite the shortcomings of this list, based purely upon taste (which there's no use disputing), I must grab at least two more titles which I have overlooked. I must have Rafael Sabatini's *The Hounds of God* wherewith to beguile some rainy afternoon; and in justice to myself, Edna St. Vincent Millay's *The Buck in the Snow,* her first book of poems in five years, with the exception of "The King's Henchman" text for Deems Taylor's opera. Houghton Mifflin publishes for Sabatini and Harper for Miss Millay.

Returning once more to the possible consumption of books, there are plenty of library cards showing withdrawals of more than a hundred novels a year, and shut-ins and invalids will easily pass such records. For my own part, I should feel famished on less than an omnivorous diet of two hundred volumes a year, but then I have, in part, learned the trick of the reviewers for the daily press . . . to nibble at some books and devour others whole.

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Sights and Sounds

TALKIE, TALKIE

By Ernest Boyd

WHEN Robert Benchley casually handed me a photograph of himself and his voice, in the act of uttering his inimitable "Treasurer's Report" for the Movietone, I realized that, contrary to my lifelong superstition, there *is* such a thing as Progress. Once upon a time, not so very long ago, the "sights and sounds" which one might expect to hear in a motion picture theatre were only vaguely related. The orchestra collaborated, to some extent, with the picture, the vaudeville numbers—or some of them—made an effort to lead up gently to the main feature of the program. But, on the whole, the sights were one thing and the sounds another. Now, I gather, all that is being changed.

I dare not venture into any technical description of the various methods of introducing sound into the movies. There are fierce discussions as to the relative superiority of Movietone, Vitaphone, and Photophone, to mention three enterprises whose achievements are currently visible and audible at the leading picture theatres. So far as I am concerned, Movietone can claim to have aroused me from the stupor into which my skepticism of Progress and my general boredom at the pretentious refinement of the movies have plunged me for a decade or more. Whatever I may say as to my impressions of these three new marvels of the universe is based upon complete technical ignorance of the methods employed and upon my personal observation only.

Movietone, it seems to me, is actually what a talking movie is supposed to be. The others are not very satisfactory substitutes. That is, as Mr. Benchley's photograph indicated, the voice and the actor are photographed simultaneously, with the result that the words spoken are as integral a part of the personality as the appearance and the gestures. Consequently, one is spared the strange spectacle of a person whose voice does not synchronize, whose movements do not coincide with the sounds which should accompany them, or whose voice, in perfect synchronization, appears to issue from behind the piano, or out of the cocktail shaker, rather than from the lips devised for that purpose, amongst others. Defective synchronization, for example, denuded of all advertised interest, as "the first 100% all talker", a Vitaphone exhibit called "Lights of New York". Surely, a picture, to justify that claim, should be one in which the actors, voices and sounds are simultaneously recorded? In the innocence of ignorance, I ask. Photophone showed similar drawbacks in a presentation of the "King of Kings". Since there is a scramble to participate in the benefits of sound in movies, many films which were intended to be seen and not heard are being equipped, by one means or another, with enough noise to allow them to be advertised as talkies.

I cling faithfully to Movietone. In the first place, because it has done something which demonstrates once and for all the genuine importance of this method of recording. I refer, of course, to the picture of George Bernard Shaw, which was described as his first appearance in America, amidst the applause of an audience which, despite its devotion to Miss Dolores Del Rio, had apparently heard of the eminent dramatist. I hasten to add that nothing was said by Mr. Shaw which could possibly strain the intelligence. In fact, a more ignominious performance for a solemn and historical occasion could not very well be imagined. For the archives, I will describe the picture and report the speech.

Coming along a gravel pathway from a distance, Mr. Shaw first enchants the ear

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with the measured crunching of his footsteps. No other sound breaks the stillness of the air. Evidently there were no birds or dogs in that garden. When he arrived within range of the camera, Mr. Shaw stopped suddenly, registered agreeable astonishment, and delivered himself as follows:

"Oh, ladies! Well, this is a surprise! Have you all come to see me, ladies and gentlemen? Well, I should never have expected this. Oh, well, it's really extremely kind of you, I'm very glad to see you. You know I am very glad you've come because I like people to see me. I don't know how it is, but people who only know me from reading my books or sometimes even from seeing my plays get a most unpleasant impression, and the people who really meet me as you have been kind enough to meet me, to meet me now, well, they see that I am a most harmless person. I am quite a kindly person, you know. But still I—it's not necessary for me always to look as genial as I am trying to look now.

"Of course I can put on the other thing. I —for instance—[at this point a fierce scowl produced from behind his hand]. Now that is —that is what I call my Mussolini stunt. They—by the way, I think in justice to Signor Mussolini I ought to tell you that he has a very, very wonderful head. He has a wonderful brow which comes down to here, but the difficulty is that he can't take it off. Now, if you watch me, I can put on that imposing look that terrifies—a Mussolini look. But now just watch—I can take it off. Now Signor Mussolini cannot take it off. He is condemned, although he is a most amiable man—he is condemned to go through life with that terrible and imposing expression which really does a great deal of injustice to his kindly nature. But I, I can put it on and I can take it off and do all sorts of things.

"One thing, of course, that I am very glad that you all see me here tonight is that you will know me when you see me again. Now I'll tell you something that happened to me the other day. I was at Conway in North Wales. I was in the street. A little girl came over to me. She pulled out an autograph book and she said, 'Please give me your autograph'.

" 'Well,' I said, 'what do you want my autograph for? I am not Mr. Lloyd George.'

" 'Oh,' she said, 'I know you're not Mr. Lloyd George.'

" 'Well,' I said, 'now who am I?'

"And she said, 'Oh, I don't know. I have forgotten the name, but my father told me to go and get your autograph'.

"Now let me—it's quite possible that some little girl who is here on this occasion may imagine that she can get an autograph out of me in that way because I gave that little girl the autograph, but you won't get me the second time, so it's not the slightest use trying that out.

"Now, ladies and gentlemen, I am afraid I am always an extremely busy man. At least I pretend I am, and I am afraid I must go back to work. I must say good night. By the way, this may be a matinee. Good night may not be the right thing to say. However, call it good afternoon, good day, and anyway, goodby and good luck. Good luck."

When some future Archibald Henderson, intent upon adding at any cost, including humor, to the Master's fame, retrieves these immortal lines from the dusty files of THE BOOKMAN, posterity may well wonder why the marvels of modern science, combined with one of the most brilliant men of his time, should have brought forth this ridiculous mouse. Yet, as I have said, it is this Shaw film which has set me ingenuously dreaming of the possibilities of the talking movie. To begin with, as anyone who knows Mr. Shaw can testify, it was actually his first appearance in America, in the sense that his physical presence could not have been more real, his voice, his whole personality could not have been more vividly presented.

I happened to be at the theatre with the Irish poet, Æ., who knows Bernard Shaw more intimately than I do, and his feeling was the same as mine: that the living personality was so recorded that nothing more could have been added by the actual presence of Shaw upon the stage. Even the deformation of the "s" sound, which is one of the problems of Movietone, was almost imperceptible, possibly because his sonorous and resonant Irish voice lends itself better to the recording machine than the more nasal American voice.

On the same programme was what I should call "the first 100% all talker", to wit, a short ten-minute film called "The Family Picnic", in which the otherwise charming Miss Kathleen Key, as a disgruntled wife, and

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Mr. Raymond McKee, as a long-suffering husband, were recorded in Movietone as they enacted the simple tragedy of taking the wife and children and a hamper for a day in the country. All the sounds appropriate were clearly heard and the voices were accurately reproduced as the characters spoke. It is true, they had a certain "tinny" quality at times, rather reminiscent of the early phonograph records. But having heard Shaw, one realized that this was not inevitable, and that obviously the voice recording in Movietone will be improved as it was improved in the phonograph or gramophone.

The little sketch begins with the pretty young housewife humming cheerfully as she packs the hamper. The female child reluctantly practises her scales. The birds are heard singing when the wife opens the window to call the husband, who is pottering on the car. When the family starts off, the whining of the children begins, the nagging of the wife, the anger of the father, and soon, as a result of back seat driving, they are in trouble with other motorists, and as a result of the son's desire to see a "chu-chu", they get in trouble with a train, and are towed home. A simple tale, but at least an authentic specimen of dual recording, which may some day have the same interest for the illuminati as the first close-up, "The Kiss", which is now a museum specimen in the history of the evolution of the movies.

If, as is alleged, the public likes to see and hear the people who are its idols, this is a very practical way of meeting the demand, and of enabling the idols to be in several places at once. The privilege hitherto enjoyed only by those who act in the movies is extended to every conceivable type of person who may be in the public eye. It will be a sort of syndication of the personality, for, it cannot be too often repeated, the Shaw movie is as real as Shaw himself. This fact must be remembered as against the many silent pictures upon which sound has been merely superimposed. A real sight and sound record, granting that we have only just seen its beginnings, is a thing of infinite possibilities, but its beginnings are infinitely ahead of the first motion pictures and the first vocal records. It means a form of mechanical immortality.

It also means, if I mistake not, that the plays presented on the screen will have an interest which no amount of beautiful photography or lavish spectacular effects can confer upon the silent movie. I do not recall ever having seen a movie audience, however tragic the tale, actually moved as theatre audiences are moved—that is, to tears.

The voice and the ear are necessary to convey the emotions of pain and grief; pantomime can stir only to laughter. Of course, it may be argued that, once the public becomes accustomed to seeing and hearing the players, it will tire of the movies altogether and return to the theatre proper. While this may be true of a limited number of people in large cities, who are not, I suspect, very ardent movie fans in any case, it can hardly apply to what constitutes the overwhelming majority of the movie public, people living in places where there are no theatres and people who cannot afford the theatre as easily as they can afford the motion picture house. Clearly, if a certain cast can be seen and heard, not only on a certain stage in New York, but in every theatre equipped to show talking pictures, the cost to the consumer can be reduced.

From ghastly technical details in trade papers, I gather that the number of theatres so equipped throughout the country is small, and that it will take a considerable time before the motion picture industry as a whole, both producers and exhibitors, can adjust itself and its machinery to the new conditions. Meanwhile, it is equally apparent that this fact will be carefully concealed, while the public is invited to listen to all sorts of pseudo-talking movies, silent pictures eked out with sound. For that reason, let the Shaw picture stand as a model. A true talking picture must be at least as good as that. The shorter and simpler the subject, the more likely is that to be true. The current Movietone news-reels are perhaps the best indication of what the talkies have in store for us.

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"BALLADS, SONGS AND SNATCHES"

By Abbe Niles

I HAVE written about Carl Sandburg's "The American Song Bag" here, I have written about it elsewhere. I have mentioned its publisher (Harcourt, Brace) and its price ($7.50), I have furnished extensive annotations for its margins, and congratulated American folk-song for being so lucky as to acquire such a monument. If, as seems to be the case, the public is unexcited over its appearance, that is the public's disgrace and no fault of mine. To this department Sandburg's work will nevertheless stand, till a better appears, as does the Catholic Encyclopaedia to the faithful. And with these preliminaries I offer yet more Notes to the Song Bag:

"Gambler's Blues" is a monstrosity, which should have a monstrous setting. Such a setting has been furnished in a version published as a popular song by Phil Baxter, in Little Rock; it contains snatches from "Dardanella", "The Two Grenadiers", "The Vamp", and Chopin's funeral march. The author of "Long Haired Preachers", (*"You'll get pie in the sky when you die"*) also wrote at least part of the famous "Hallelujah, I'm a Bum", which has recently been withdrawn from the Communist and I. W. W. songbooks. Robert Wolf, protesting in *The New Masses* against this omission, alleges that "Hallelujah" is "more pointed, clever *and working-class* in thought and diction than many...that have replaced it". If you aren't acquainted with the song, and want to know what Mr. Wolf considers working-class thought, you can listen to it on a new Victor record, sung by Harry McClintock. "Joe Turner", a song in the Sandburg collection, is very possibly the model of all the blues. The "long chain man" of Nashville Penitentiary, was actually named Turney—see the mentions of his brother, the Governor, in the Tennessee law reports, 1892-1896. . . .

De blues ain't nothin' but { *de easy-goin' heart disease.* / *a good man feelin' bad.* / *a woman on a good man's mind.*

...Sandburg's magnificent mountain song, "I'm Sad and I'm Lonely", is obviously a cousin, not only of the equally superb "He's Gone Away" but of the Negro spiritual, "I'm Troubled in Mind"....Starting point for a Ph. D. thesis: in "Brady", the word "curious" is rhymed with St. Louis", "Elanoy" (Illinois) rhymes itself with "Heloise". For a fascinating piece of research on the origins of "The Jam at Gerry's Rock", see Eckstorm and Smyth's "Minstrelsy of Maine" (Houghton Mifflin, $3).

It is well that English folk-songs, transplanted to this country, have lived, and have—as this collection repeatedly shows—influenced native American balladry. They have a world of their own, one enchanted, into which sometimes they deliberately usher one by means of some mystical child-rigmarole. Thus in the ancient carol "Corpus Christi" (recorded for The Roycrofters by The English Singers):

Lully, lullay, lully, lullay,
The faucon hath borne my make away.
He bare him up, he bare him down,
He bare him into an orchard brown....

And thus an opening, omitted in Sandburg's version of the ballad "Pretty Polly":

He followed me up, he followed me down,
He followed me all of the day.
I had not the power to speak one word,
Or a tongue to answer nay....

In this song-world many old conceits yet live by their felicity, as bardic formulae to whose symmetry actual histories are accommodated, by violence if need be. So, does one lover die, the other must also. They are buried side by side, and from one's grave grows a red rose, from the other a briar, till at the steeple's peak at last they unite in a true lovers' knot. And one greets such ancient and gracious conceptions, here and there, in the most unmistakably American company.

The movie magnates, whatever may be said

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against them, comb every available source for material. Why should recording managers of phonographic companies remain ignorant of the mine which Sandburg has opened up? They contribute to knowledge by their expeditions into the Southern mountains, where they pick up the country's least sophisticated songs and dances at their source, but the resulting hill-billy records are ninety percent trash, fit only to sell back to the hillbillies. Why not continue in the present course, but lend an ear at the same time to the winnowed examples in the same genre which such a songhound as Sandburg has unearthed and such a musician as Sowerby has set? Phonograph records are constantly reaching me which confirm the authenticity of one or another of Sandburg's specimens, but thus far only one has been as fine as his version: I refer to the new Brunswick record of "The Butcher's Boy" (with which *cf.* "London City" in Sandburg) and "The Wagoner's Lad", sung by Buell Kazee in harsh pentatonic strains to the banjo. These two have all the mysterious pathos of the English ballad that finds itself far from home and on a strange tongue.

This is not, however, the only good new phonograph record that links up with Sandburg. On a single Victor disc one may hear Stoneman's Mountaineers play a variant of "Sourwood Mountain" and one of the versions, still sung in the South, of "The Little Old Log Cabin in the Lane" (*cf.* Sandburg's "The Little Old Sod Shanty on My Claim"). A copy of the original (1871) edition of this song in my possession shows that it was a Negro dialect piece by Will S. Hays—no, not our present spiritual advisor—sung by Manning's Minstrels, and that the little log cabin itself was surrounded by palm and banana trees. "Casey Jones" continually pops up on the records in one form or another: you might hear Gid Tanner's Skillet-Lickers (*Columbia*) pounding it out to Puckett and McMichen's singing. Pope's Arkansas Mountaineers have a version of "Hog Eye" (*Vic.*) an intensely rhythmical reel with interesting blue sevenths, but quite different from Sandburg's tune of the same name. "I Wish I was a Mole in the Ground", sung by Bascom Lamar Lunsford (*Bruns.*) is rich in echoes from the Song Bag; note particularly the verse:

> *I don't like a railroad man,*
> *'Cause a railroad man will kill you if he can,*
> *And drink up your blood like wine.*

"High Sheriff", played by the Aiken County String Band (*Ok.*), is none other than Sandburg's "Yonder Comes the High Sheriff", which is also "I've Laid Around and Fooled Around", a Negro song that formed one of the themes of Handy's "Harlem Blues". And "Gambler's Lament" as sung by Zack Hurt (*Ok.*) is the famous "Coon Can Game"; credited on this record to James Bland, writer of "Carry Me Back to Old Virginny", which appears on the other side. I wonder whether this credit is correct; if it is, Sandburg and various other authorities have been caught napping.

New Records in General Tangoes: "Y Como Le Va" and "El Choclo", by the International Novelty Orchestra (*Vic.*) *Novelties*: "Clawin' the Frets" and another in trick combinations of guitars and traps by the Los Angeles Biltmore Trio (*Ok.*); "Old Broke-up Shoes" sung, and played on the wildest of jazz clarinets, by Wilton Crawley, colored (*Ok.*). *White singers:* Ukulele Ike singing "Just Like a Melody" and "Anything You Say" (*Col.*); Frank Crumit's agreeably silly "Song of the Prune" (*Vic.*); the beautiful Hawaiian Kalama Quartet in "Na Pua Eha"; and finally Willard Robison's first Victor record, "Truthful Parson Brown" and "The Devil Is Afraid of Music", sung with Shilkret's orchestra and Robison's own piano. As to this record I must simultaneously express pleasure and disappointment; the tone of the orchestra is beautiful, but the songs are slowed down to lugubriousness. This sort of direction will not bring Robison the fame he deserves. *The singing Negro*: The Utica Jubilee Singers in the spirituals "Couldn't Hear Nobody Pray" and "Mary, Don't You Weep", both fine, but the latter less so than the Hall Johnson Singers' arrangement. Keghouse's singing and Lonnie Johnson's fast guitar

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picking in "Keghouse Blues" and Johnson's own singing and guitar—and the words—in "Bedbug Blues" (*Ok.*) The magnificent Bessie Smith in "Put It Right There", and Williams and Anthony, who sound like members of Peg Leg Howell's ribald gang, in "Georgia Crawl" (*Col.*). *White man singing black songs:* Part II. of Jimmie Rodgers's "Blue Yodel" (*Vic.*), Part I. of which started the whole epidemic of yodelling blues that now rages—though Clarence Williams wrote a good one five years ago. *Stuff and nonsense*: Percival Knight's celebrated "Three Trees" recitation from "The Spring Maid", now presented by Frank Crumit (*Vic.*); and "New Talking Blues", some genuinely funny verses talked to a guitar in a noble hill-billy dialect by Chris Bouchillon (*Col.*). *Polite fox-trot records*: this month I favor Whiteman's fine record of Pinkard's pert and melodious "Sugar" and "There Ain't No Sweet Man" (*Vic.*), but hear also Donaldson's "Just Like a Melody" and " 'Cause My Baby Don't Mean Maybe Now", by George Olsen (*Vic.*), by Joe Venuti (*Ok.*), or by Whiteman (*Col.*); observe the rich, full tone of the Los Angeles Biltmore orchestra in "Sweet Sue" and "Stay Out of the South" (*Col.*), and try over Whiteman, again, in " 'Tain't So, Honey" and "That's My Weakness". *Hot and exotic fox-trots:* First prize to the lamented Herb Wiedoft's "Sad Moments" (*Brun.*), quiet, but with the strangeness and humor of real jazz. Tied for second are the Memphis Jug Band and their funny noises in "Papa Long Blues" (*Vic.*) in Red Nichols and "Five Pennies", and a revived "Japanese Sandman" (*Brun.*). Hear also "I Must Have That Man" and "I Can't Give You Anything But Love", by the Knickerbockers (*Col.*), "I Ain't Got Nobody" and "A Good Man's Hard to Find", by Ted Lewis (*Col.*); Doc Cook's 14 Doctors of Syncopation in "I Got Worry" and "Hum and Strum" (*Col.*). . . . From the label on Sugar Hall's record of "Chilly Pom Pom Pee" (*Vic.*) one may learn that the Spanish is *"Pom Pom Pee Friolento"*. . . . There's so little new sheet music this hot month that it can all ride on to October.

Best Sellers in Popular Music

The following list, in order of popularity as of July 26th, is furnished by a leading New York jobber. "(W)" indicates waltzes. No. 13 by permission of the Hon. Alfred E. Smith.

1. Ramona (W)
2. Laugh, Clown, Laugh (W)
3. Girl of My Dreams (W)
4. Just Like a Melody
5. Get Out and Get Under the Moon
6. Beloved
7. Back in Your Own Back Yard
8. That's My Weakness Now
9. My Angel
10. You're a Real Sweetheart
11. C.O.N.S.T.A.N.T.I.N.O.P.L.E.
12. Was It a Dream? (W)
13. Sidewalks of New York (W)
14. Crazy Rhythm
15. I Can't Give You Anything but Love

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THE AMERICAN SPIRIT

By William McFee

THE superficial browser of books might become supercilious into the bargain, in the literal sense of that word, if he were invited to perceive a fundamental unity in the themes of the four books bracketed here. Yet no ingenious straining is necessary to identify them. Two hundred and eighty-six years elapsed between the birth of Raleigh and the death of John Stevens 3rd, the subject of our memoir. It is not too much to say that those years comprise a vital period in the history of our western civilization. And the predominating spirit of each of these four men was essentially what we call nowadays enterprise. They had a restless urge to go out, to explore, to see beyond the ranges. There was more than a little of the American Spirit in them all. In Raleigh, the Englishman, perhaps most of all.

Milton Waldman's life of *Sir Walter Raleigh* (Harpers, $4.00) comes first in order of time, and very much first in literary significance in this group. This opinion is not advanced to the injury of Commander Turnbull's comprehensive and fascinating biography of John Stevens, Hoboken's most famous citizen, which I discuss later.

It merely means that in literature there are many kinds of writing which are to be enjoyed without being compared. Mr. Waldman's book is the latest contribution to what is now an extensive library of works upon Raleigh and the Elizabethan Era. Commander Turnbull is a pioneer in a hitherto unworked claim in the middle period of Americana. The method adopted by each author is admirably suited to his own work. But even though we grant to this new biographer of Raleigh the dramatic potentialities of his subject, we have to credit him personally with a style of notable grace and flexibility. He has invested the life of a man dead three hundred years with a strange glamor, so that one reads it without much sense of times long past, but rather with a feeling of partisanship and passion, and a conviction of our identity in character and spirit with those distant progenitors of modern England and Anglo-Saxon America.

The discovery, since the War, of immense masses of fresh material relating to Elizabeth and her times in the Imperial Austrian archives, now housed in the National Library at Vienna, has stimulated research. Even now only a beginning has been made among the Hapsburg papers and the vast collection of bundles in the London Records Office. Mr. Waldman's book, while it certainly incorporates the latest findings of the Historical Manuscripts Commission, owes its merit neither to the meticulous exactitudes in which savants delight, nor in a popularizing of his predecessors' labors. Its shining virtue consists in presenting Raleigh to us as sharply, as credibly and as dramatically as though he were a Victorian instead of an Elizabethan. Anyone who has attempted to evoke a genuinely human figure from that period, to dredge up from those muddy depths the bones of buccaneers and admirals and restore them to life, will understand the magnitude of the achievement.

It has been said here that in Raleigh, as in Marc Lescarbot and his patron the Seigneur de Pontrincourt, in William Bartram and in the Stevens family, there predominated what one may call the American Spirit. In Raleigh's case, it was perhaps this touch of alertness, of innovation, of a faint indifference to the sanctity of scruples, blended with an uncanny long sight of the future, which marked him in an age remarkable for its great men. It was source of his strength and of his weakness. If Drake and Frobisher were, each in his way, the essence of England, Raleigh foreshadowed such Americans as Hamilton and Franklin. He had in him something of the inspired lawlessness of the Western pioneers and the founders of the first great fortunes. If ever a man was "framed"

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as we say in the United States today, it was Raleigh in the reign of James the First of England, the Sixth of Scotland, and the least admirable sovereign of his line.

To the general reader, indeed, the high point of Mr. Waldman's narrative is the account of the trial of Raleigh for treason. There is a gravity and rhythm in the style, which is perfectly in accord with the sombre theme. Cobham, Popham and the Attorney-General, Coke, are made to reveal their characters by their speeches, and the lawyer stands before us, in spite of his forensic fame, as no more estimable than the plotting traitors who, to save their own heads, swore Raleigh's life away.

It is a great story and one wishes there were space here to give examples of the measured prose in which it is recounted. Suffice it to record that Mr. Waldman has made a worthy contribution to the distinguished literature of Elizabethan biography.

Twelve years before Raleigh's death on the scaffold there was published in France a history of New France, *Nova Francia* (Harpers, $4.00), by one Marc Lescarbot, who had also suffered at the hands of lawyers and who accompanied his patron to Canada. The work was translated into English by Pierre Erondelle in 1609, who dedicated it not to the gloomy son of Mary Stuart, but to "The Bright Star of the North", Henry, Prince of Wales, who had inspired Raleigh to the composition of his "History of The World". Future chapters of that same world's history would have been very different had Henry lived to succeed James.

It is a good translation and Marc Lescarbot is revealed to us as a sharp observer and a vigorous upholder of French power. His account of the desperate struggle the early settlers in Canada found necessary to wring a living from the wilderness reminds us once more of our goodly heritage. He is acutely conscious of his personal responsibility to act as an example to the savages as well as to the pioneers. He never forgets that he is a Frenchman. He may be described as an early "hundred-per-center" of the best type. The reprinting of this old book is an excellent addition to Americana.

The Travels of William Bartram (Macy-Masius, $2.50), another old book, admired by Carlyle and recommended by him to Emerson, brings us nearer home. It is a singular fact, however, that a gentleman-naturalist living in Philadelphia in the latter part of the eighteenth century seems to us more antique—"immeasurably old", to use Carlyle's phrase—than the writings of Raleigh, who lived through the latter part of the sixteenth century. The reason is that Raleigh was a great man and sometimes a great writer. William Bartram, in spite of his "floundering eloquence", is neither. He was a perfectly civil gentleman with a passion for *hortus siccus* and the observation of flora and fauna. Once again, but for a different reason, it is a pity one lacks space to quote our author's incredibly quaint reflections, his pious harangues to the Deity, his roguish allusions to the facts of life. His style may be described as rather crinoline than crystalline. His mind is possessed of an examplary rectitude now vastly out of date. Yet he, too, is worth reading if one would know how Georgia and Florida appeared a century and a half ago.

In *John Stevens, An American Record* (Century, $5.00), Commander Archibald Richard Turnbull has set out a neglected American exhibit. Those interested in the history of the steamship must have often felt some sort of vagueness when reading of Fulton and his operations. The name of Stevens would recur, but without adequate notes. The history of this remarkable family should not have remained hidden in family archives for so many years. The dynasty was already well-established when John 3rd, a landed proprietor of New Jersey, saw the Republic born. They were Scottish aristocrats, well found in this world's goods; and they had the pluto-progenitive faculty largely developed. John 3rd had a dozen children by Rachel Cox, his wife. But the children of his fertile brain were even more numerous. It almost staggers one to follow the nimble movements of his mind. He invented the multitubular boiler, the screw-propeller, and he built the first steamer to make an ocean voyage. This was the *Phoenix*, and she gallantly steamed out of New York Bay and thirteen days later anchored abreast of Market Street Wharf, Philadelphia. Old William Bartram would

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have found his "floundering eloquence" completely capsized at such a manifestation of man's defiance of Nature. John Stevens and his sons regarded it as merely the first step in breaking Fulton's foolish Hudson River monopoly. John went on inventing. He proposed a vehicular tunnel under the river more than a century before it became a fact. He obtained the first American charter for a railroad. He built a circular track in his Hoboken grounds, imported locomotives from Stephenson of England and held garden parties to show people how the thing would go. He discovered, in conjunction with his sons, that a track was best laid on cross-ties and he left drawings of rail sections identical with those used today. He built the first iron-clad battleship, and he suggested in his specification for it the use of high-pressure steam and oil fuel.

The story of Stevens makes excellent reading. Commander Turnbull may rest satisfied that his memoir will be read with interest and pride by American engineers. Stevens, with his cork pistons and wooden gear-wheels, used whatever materials came to hand. He got results. He tried again and again and got better results. His restless intellect worked to the very last. He saw more clearly into the future of transportation than any man of his time. Compared with him Fulton was a narrow obstructionist. Stevens was built on heroic lines. He never made any boast of his public spirit, but it would be difficult to name any American of his day, with the exceptions of Washington and Hamilton, who deserved better of his country. He did not exude the unctuous philosophy of Franklin, which has reached its fine fruitage in Bruce Barton and Arthur Brisbane. He was much more fundamentally American than any of these. He has left behind him a record of brilliant achievement and unsullied personal character. His monument, as his biographer finely says, is the railway-map of the United States. He knew that so long as it was difficult to get about, the States would never be a real nation. He possessed in a very high degree that practical nationalism which preoccupies itself with the advancement of one's own national greatness rather than the trumpeting of imaginary national virtues. He has found a worthy biographer, and Hoboken may well be proud of his fame.

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CURZON, LAST OF THE PROCONSULS

By S. K. Ratcliffe

IF ever a public man was made all of a piece, cut from the whole cloth, that man was George Nathaniel, Marquess Curzon, upon whom, we may be pretty sure, history will pronounce one judgment—namely, that his career and his manner marked the end of the old British proconsuls. In him died the last of those who held, without the suspicion of a doubt, that the Almighty had bestowed upon the English aristocracy the right to rule, choosing its more select members for the governance of the backward—and particularly the colored—peoples of the earth. If there are still English Tories who feel about this great matter as Curzon felt, at least they do not announce it in Curzonian tones.

Curzon was an extraordinary fortunate being. He belonged to one of the oldest of England's great families, although, whether in frock coat or in imperial robes, he never bore the right look of such ancestry. He had all that youth could ask for, including Eton and Oxford; in his young manhood everything desirable came his way, except only (a grave exception) physical strength; and in maturity his soaring ambitions were fulfilled, again with a single exception. Nevertheless, his career cannot be described as other than a failure in the end. He wished to write his name upon the records of India as the greatest of governors-general. But his term of office is remembered because it started a series of violent controversies in which Curzon was on the losing side. Much of the work in India upon which he prided himself most had to be done over again, and the administrative measure which he meant to be the crown of his Indian record was reversed by the word of the King at Delhi six years later. Curzon was resolved to become England's Foreign Secretary, and did: but only to be treated as a subordinate by Lloyd George. In 1923, as the most experienced statesman of his party, he believed the prize of the premiership to have been well and truly earned by himself: but the English Conservatives had chosen Stanley Baldwin, and King George was obliged to confirm their choice. His life was like his "Life", built upon a grandiose plan. His biographer was not permitted to exercise his own judgment as to that plan. Curzon demanded that the Indian years should be dealt with upon a scale commensurate with his own conception of their importance. Lord Ronaldshay accepted the condition and consequently the Viceroyalty covers the whole of the middle volume. For fifty years in England readers and reviewers have agreed in condemning the dulness and folly of the two-volume official tombstone. Curzon preferred to be buried under three; and in the task of making the monument, *The Life of Lord Curzon* (Liveright, three volumes, $15.00), one is happy to note Lord Ronaldshay—himself one of the best Indian governors—has done far better than an undiscriminating eulogist could have done.

Lord Curzon never grew. He was born confident and mature. His behavior, his letters, and his speeches at Oxford University were exactly similar to those that came to be associated with him when he was in the House of Commons or ruling India, or in his last years lecturing on Continental Power from Downing Street. He was astonishingly informed, competent, industrious; he could master any job and get up the facts about any problem. But he had no sense of reality; he did not know the men he worked with; he could never learn the deeper facts of any situation. As we were accustomed to say, Curzon knew everything but understood nothing. When he returned from India, in 1905, the party to which he belonged was in the doldrums, whither it had been led by the most gifted of amateurs, Arthur Balfour, who, as Curzon complained, had raised political nonchalance to the level of a fine art. Curzon had knowledge, statecraft, and eloquence,

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with brains enough to fit out half a dozen good Conservative cabinet ministers. But it was all to no avail. His party could make little use of him, and certainly it would never have followed him. Not until more than ten years afterwards, when the Lloyd George war government made almost anything possible, did he get his chance of high office in the Administration, and then it was an almost anonymous office.

In the war cabinet Curzon toiled as he had always toiled. He was a champion of bureaucratic method. But England knew next to nothing of him or what he was doing, although, it is quite probable, he was in 1917 and 1918 working as well as any man who had a place in the government machine. Not Curzon but Balfour represented the Foreign Office in Paris during the Peace Conference. Curzon, for good or ill, had nothing to do with the Treaty of Versailles. But it fell to him as Foreign Secretary to represent England at Lausanne, where the old diplomacy came so conspicuously to grief in the tussle with Kemalist Turkey. In a long career punctuated by ironic turns and incidents, nothing, I think, could well have been more ironic than the fact that Lord Curzon at Lausanne was worsted by poor old Ismet Pacha in a manner that was finally exemplified in an evening encounter, the story of which, I imagine, will one day be fully told by Richard Washburn Child, the official "unofficial observer" for the United States at the first Conference of Lausanne.

My own opportunity of observing Lord Curzon at close quarters befell in India during the last third of his seven years Viceroyalty. The English daily paper of which I was in editorial charge, in Calcutta, had given cordial support to Curzon so long as the reforming spirit of the first portion of his term was maintained. In the latter portion we found ourselves impelled to oppose his policy and very strongly to attack his methods and temper; and as I read the most interesting second volume of the "Life", a quarter of a century later, I am led to the conclusion that on the whole we were right. Naturally and rightly, Lord Ronaldshay sets forth in vigorous terms the aims and achievements of Curzon's early years in India. That was undoubtedly a wonderful time. The Viceroy was full of zeal. He was resolved to remake the famous governmental machine of British India. He was completely absorbed in his job. His sense of imperial duty was sublime. He was merciless in driving the public services, in keeping every official up to the mark. If Rudyard Kipling's rhyme about the fool who tried to hustle the East was known to him, he gave no heed to it. Tradition and the ways of bureaucracy were nothing to him, except that he was sure they ought to be scrapped. He was an example of the truth that there is no more radical ruler than your thoroughly trained conservative.

The biographer reveals the stages of his downfall; and incidentally, showing how little we knew, and could know, of the man behind the stiff facade, he confirms me in the belief I held at the time: that, midway in his term of office, Curzon lost his balance and gave way to the egoism that destroyed him. Lord Ronaldshay says that the climate and conditions of India ruined his nerves and temper. He was seldom free from pain, and would go through a good part of the day's labor lying down. Devoted as he was to his task in India, the country made him miserable. He felt the remoteness from England and his friends. He loathed Anglo-Indian society, and could find no agreeable companionship in either Calcutta or Simla, notwithstanding that there were men in the Administration whose abilities would have shone in London. As for India and the Indians, they existed for him only as a pageant and a vast arena for the governing Briton. He could organize a Delhi Durbar and, far better, could give thought and work to the preservation of the Mogul buildings. But for the mind of India he cared nothing, and Lord Ronaldshay's record proves the thing we had all along suspected, that the Viceroy who more than any other professed devotion to India was deeply hostile to the spirit of the country, knew nothing of its intellectual leaders, and never cared to take advantage of its resources of learning, intelligence, and most varied character. In the midst of an ocean of God's plenty, Lord Curzon was starved, exiled, bored. India, besides, was awake, and he knew it not.

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Lord Ronaldshay tells, of course, the full story of the conflict with Kitchener which brought Curzon's Viceroyalty to an end. About the conflict itself there was not much that we did not already know, but we learn now, not only that for several years Kitchener intrigued to get his way, but also that the government in London had virtually given in to Kitchener when they were sending Curzon out to India again. And still, further, we learn that the Conservative Cabinet in England was opposed to most of the things in Curzon's policy for five years out of the seven. Hence his ending in the bitterness of defeat was practically foredoomed.

I end this article, which necessarily has been confined to a few aspects only of a large and varied theme, with the briefest comment upon certain points which are fresh or of particular interest. Curzon was always taken to be arrogant and self-sufficient. So he was, but he seems to have been singularly without illusions about himself. He did not overvalue his gifts. At Oxford he recognized that he had a second class mind, and in later years, when as a member of the British cabinet he knew what it was to work with men of high calibre, he confessed himself inferior. The quality he prided himself most upon was his diligence, and what he called his middle-class method. And, surprisingly, he was dependent in the fullest degree upon his first wife. He had married Mary Leiter of Chicago in the first flush of his political success. She was by his side during the greater part of his Viceroyalty, and India killed her. When I went first to Calcutta, in 1902, she was past the meridian of her wonderful beauty. The climate had drained her vitality and taken the light out of her face. She was queenly but etiolated. She adored her curious husband as no American wife today could dream of doing. She identified herself entirely with his life and aims. She wrote him from Europe long letters full of news, gossip and affection. Judging from the extracts given by Lord Ronaldshay they were good letters, and Curzon valued them as he should have. And Mary Leiter was intelligent. She knew when Curzon had reached the point at which he should have called a halt. He ought to have been content with the regular term of five years. She asked him what good there was in staying on, to accumulate bitter memories. But ambition, which Curzon mistook for duty, was too much for her and for him. Soon after his fall, a friend of mine wrote that Curzon would have been a great man if he could sometimes have forgotten Lord Curzon. That was a faithful saying.

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A BON VOYAGE BOX

Recent Novels to Gild Our Lighter Hours

By Gorham B. Munson

ALL the year round clerks are packing boxes of gaily jacketed books and enclosing cards inscribed with *bon voyage* sentiments. But the heavy season for such parcels of light reading naturally comes in the late spring and summer when those who wish, and can, depart for Cherbourg, Le Havre and Southampton in the greatest number. So that in the books that are likely to be chosen for whiling away the hours in a deck chair one meets that familiar distraction of the porch hammock known as "summer reading" but with the domestic elements minimized. Foreign atmosphere preferred! So our friends will reason in ordering books for us, and since we are about to imagine that we are belated eastbound *voyageurs* in this month of September we shall probably find ourselves in Continental scenery some days before we actually pass through the Customs and wait impatiently for the boat-train to start.

The first book in our box happens to narrate the visit to Norway of a young French playwright. It is *Jerome, or the Latitude of Love,* by Maurice Bedel (translated by Lawrence S. Morris, Viking Press, $2.00). It won the Goncourt Prize and is a French "best seller".

Also, according to Christopher Morley, it is "the pure ether of comedy!" Let us not be outdone: "Jerome" is the perfect distraction! But then what more can we say in that key? Remember that we have been overfed as an insurance against *mal de mer* (we're practising our French, too); we have been making little trips to the smoking room to rejoice in our recovery of "personal liberties"; we are bored with looking at that immense sea and sky that we assert cause such profound emotions in our breasts; we are a trifle sleepy from so much fresh salt air; cut off from our customary world of affairs, we are relaxed. So we open the book of M. Bedel. Craftily, he keeps us from laying it down until Jerome, the romanticist, exclaims, "There's no more Norway", and Lena, the Scandinavian girl who acted French, repeats "There's no more Norway". A swift and light titillation, a perfect distraction, but what more can we do than exclaim? For if the book were otherwise, we would not be in the mood for it; and being what it is, it leads to nothing beyond it. No, we cannot keep to the key and must drop.

M. Bedel has caught a trick or two from his predecessors in the cosmopolitan novel, Paul Morand and Jean Giraudoux, but he is inferior in style and less rich in substance. He gets his fun out of the contrast he makes between the Norwegian and the Gallic points of view on the amenities, the gallantries, the sports and the amours of civilized life. He is erudite in such matters, a scholar of diversions.

A great many people fancy that connoisseurship in the graces and pleasures of existence is the whole of sophistication, whereas it is only a type of it, and superficial. Another type, sometimes admired, is sophistication in perversities of action, feeling and thought; it is represented in our box by Mary Butts's *Armed With Madness* (A. & C. Boni, $2.50). This is the novel to read while traversing the Gulf Stream and its sultry weather—provided you have some spontaneous interest in morbid and "arty" people. If you lack that, you probably will not read very far, for though Miss Butts writes well for an audience predisposed toward her subject matter, she uses none of her skill to hold a neutral reader.

"Armed With Madness" is a novel of atmosphere and the penumbra of actions. There is a house party on a remote point of the English Channel coast, a Stone Age landscape. Its members become obsessed with an ancient jade cup picked out of a dry well on

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the point of a spear, and the legend of the Sanc-Grail from then on shines mistily over the story. But in the end nothing is clearly settled in the reader's mind. He has been lost in smoke and penumbra.

The fumes rise from a brew in the author's brain of Freudian doctrine and degenerate occultism (for the most we can say for modern understanding of occultism is that it is weak and in all probability mistaken). Scylla, the hostess, is described sometimes as a witch, sometimes with a word that rhymes with witch. She maintains that "we have to know everything about being lost". Faith, good taste, good will have left the world, and "we have our jokes, our senses, and our moments of illumination, which always take a turn for the worst". "Even the memory of a great magic turned out to be a bird's bad joke." But she quotes T. S. Eliot: "Memory, you have the key". The key to "intellectual beauty" or "the peace of God". Her procedure however is anything but austere. She goes on no protracted fasts and endures no duliotherapy, but is ready to taste all wayward adventures, all romantic exercitations of the sensibility. Somehow the way of perversity becomes for her and her friends the Way of Life. The discovery of decadent pastimes and the struggle for peace are subtly commingled, and the tone of the writing does not alter from one to the other.

Bah! so far as the seriousness of Miss Butts's "mystical" thrills is concerned, but read the book if you have acquired a taste for literary absinthe.

The next day out brings us brisker weather and we have a novel to match it in exhilaration. We can place our basket of fruit, our box of cashew nuts, our package of pitted dates close at hand, snuggle down under our steamer rug, let the wind brush the backs of ocean waves, and confidently open *Eva's Apples,* by William Gerhardi (Duffield, $2.50), for we shall be boldly entertained by it. This recommendation comes from one who was disgusted by Mr. Gerhardi's first novel, "Futility", and swore in print that it was dull. Naturally, I began "Eva's Apples" with a disposition to slay, but I was speedily disarmed and soon reduced to a willingly enslaved reader. The anecdote illustrates the triumph of craft, for your true craftsman does not care a button whether you are prejudiced for or against him, interested in or indifferent to his characters or subjects. He will compel you to be interested. Actually the reader hates to read. If you do not believe this, set yourself the task of reading all the volumes of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica", But the reader loves to be compelled to read.

Here is something to reflect on during your evening promenade on deck. The greatest pleasure in reading comes from the compulsion put upon one by the author's skill. Is this not what all the abstruse talk about the so-called esthetic emotion amounts to? You like a book (the esthetic emotion) because you enjoy the process by which the author has entranced you. You dislike another book (the absence of the esthetic emotion) because the author has been clumsy or you have not been susceptible to his attempts to manipulate your psychology.

Mr. Gerhardi can defy the reader who begins "Eva's Apples" to slip away from his book even when he overworks his extravaganza in the end. His is another type of sophistication, partly literary and partly (I grieve for the next word) sociological. For Mr. Gerhardi has fun in satirizing the London of such writers as Bennett and Arlen and in playing hob with the Utopian schemata of H. G. Wells, not to mention his burlesquing, so some say, "The Constant Nymph". There is a touch of Dickens *à rebours* and that odd blend of Russian themes with English humor that is Mr. Gerhardi's most personal note. But he knows society, too, from its barons of the newspaper press to its futile stranded old pensioners, and he knows what makes modern society eccentric. He has found out how its crazy machinery works: he has hilariously revealed the preposterousness of man's present experiment in making history. He doesn't show us as yet what vantage ground of sanity he stands upon, but certainly he has sharp eyes for what is insane.

Possibly he is a great novelist in the making. In Lord Ottercove, inspired by the figure of Lord Beaverbrook, and in Eva, who will have a good time, *regardless,* he is on the verge of creating types as vital and long-lived as those of Dickens and Thackeray.

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But his love of play carries him too far in "Eva's Apples" and the characters lose credibility. In short, there is an abundance of energy, but, because it is not firmly channelled, a lack of force.

But this is as it should be. Mr. Gerhardi could say that he is still an apprentice in the art of the novel, and that the wise apprentice spreads his energies. For purposes of practice nothing is better than to attempt to execute an elaborate *tour de force*. Let the canvas be large, the characters numerous and diverse, the episodes in all colors, and then try to live up to the plan. In this way the learner will require flexibility of technic and variety of style from himself and though he fail to bring his book quite off, he may find that his rehearsal of all his powers will be rewarded in his next more concentrated undertaking. Herman Melville, I should like to note in substantiation, wrote "Mardi", a greatly ambitious failure, just before he triumphed almost colossally in "Moby Dick".

This is saying that "Eva's Apples" contains something for American writers as well as American readers. It is an object exercise in acquiring skill as a novelist. The rest depends upon the internal development of the writer, and perhaps Mr. Gerhardi's next book will satisfy our questioning on that score.

The outcome of such prodigious practice as Mr. Gerhardi engages in is assurance, the quality stamped on Compton Mackenzie's twenty-first novel, "Extremes Meet" (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50). It is just such assurance that the American writer almost always lacks, no matter how competent he is. Perhaps the American pursues painstakingly too narrow an aim: he distrusts facility and resists the suggestion that he should try his hand at all types of writing as a preparation for composing well in his preferred form. Mr. Mackenzie is not afraid to give us a Secret Service novel. Time: the great war; scene: the capital of a neutral country in southeastern Europe. It is not a book to write about very much. It is standard in its form and prose, packed with vivid people, a motley group of spies, diplomats, unfaithful wives, actresses, royalty and soldiers playing their parts in a substantially created *milieu*. In the foreground is Waterlow, the head of the Secret Service, doggedly working at a game he only half believes in, and Queenie Walters, a typical Compton Mackenzie waif of the theatre. We are forced to sympathize with them, and we gladly accept the uninsulting "happy ending".

"Extremes Meet" is *the* book of our voyage so far, accomplishing what it aims at, as sophisticated in technic and knowledge as any, a light novel with a full sense of actual life, and therefore at the top of its order of fiction.

It remains supreme, too, for the last books in our package are disappointments. A comparison is not quite fair, for each is by a new hand at the novel. The worse of the two is *Her Knight Comes Riding*, by John V. A. Weaver (Knopf, $2.50), and its author's sins are scarcely credible. Some of them can, in a mood of shipboard tolerance, be forgiven: such as the substitution of unstable Freudian formulae for the writer's direct observation of his characters, the sentimentalizing of the theme, the lack of wariness in using slang with its dangerous tendency to overstate as a compensation for poverty in experience. But the defects in the *writing* of this romance of a Brooklyn stenographer and the destruction of her dreams cannot be absolved even by a literary dictator or else the kingdom of letters topples.

To wit: when Fanny's father on whom she has a "fixation" is killed by a street car, it "crushed out his entity". As Fanny grows up, "the molecules of her entity rearranged themselves into a pattern".

To wit: this interpolation of the author, "The ellipses in this anecdote would probably supply the details for a tragedy in the Mid-West School of Realism's best manner. But from that tale of sabotage, and recrimination and subtle torture you shall escape. Suffice it to say that Mr. Higgum never spoke of that chapter of his career, closed some twelve years before".

To wit: "Twice she walked with him through the bright October air, and half-heard his excited talking, which she but a quarter understood".

The last may be a problem in simple arithmetic, but it is no reason for the enjoyment of literature. Reviewers cursed with a sense

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of honor must go on, on, on, but the irresponsible reader, his sensibilities affronted, usually flings the book from him.

The other novel is also by an American, Wood Kahler. The theme of *Early to Bed* (Knopf, $2.50) has excellent possibilities for light skillful revealing treatment. Paris, so luxuriant in its emotional life that it seems almost tropical to an emotionally starved American, and in it a young American seeking to regulate his life according to plan and practical maxims of the Poor Richard sort—from this a fine comedy might grow. But Mr. Kahler has not yet tuned up his writing instrument sufficiently. It is a matter of vocabulary first of all. Why is it that many American writers are so shy of the dictionary and trust to fortune for the growth of their word-stock? One would wager that it has not been so with Compton Mackenzie. Mr. Kahler is fond of naming colors, but he sticks to the seven colors of the rainbow and gives no shadings, no colors taken from natural objects; whereas Mr. Mackenzie appears to have on his palette all the words of color there are. A minor point to pick on, but may I say again that readers must be persuaded to read, and one of the means of holding attention is the apt introduction of slightly unfamiliar but comprehensible words. The proper vocabulary could even carry off a joke about shredded wheat, but it would be better not to try it. Mr. Kahler is extraordinarily rash.

"And what is this?" asks Olishga, his Russian countess, "It feels like my husband's whiskers used to feel."

"It's shredded wheat," Alden Brett replies.

* * *

It is unfortunate that out of this international collection of novelists, three English, one French, and two Americans, it should be our countrymen who fail us. Still, this is fortuitous, and I propose to make no invidious remarks on the state of the American light novel. But rather to go "early to bed" like Mr. Kahler's hero, for the bulletin board gives the information that Cherbourg passengers will go off in the tender at six tomorrow morning.

A DISTINGUISHED FIRST NOVEL

By Ford Madox Ford

JOSEPHINE HERBST'S novel, *Nothing Is Sacred,* which will be issued in September by Coward, McCann, took command of my intelligence with its first sentence when I read it in manuscript and it continued to exercise its singular quality of impressive interest until now it has found its publisher and I have read it right through again in proofs. That is due not to the interest of the subject but to the sheer skill of its narrator. There is no reason—no reason in the world—why I, hardened European as I am—should be interested in and should be kept reading far into the night twice running by the affairs of a quite undistinguished family in a quite indistinguishable American small town—but that is what has happened to me.

You see if a book begins: " 'Can I talk to you a minute!' said Harry Norland to his mother-in-law. He stood in the kitchen doorway with his hat on", you are given at once a sense of interest as strong as you receive at the opening of a good detective story and the person who so begins a book will have the sense to carry it on at the same pitch of interest. There is no reason why the story of a small-town family should not be as interesting as any detective-romance—the trouble usually is that the narrators of such tales begin with the thesis that the life described has by them been found uninteresting and that they must therefore make an uninteresting story out of it. But the actual livers of such lives seldom find them uninteresting

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per se—or it might be truer to say that the dwellers in small towns seldom find small-town life as such other than thrilling with its struggles for precedence, local renown, prosperity and the rest. They may of course have intervals of dullness—but who has not? But the fact that they continue to live in small towns and that small towns continue to exist is the proof that their inhabitants find there an interest in life that is not apparent to the outsider.

That really is the problem that is before the modern novelist. If the novel in the future as in the past can only exist with the unusual, the hero, the type, or the demi-god for its sole pabulum it must in a more and more standardizing world end by losing all contact with life—and by dying as a form of art. And that is the problem that Mrs. Herbst has attacked and triumphantly overthrown. For me at least she has done this, and I do not believe that as reader I differ much from the ordinary reader of light fiction: I mean that when I do surrender to reading a book I surrender just as fully as any child reading Hans Anderson or any commuter reading "Sherlock Holmes".

I have been, twice, just as thrilled to know whether Harry Norland made good the club-money that he had embezzled as to know who committed any murder anywhere—just as thrilled, twice, to know how his mother-in-law was going, once again, to get the resulting mortgage off her house; and I have twice been left speculating as to how Mr. Winter, after his wife's death, liked living by turns with his daughters and their families, and saying to myself: "Perhaps he will—because in the end they are very decent, dutiful girls—or perhaps he won't because he is an old man of strong character and they are all rather nervous people . . ." The problems of these quite commonplace people become, in short, one's own problems during the reading of the book, and one leaves them with a pang of regret—for the destroyed contents of the ragbags of a lifetime in the attic, and of regret as if one were moving into another town and leaving people whom on the whole one liked and respected. In short this is the sort of novel that I want to see make its mark—for the sake of the art of the novel, which is an art I love. I hope it may *faire école*, find thousands of readers, and earn for its writer glory enough to make her continue to go on doing this. And I don't know that, if I wanted to impress a foreign audience with what the native American really is—a normal, honest, wrong-headed, rightly-inspired, undulled—above all undulled!—American that I really like, I don't know that it isn't "Nothing Is Sacred" that I would give to those Dagos. For there stands out in this book a quality of family solidarity, of family dutifulness and above all of family consideration between sensitive individuals such as rarely swims to the surface in the more tumultuously manifest features of life here. I know, I mean, that it exists and is touching and beautiful, but I don't know where—if it isn't in "Nothing Is Sacred"—I should put my finger on the expression of it.

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BOOKS OF GENERAL INTEREST

By T. S. Matthews

OF the making of books there is—praise be to the hierarchy of Gutenberg!—no end. At least, the end is not yet. In America, especially, we have a long way to go before we have reached the saturation point in book-publishing. It is one of those quiet facts which never fail to astonish us that a little country like Denmark, for instance, produces far more books per capita of its population than we do, or are likely to do for some years to come. To some, this consideration will bring the utmost depression, if not despair; it is already a physical impossibility for anyone but a maniac to read more than a tiny fraction of the new books constantly appearing. To others, this ever-rolling stream will be more of a challenge than a menace, and if they do not exactly rush to meet it they will at least brace themselves manfully to weather the torrent.

It is certainly getting more and more difficult to keep one's head above water. We shall all have to learn to be better swimmers. And, to change the metaphor without abandoning our optimism, it is obvious that the more books there are to read, the more chances we shall have of widening our acquaintance with other citizens of the world. We may never meet our affinity, but we can at least hope to discover many agreeable and —as an earlier age would say—instructive companions. If we find ourselves getting in a temper with any of them, or overtaken by a fit of dullness, we can always change our company. Sam Johnson himself, who bolted his reading as violently as he did his dinner, admitted, or boasted, that he almost never read a book straight through to the end. So let us take heart, and see what a few of the more likely-looking current titles have to offer us.

* * *

Heavenly Discourse, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood (Macy-Masius, $2.00) is the kind of book which the old-fashioned censor (for censor read publisher) would never have allowed us to see, a few years ago. These dialogues, if not exactly "Voltairean" (as Romain Rolland calls them, on the jacket) or "uproarious" (John Macy) or "Rabelaisian" (John Cowper Powys), or even quite "audacious" (Max Eastman) by present-day standards, are stimulating, very often humorous, and full of a kind of arresting common sense. The book consists of forty brief sketches, in dialogue form; the scene is laid in heaven, and the speakers are God, Jesus, Satan, St. Peter, and almost any notable soul who happens to wander in. The stage-directions, (such as "Gabriel brings in Elihu Root") supply an ironically incongruous running commentary on the speeches. If we read one of these dialogues we are bound to go on. Who could resist finding out what Mark Twain, for instance, said to God, or the comments of both of them on San Francisco? On one occasion God receives a delegation of monkeys who come to complain about the Scopes trial in Dayton. No reader in search of adventure could pass over such titles as "Billy Sunday Instructs God", "Denver Prays for Rain", "God on Catholicism and the K. K. K.", "Charles Evans Hughes Visits Heaven Without a Passport and Is Deported".

"Heavenly Discourse" will not offend anyone who reads many books, or anyone who can take a joke, and, as Shaw says, see that there is something more in it than a laugh. The author may occasionally offend the sensitive piety of a reader whose idea of God is touchily anthropomorphic; but he invariably represents Jesus, for instance, as reverently as even a fundamentalist would wish. For Mr. Wood is really a serious satirist. There is this much truth in comparing him to Voltaire; that he quite evidently hates the intolerant, the bigoted, and the ignorant. His heroes are apt to be souls like Mark Twain, Tom Paine, Bishop Brown, or Voltaire him-

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self. And there is this much truth in likening him to Rabelais: that he laughs as heartily as he can at the shams and follies of Church and State. But he really bears more resemblance to his stout old compatriot, Mark Twain, than he does to either of these Frenchmen. His wit is a Yankee wit, a native shrewdness that abhors mere cleverness as it eschews nonsense. His is the kind of downright common sense that is as plain as the nose on your face—and quite as useful and necessary. The drawings, by Art Young, are well adapted to the text. One picture especially, of "A Battered Soul" being nonchalantly dragged into the celestial halls by two angel-policemen who are evidently of Tammany extraction, is worth a long look.

* * *

Adventures of an African Slaver (Boni, $4.00) is one of those fascinating autobiographies of a practical adventurer of which there have never been enough, of which there can never be too many. It is the "True Account of the Life of Captain Theodore Canot, Trader in Gold, Ivory and Slaves on the Coast of Guinea: His Own Story as Told in the Year 1854 to Brantz Mayer". This edition, to which Malcolm Cowley has written an able introduction, has been illustrated by that ever-improving young Mexican artist, Miguel Covarrubias. His frontispiece is one of the most economical and grimly effective designs it is possible to imagine. It is merely a conventionalized cross-section of a slave-ship, showing the arrangement of the slaves when the ship was loaded to capacity. It is an unforgettable drawing; and though, as Mr. Cowley says, Captain Canot speaks of the famous "middle passage" "as a sort of Atlantidean idyll", with the black cargo enjoying plentiful food, enduring strict cleanliness, and breathing good air, one remembered glimpse of that dreadful ship's plan reminds us that the resourceful Captain was a not unprejudiced witness. Captain Canot was a French-Italian sailor of fortune who found his niche in the slave trade between Africa and Havana in the early years of the nineteenth century. The trade had by then been declared illegal by almost every nation, and consequently the profits as well as the penalties of its practice had become extremely high. As Mr. Cowley points out, the parallel between slave-running and rum-running is almost exact; with the notable exception that the black cargo was more perishable. Here is our Captain describing how he loaded his first consignment, at a "factory" in Africa, on the schooner *Aerostatico*. His shipment was one hundred and eight boys and girls, "the eldest of whom did not exceed fifteen years". "As I crawled between decks, I could not imagine how this little army was to be packed or draw breath in a hold but twenty-two inches high! . . . I found it impossible to adjust the whole in a sitting posture; but we made them lie down in each other's laps, like sardines in a can, and in this way obtained space for the entire cargo. Strange to tell, when the *Aerostatico* reached Havana, but three of these 'passengers' had paid the debt of nature."

Of course Captain Canot could not be expected to decry too much his own profession, and his story was originally told at a time when slavery was at least condoned by the majority of his readers. We cannot help wondering, however, whether even the most Bible-quoting of the lot was able to credit such righteous statements as this: "no vessel, except a man of war, can compare with a slaver in systematic order, purity and neatness". It is by such gratuitous over-reachings that the good Captain too often makes worse a not very unsavory case. But these lapses may perhaps be attributed to his "ghost-writer", whose rather florid and romantic style cannot always keep the battered features of Captain Canot hidden; and these occasional unveilings sometimes amuse and sometimes startle us. "Indeed," says the Captain, *in propria persona,* "a knowing trader will never use chains but when compelled; for, the longer a slave is ironed, the more he deteriorates." We see another amusing example of this sailor-wolf in literary clothing in Canot's description of the burning of his slave-factory: he was just able to get all the valuable slaves safely out when the powder magazine blew everything else to atoms, and he then sorrowfully remembered that Esther, the quadroon with whom he had been living for several years, had

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been forgotten in the rush. "When we came to number the survivors of the ruin, Esther was nowhere to be found, nor could I ever trace, among the scattered fragments, the slightest relic of the Pariah's form."

This book is worth reading from almost any point of view. It will not seem, in any case, like very ancient history; but we may get a shock when we are told by Mr. Cowley in a footnote that even now, "in Liberia, the country of free negroes, there are over two hundred thousand slaves. In Sierra Leone, the other freemen's colony, slavery was abolished on January 1 of this year".

* * *

Turning from scoundrels to saints, we find an excellent *Life of St. Francis of Assisi,* by Luigi Salvatorelli, translated from the Italian by Eric Sutton (Knopf, $4.00). It is a history of St. Francis and the Franciscan Order which, though scholarly, is never dull; and, though it takes a completely non-Catholic view of both the Saint and his miracles, is itself a little miracle of non-partisanship. Signor Salvatorelli's interest in his subject is purely historical; but most historians have some kind of bee in their bonnets; Signor Salvatorelli either has none, or else keeps his bonnet bravely on his head. The introductory chapters of the book give us a complete but not exhausting background of Italy in the thirteenth century, and we are then introduced to Assisi and the family Bernardoni. The author is not concerned to startle us with new-found facts or arresting interpretations; but he follows the known chronology of Francis's life with a mingling of sympathy and detachment that wins our approval from the start and gradually our increasing admiration. Our author does not go out of his way to avoid such controversial snares as the nature of Francis's conversion or his miracles: he merely ignores any supernatural explanation, or, where that is impossible, states what was said and believed by Francis's followers, without a word of comment on his part. For most readers, this method will make Francis a much more understandable and human figure. And though the author's descriptions of Francis himself may be partly imaginative, they make him appear more plainly before our eyes than the haloed images to which we have been accustomed. ". . . His need of music was, at certain moments, so strong in him that, having no instrument with which to accompany himself, with the make-believe of a child he would lay a piece of wood against his left shoulder like a violin and scrape across it a bow of the same material. The sound of his own singing and his imaginary music would carry him off into an ecstasy, from which he emerged only with an outburst of tears, to the amazement of the spectators. They felt God's jester was before them." And though Brother Egidio appears only twice in this narrative our author paints him for us, and wins us to him, in a phrase. In the early days of the Franciscan fellowship, Brother Egidio used to accompany Francis in his wonderings over the Umbrian countryside. "And when they met with anyone, he (Francis) would fall to preaching. Egidio contented himself with observing, when the other had finished: 'What he says is quite right; believe him'."

Francis was an inspired speaker, but, unlike other inspired speakers, "sometimes his inspiration failed him; he was not disturbed at this; he would calmly confess that nothing had come into his mind that he could say to them, and would send the crowd away with his blessing". Signor Salvatorelli does not seek to explain away the stigmata which legend tells us appeared in Francis's body towards the close of his life; apparently he admits that they were actually there, but characteristically he reports Francis as being ashamed of these marks of divine favor. If anyone caught a glimpse of them, "Francis was always extremely annoyed; and he answered sharply, almost rudely, anyone who questioned him."

The book ends with a sincere tribute to the spirit of Francis, and when we have closed it we feel that we have heard the straightforward account of a man who was both good enough and great enough to merit the title Saint.

* * *

When we take up *The Son of Man,* by Emil Ludwig, (Liveright, $3.00) we expect, and we find, a different kind of approach.

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For one thing, it is apparently impossible to write a Life of Christ without becoming either implicitly or explicitly controversial; for another thing, Herr Ludwig's method, as he has shown us in his previous biographies, is to let his subject do the talking. But in the case of Jesus, who left no writings of his own, and whose traditional utterances are so few and so scattered, that method will not work. Moreover, the author who would recast the four accounts of Jesus's life, with their differences in view and sometimes their discrepancies in fact, into one, has a sufficiently difficult task ahead of him. It is too much, indeed, like solving four puzzles into one answer that will satisfy them all: and the successful cryptographer (*vide* Tolstoy) will not always be able to convince us that he has actually found the key. But the puzzle's fascination is perennial, and has a much more than merely intellectual attraction. Herr Ludwig sets out boldly, and says that he does not meddle with theology; that arose later, and he does not pretend to understand it. In other words, he attempts to give a strictly historical narrative of the life of Jesus, omitting everything which he considers of merely doctrinal interest. It is a strong and simple attack; unfortunately, he has to depend for even bare chronological outlines on four different accounts whose chronology does not always agree and is never altogether clear. He solves the difficulty by drawing "mainly upon the accounts of Mark and Matthew", and he arranges the order of events as they seem to him most psychologically probable. This scheme, like any other but a literal transcription, will raise immediately a host of objectors; but, as Herr Ludwig candidly admits, his is only "one among many possible interpretations".

The miracles Herr Ludwig prefers to regard as purely phenomena of suggestion; even such instances as the raising of Jairus's daughter and the Transfiguration he attempts to explain as exaggerated hallucinations. The Jesus of his account was never sure of his mission, even after the baptism of John, until Peter's enthusiastic ejaculation: "Thou art the Messiah!" In the description of the last days in Jerusalem, Jesus is made to appear both more hard-hearted and weaker than he is ordinarily represented; and his last utterance from the cross is a "cry of agony and despair". The book will doubtless cause a good deal of comment; it is a thorny subject, and this treatment is not calculated to make any of its thorns blunter. But it is only fair to the author to repeat that "The Son of Man" sets forth "one of many possible interpretations", and it is only just to the author's reputation to add that such an interpreter is worth hearing.

* * *

Unless you happen to be born a member of the company of book-travellers, you will not approach a new book of travels with any great willingness or large hopes. And if you chance upon Waldemar Bonsels's *An Indian Journey*, (Boni, $4.00) you will get a most agreeable surprise as a reward for your pessimism. For it is not only a very entertaining account of a trip through remoter sections of Indian jungle and mountain; it is a good book in itself. The author is a German who has apparently not needed a translator. He went to India as an observer, and judging by his own account, observed well and fully. The book is completely free from statistics, economics and other sleep-producing drugs; it is cast in the form of a narrative, and resolves itself more and more into the adventures of the author and his faithful but unconventional servant, Panya. If we are accustomed to think of the German tourist as one of the heaviest and least adaptable of all parochials, we shall have to make a decided exception in favor of Herr Bonsels. He sees the problem of the British rule in India, understands the British attitude, and even sympathizes with it; but his position as a foreigner and (it may be suspected) his own gifts as a linguist and a student of human nature allow this traveller to come closer to the natives than most British residents could come. He is far from despising the Indians; he regards them—sometimes with amusement and sometimes gravely—as men who understand life as well as any people. Where there is a difference between European and Indian custom, he notes it, but without surprise or tacit judgment. "The folk of India die more easily than we; they

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take death more as a matter of course, and encounter it less ceremoniously; they leave the hereafter to God, and are disinclined to accept our view that at the last hour they should make themselves responsible for an orderly exit." It is the Germans (missionaries) in India who excite his derision. "Panya said one day, when we had exchanged a few visits with the missionaries: 'These Sahibs are like the king of Shamadji. They are always on the throne, but no one knows why, and they have practically no subjects'." In view of Herr Bonsels's growing friendship with the natives, and especially with one well-educated Brahmin whom he calls Mangeshe Rao, we are not unprepared to notice an increasing bitterness against the English. Mangeshe Rao becomes hopelessly implicated in the network of political conspiracy spread over India, and one morning he is found dead. With the death of his friend, all desire to stay in India has left this German wanderer, and he remembers his own countryside with homesick longing.

* * *

America may not actually be the new Jerusalem, with streets of chrysoprase and beryl, but "Europe", says Mr. Struthers Burt, "is not such a pretty place if you know it well". In his latest book, which is a collection of sling-shots entitled *The Other Side* (Scribners, $2.00), Mr. Burt takes his by no means uncertain place in the forefront of the battle of the century—America against the world. Our author's vigorously stated thesis is simple and clear: he wants "all thinking Americans, first, to try to understand America as best they can, and after that, to try to explain America as best they can, to the rest of the world". Mr. Burt shows the way, and in explaining America to Americans (for he rightly suspects that if this book were to fall into the hands of Europe it might let loose the dogs of war) he manages to get in a few healthy jabs at the parochialism and snobbery of the prevalent European attitude toward us. Mr. Burt writes not as one that beateth the air; and when it comes to infighting, he gives as good as he gets. It is when he indulges in the roundhouse swings of what he calls "international generalizations" that he is apt to pull himself a little off balance, and then we watch him anxiously for fear he will knock himself out of the ring, like Dempsey or the White Knight. "We are, indeed," he avers, "a nation of boobs, but so is every other nation." And as he goes on to point out, not without dust and heat, that it is about time we stopped claiming a monopoly of these citizens. We have been too much interested in Europe for her own good, and she too little in ours. As he justly complains, "American papers carry an immense amount of foreign news; European papers carry very little American news, and most of that, canards". He is not awed by names, and calls such giants as Wells and Chesterton, such jovially sulking Achilleses as Mencken and Sinclair Lewis, sternly to account. If you are fed up with "the apologetic American" you will enjoy this call to arms. You may enjoy it anyway.

* * *

I hope it will not be thought too inconsistent to pass straightway to praise of a Britisher, but J. B. S. Haldane may perhaps be considered more than a Britisher, for he is a scientist, who, like his compatriots, Bertrand Russell and J. W. N. Sullivan, is engaged in making straight in the international wilderness of science the highway of the layman. His latest book, appropriately entitled *Possible Worlds* (Harper, $2.50) is a delight to read, a pleasure to recommend. He is not one of those "scientific workers (who) believe that they should confine their publications to learned journals". In common with other scientists whose view is not cut off by the four walls of the laboratory he believes that "it is urgent that the average man should attempt to realize what is happening today" in the world of science. Out of some thirty-five papers, the following titles may give some indication of the variety and scope of the information and speculation he conveys: "Darwinism Today", "Vitamins", "Cancer Research", "What Use Is Astronomy?", "The Future of Biology", "Science and Politics", "When I Am Dead", "The Duty of Doubt", "Man's Destiny". The possible influence of the fruits of geological research, for instance, he brings home to us as follows:

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"In a few generations it is probable that these dates [of geological time] will meet with general acceptance and their meaning will gradually penetrate the human imagination. As the earth has lasted for at least a thousand million years in a condition not very unlike the present, it will probably continue habitable for a future period of at least the same order of magnitude, possibly for very much longer. An acceptance of such a future is bound to affect human thought. It will be realized that the things which seem to us most stable . . . are really not only changeable but certain to change. On the other hand it will be realized that remarkably little change can occur within a lifetime.

"Such a world-view leaves room for optimism in the most desperate circumstances, but yet reduces the probable effects of the vastest human efforts to the tiniest dimensions. As it is accepted, people will probably become more and more prone to devote themselves to their own affairs . . . they will perhaps be less occupied with institutions as ephemeral as nations."

His facts are apt to surprise us, such as that mustard gas is "the most humane weapon ever invented, since of the casualties it caused, 2.6 percent died, and ¼ percent were permanently incapacitated. No one at Washington even suggested abandoning high explosives and shrapnel, which kill or maim about half their casualties". But it is his speculations—he refuses to admit that he has a "philosophy"—that are most illuminating. Science, he declares, is a way of life, a constant skeptical questioning, whose discipline will finally enable a man to be far more interested, say, "in the problems of biochemistry than in the question of what, if anything, will happen" to him when he is dead. A counsel of perfection! But we need more like it.

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SOME SCRANNEL PIPINGS

By Henry Morton Robinson

WHEN grouse are poor and geese are scraggly, a canny legislature usually erects a "No Shooting" sign over its game preserves, reasoning wisely: "Give the wee beasties a year off; perhaps next season they'll be plumper and juicier for mercies extended unto them". Might not the same legislature pass a few protective laws for bards who Go to the Well too young or too often? Is this reviewer too oafish in proposing that most of our Poet Folk be obliged to observe regular periods of meditation and silence, a kind of annual forty weeks in the desert, a poetical Lent, a year of enforced leisure or, better yet, at hard labor?

Still, publishers' lists must be balanced—hence divers volumes of scrannel verse intersprinkled the solider bookwares of the current season. Plunging at once into the least considerable of these volumes, we bog neck-deep in the soft inanities of Sonia Ruthele Novak. Miss Novak's poetic range may be gauged by a glance at her title, *Winds From the Moon* (Century, $2.00). Without a suspicion, apparently, that she is dealing in some terribly wistful banalities, Miss Novak serves up the old familiars in the venerable musk-husk-dusk tradition. Evidently age has not withered nor custom staled these old favorites (for Miss Novak, at least), since she tinkles through her polite pages with never a shrewd, original word or phrase to prove that she has a personality or vocabulary of her own.

Charles Malam is a Bread Loaf poet—Bread Loaf, Vermont, you know—where a small band of writing people go directly to Nature for their inspiration. *Spring Plowing* (Doubleday, Doran, $2.50) exhibits all the traits of the typical first volume of verse. An adolescent enthusiasm for the grass, trees, wind, fields and stars is the dominant motif; the variations are slight, uninventive, and obviously imitative of the Old Master, Robert Frost. An extremely youthful pessimism waxes hysterical in such jejune lines as:

> Oh, how can men watch clocks and women titter,
> And stars be born and die, and I grow bitter?

Really, "Spring Plowing" is quite post-pubescent, except in one flashing bit of objectivity, "Gorse's Daughter". A restrained, economical half-narrative, the poem proves that Mr. Malam, like most young lyricists, is at his best when talking about someone else.

In *Nocturnes and Autumnals* (Putnam, $1.75), a mauve-toned volume of tired loveliness, David Morton, veteran of a thousand sonnets, gives further demonstration of his craftsmanship. Fatigue, and all the quiet charm that accompanies the renunciation of reality fill Mr. Morton's sonnets with a hushed, sensitive beauty. Gray words blow us languidly over calm sonnet courses, until by imperceptible lessenings we find ourselves in silence at the end of the music.

One would sooner quarrel with early dogwood for being too pinky-white than protest that Mr. Morton is too tranquil in his sonnet-cloister. Assuredly most of us will prize the slow, crepuscular weariness of "Nostalgia":

> I know how autumn will be coming there,
> With haze, and sunlight, and the long, dark rains,
> With smell of woodsmoke drifting down the air,
> And dead leaves huddling in the shivered lanes.
> There will be starlight when the dusk comes down
> On grey, hushed meadows reaching to a hill
> Beyond the lighted windows of the town,
> Where walked a lover, once, who loves them, still.
>
> My mind as well might be a plot of ground
> Edged with dark trees and grey with ghostly light,

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Or old roads where a soft and lonely sound
Of rain is wandering in the autumn night. . . .
For this is all my thought on nights like these,
When other rains are stripping other trees.

But the fact is that all Mr. Morton's sonnets echo and re-echo the same note of nostalgic melancholy. For ten years now we have been hearing the same scales on the same perfect flute. Not yet forty, Mr. Morton admits that his passion is to sit among "ruined things", "Noting the late sun on the empty tower" and rounding out impalpable music in the dusk of premature twilight. But after all, he is not yet a patriarch, and it's too bad he is determined to write like one, when a stiff shot of vitality would put him up with the very greatest of modern sonnet makers.

In an outmoded classic tradition, and with many a fragile quatrain to pad his scanty tale of verses, Milton S. Rose presents in *Poems* (Houghton Mifflin, $1.25) an undistinguished volume with scarcely a high line or memorable image in the entire sixty-eight pages. He dons his poetic weeds, sits him down, asks what's o'clock, and proceeds to carve perfectly colorless little blocks of words out of nothing at all. He is the least pretentious of the poets herein mentioned—but in any company he would be the same. To be sure, he commits no infelicities and wreaks no violence upon taste, diction or tradition. This is faint praise indeed, but Mr. Rose's tepidity deserves no more. One passes through his book as though it were a short, anonymous street leading to nothing at all, and comes out unharassed by any recollections of pain or enjoyment.

Saving the best wine till last may be wretched psychology, but it gives the faltering reviewer something to look forward to. In this instance it leads us to a consideration of that play-girl of beautiful letters—Dorothy Parker. In the bright lexicon of verse Mrs. Parker has everything from *Abacus* to *Zygmote*. She can jape, scarify, cut grapevines, ride on the handle-bars and spit further between her teeth than any lady poet since the days of Aphra Behn, who was the first literary lady to support herself *solely* by her pen. In addition to squirting the acidulous grapefruit all over Frances Newman, Mrs. Parker endears herself to her large but ever-widening circle of readers by removing the last spike from the crown of thorns that doth so traditionally puncture the brows of more serious poets. Briefly, she has stripped all the lavender and old lace off her poetical shorts, and as a result can beat any other light or heavy verse-hurdler by several hours in the free-for-all epigram, the triolet *au gratin,* the quatrain simple or complex, the sonnet *sérieux* or the doggerel á la what-the-hell. In *Sunset Gun* (Horace Liveright, $2.00) she bests all her previous performances by at least 1/5 of a second.

Almost any time now, some ambitious Ph.D. candidate will unravel a thesis to the effect that Dorothy Parker is not really an abandoned hussy, but a paradox of spiritual conflicts concealing a Puritanic soul behind a mask of hoyden flippancy. Both accusations are probably true. Ophelia and Texas Guinan struggle for the center of Mrs. Parker's frankly sentimental stage, while the spirit of Emily Dickinson eggs the combatants on to newer heights of sardonic wisecracking. Is it a mistake to view Mrs. Parker merely as a writer of amiable *vers de société?* Is she, in the least of her couplets, penning a tract against self-pity, cant, and affectation, and at the same time taking a kind of Pharisaical delight in putting herself on the perverse side of the text? Any quotation would serve to point the query, but the quatrain "Partial Comfort" seems to show her in a characteristic pose:

Whose love is given over-well
Shall look on Helen's face in hell,
Whilst they whose love is thin and wise
May view John Knox in Paradise.

The lady doth protest too much, particularly on the themes of her own infidelity and her horror of "midnight certainties", as Witter Bynner calls them. Perhaps she is a bit repetitive, or like all familiar voices, only seems so. But she simply cannot be dull; and suppose she does reiterate constantly—what's the harm in repeating clever truths that no one believes anyway?

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THE ELUSIVE NOVEL

By Edith H. Walton

UNFAIRLY, I think, professors still propound the question: "What is a novel?", and continue to expect from their bewildered students a tidy, clean-cut definition. In reality, the query has become a conundrum. It is difficult, nowadays, to find a common denominator for the brief and delicate fantasies, the Freudian note-books and the old-fashioned leisurely tales which are all classed alike as novels. Most of us, however, still owe allegiance to the Victorian tradition and, if goaded to express our views, would be inclined to agree that such a book as "The Forsyte Saga" fulfills the necessary requirements. Certainly it has the depth, the richness and the variety which are characteristic of a first-rate novel.

There is something rather melancholy in the thought that this epic of a changing England has at last been brought to an end. In *Swan Song* (Scribner's, $2.50) John Galsworthy has bidden a final, if reluctant, farewell to all the generations of Forsytes. He has left the survivors to the mercy of a new, hard-paced England, less tenacious of property and seemly tranquillity. One infers that they will adapt themselves to their fate. As evidence that the farewell is permanent, Soames Forsyte meets his death in this book —and one can imagine no continuation of the saga without his solid presence. He dies as befits a man of property—in defense of his art treasures and his daughter, Fleur.

There is no disguising the fact that in this concluding book the stream has run a little thin. The new generation of Forsytes lacks the vitality of the old, and somehow one is not greatly stirred by the brief reawakening of passion between Fleur and young Jolyon, the son of Irene. They are wiser, perhaps, than were their parents, but the whole episode is less poignant and less real. It is only when Soames reappears, when he searches out, for example, the forgotten tombstones of his ancestors in order to satisfy his sense of a continuing Forsyte tradition, that one recaptures the old force. One is inclined to think that, although Galsworthy has succeeded in picturing a complete strata of English life through a period of many years, his greatest achievement is the creation of "a man of property".

In a slighter, more superficial way, Storm Jameson also belongs to the main current of English fiction. Someone should suggest to Miss Jameson, however, that it is time she transferred her affections to a new type of hero. In *Farewell to Youth* (Knopf, $2.50), as in her earlier books, one again meets the wistful, elfin young gentleman—slight of body but exquisitely formed—whom women inevitably address as "little love". Nat Grimshaw, the current charmer, marries at nineteen a beautiful, empty-headed girl who proves completely faithless. When he returns from war, neurotic and disillusioned, she admits her perfidy and asks him to divorce her. Later she tries to win him back, but is deterred by the staunch, determined Ann, who has been in love with Nat since childhood and who knows that his early passion was compounded of false glamor. The story would be an absorbing one if the young people were less bloodless and unreal. Miss Jameson has the capacity for creating character—Nat's father and mother are admirable figures, full of lovable whims and eccentricities—but she is too often blinded by a morbid sentimentality. She writes beautifully, and she can evoke the essential charm of English life, but her novels lack as yet solidity and balance.

Although less of an artist than Miss Jameson, Eleanor Scott is wholesomely free of softness. *War Among Ladies* (Little, Brown, $2.50), is a hard, bitter, unsparing book which makes excellent use of unpromising material. It describes the narrow cruelties of a girl's school, where the teachers are perpetually haunted by the fear of poverty and a pensionless old age. Miss Cullen, a pitiful

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incompetent, is endangering the standards and the future of the whole school, but she refuses to resign because she knows that she could never get another job. Terrified for their own safety, the other teachers try to force her withdrawal by every underhand and malicious means in their power. She finds a temporary friend in a young newcomer, Viola Kennedy, but Viola is soon absorbed by the poisonous intrigues of the staff and only escapes the common lot through a rather unconvincing love affair. The tension of the book is almost intolerable, the atmosphere is suffocating. Miss Scott is, at times, too frankly the propagandist, but nevertheless she has produced a novel of unusual vigor.

It is a far cry from the English school system to the wretchedness and degeneracy of lower class Spain, but *The Tree of Life* (Knopf, $3.00) by Pío Baroja shares, at least, the same quality of merciless realism. This is the story of Andrés Hurtado, a sensitive and introspective young man who, in the course of his medical career, is brought into intimate contact with the squalor of Madrid and the stupid bigotry of the provinces. Hurtado, however, is relatively unimportant. The strength of the book lies in its description of the perverse and shiftless types which crowd the streets of Madrid. With a cool impersonality more devastating than propaganda, Baroja pictures the diseased state of a whole society. One feels that he is not concerned with the intricacies of personal relations. In "The Tree of Life" he contents himself with a panoramic view of humanity.

David Pinski, on the other hand, can offer neither the lively characterizations of the younger English novelists nor the grandeur of Baroja. *Arnold Levenberg* (Simon and Schuster, $2.50) is a turgid and heavy-handed novel, unbelievably devoid of humor. Its background is that of Jewish New York, and its hero is a wealthy young man, a pacifist by nature, who is forced by the war into a bitterly false position. Unfortunately, one hears too little of Arnold Levenberg's spiritual struggles. For the most part he is involved with three or four seductive and voluptuous girls, each more tiresome than the other. His protracted affair with the inflammable Katherine verges on absurdity and his other relationships with women are even less convincing. Certainly "Arnold Levenberg" is not of the same calibre as Pinski's plays.

Increasingly, American novelists are turning to fresh native material for their themes. *The Happy Mountain* (Viking, $2.50), a first novel by Maristan Chapman, is a simple and lyric tale of the Tennessee mountains, especially notable for its skill in capturing the crisp, quaint idiom of the mountaineers. Waits Lowe, whose rightful name is Wait-Still-on-the-Lord, is moved by spring and youth and by a certain vein of poetry in his nature, to see something of the world beyond the mountains. He has his share of vagabonding, learns the scents and colors of the plains, and with the coming of winter returns quite naturally to the mountains and to the girl he has left there. He disposes, in direct and primitive fashion, of the man who has been pursuing her and settles down to a mountain life, the richer for his brief experience. Although the story makes no very great demand on the emotions, it has a quality of clarity and restraint, an unspoiled charm, which justifies its selection by the Literary Guild.

Unlike the writers who delight in dissecting Main Street, Joseph Hergesheimer finds in America the stuff of romance. In the preface to *Quiet Cities* (Knopf, $2.50) he confesses to a nostalgia for the days of the country's youth, when adventure was quick in the land, and brightness was in the air. The past of America is dear to him and for that reason, perhaps, his latest book is one of the best that he has written since "The Three Black Pennys". Strictly speaking, it is not a novel, and yet, because of its all-pervading theme, it has unity and form. It contains nine tales of nine cities—of early Pittsburgh, of Albany, trim and sedate and very Dutch; of New Orleans; of Charleston after the Civil War when its glamor was beginning to fade. In each of these stories the people are remote, as if seen through a thin, shimmering haze. Their passions are unimportant as compared with the atmosphere of a past age which Hergesheimer evokes. He is at his best when he confines himself to pure impressionism. The stories

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of Valley Forge and Washington are overburdened with historical facts, but the tales of Albany, Natchez, and New Orleans, which are saturated with sheer color and fragrance, typify the peculiar charm of Hergesheimer's work.

Hardened by experience, we have learned to expect sophistication in the novel. After reading Anatole France and "Orphan Island" it is natural to suppose that no up-to-date writer would stage his story on a desert isle without some lurking, satiric intent. S. Fowler Wright, however, surprising as it seems, had no ulterior motive when he created *The Island of Captain Sparrow* (Cosmopolitan, $2.00). This is not a satire of modern society, but a swift, exciting yarn, with a touch of improbable fantasy which gives it spice. Cast out on the open sea, Charlton Foyle discovers by chance an uncharted island which is inhabited by the uncouth descendents of Captain Sparrow's crew, by a half-human breed of satyrs, and by a dying race which worships the God, Gîr. He discovers, also, a beautiful young French girl, marooned like himself, who is living the life of a forest creature in order to elude the brutal inhabitants. Eventually they capture her, and Charlton effects a perilous rescue. Written less expertly, the book would be just another adventure story, but Mr. Wright, as he proved in "Deluge", has so rich an imagination and so distinctive a gift of style that "The Island of Captain Sparrow" is well worth reading.

Those purists who try to define the novel are likely to have an unhappy time with *Seven Days' Whipping* (Scribner's, $2.00). John Biggs, Jr., has delved into the more troubled depths of psychology and has produced a strange fantastic book which is in some sense comparable to the tales of Poe, but which lacks their shattering power. Weakened by the strain of his wife's pregnancy, Judge La Place, on the night when his child is born, suddenly reverts to the naked, unreasoning emotions of the savage. An Indian, dragging a dead deer, appears at his door and gradually this sinister figure who waits outside in the darkness reduces the Judge to hysteria. There is a deadly battle of wills, a meaningless chase, and then—with no provocation but terror—the Judge raises his gun and shoots. It is an admirable idea, but Mr. Biggs fails to create the proper atmosphere of tension, to make one feel that one is bound by a nightmare from which there is no escape. Realities and phantasmagoria are, moreover, imperfectly blended and the logical explanation at the end seems somewhat unsatisfactory. As a study in abnormal psychology the book is not sufficiently profound and, on the other hand, it does not induce the cold sweat of horror.

Perhaps the most extraordinary book in the group is *Bambi* (Simon and Schuster, $2.50), by a German writer, Felix Salten. It would seem unlikely that a novel could be written about the life of a forest deer, and yet the improbable has happened. "Bambi" is more than an exquisite prose poem in which the woodland creatures are endowed with personality and speech. It is a real novel. Felix Salten has achieved that difficult feat which is the despair of most novelists. He conveys a sense of time, of the flow of life, of the inevitable progress from youth to old age. One meets Bambi at first as a shy, new-born thing trembling at his mother's side. One watches him gain confidence in forest ways, find his mate, and exult in the pride of his strength. And then, imperceptibly, he grows old before one's eyes and becomes the lonely, veteran stag of whose wisdom a new generation is in awe. The story is told with an enchanting clarity and simplicity. It creates its own atmosphere and its own terms. One feels the rightness of the manner, so skilfully diversified, in which the forest creatures talk. One shares their hopeless terror at the approach of that inscrutable Him who carries a "third arm" and deals destruction. Many people, undoubtedly, will be congenitally unable to enjoy a tale of animals, yet "Bambi" is more discerning in its truth, more universal in its implications, than the average conventional novel.

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AN OUTLINE OF MYSTERY

By Gilbert Seldes

SINCE I last reported on detective fiction for THE BOOKMAN, a number of interesting things have happened and have duly been chronicled here by more expert hands. The comparatively recent events which seem important to me are the somewhat undignified retreat of Philo Vance getting out from under his high hat of Latin and bad English and the consequent improvement of S. S. Van Dine's series: *The Greene Murder* mystery is better than the other two; next, the appearance of an almost perfect mystery, written with wit and delicacy, absorbing and satisfying in every respect—*The Bellamy Trial,* which does in fiction what "The Trial of Mary Dugan" does on the stage and does it better. Except that the trial is one day too long, Mrs. Hart's work is irreproachable. The new Chan story, *Behind That Curtain,* is, as nearly everyone by this time knows, excellent. In both of these the mystification is entirely fair to the reader and the conclusion satisfactory. The single fault with the Greene story is that the wrong person is guilty—not wrong because you guess the other, but wrong because the other seems morally and artistically right, and merely to outguess the reader is hardly worth doing.

Between them (or should I say between him?) S. S. Van Dine and Willard Huntington Wright are subjecting the detective story to a lot of excellent criticism. (No one has yet accused him or them or me or Mr. T. S. Eliot of "discovering" this type of fiction, so —although I hardly dare breathe it—perhaps that tedious form of sneering has really had its day.) One or the other has given out a list of fifteen requirements for a good mystery story, of which I have seen only two—maybe they were issued serially and I missed the others. The first is that a murder is absolutely essential (which is nonsense) and the other that there should be no love interest (which is not). There should be no love interest and no philological and no political and no ethical interest and no intellectual or emotional interest of any kind which distracts the reader from the swift coursing of the story. One of the distinctions of "The Bellamy Trial" is that it is, in one way, a love story. The girl reporter and the hard-boiled crime expert carry on a sort of flirtation; there is a real love story at the center of the crime. Oliver Onions's remarkable mystery stories are all tangles of passions; turn the set-screw a little and even Ford Madox Ford's "Marsden Case" would be, what it seems by its name to be, a mystery story with the richness of texture of "No More Parades". I like my detective stories pretty plain—a mystery, its solution, and its development; and lean rather toward Mr. Eliot's strict canonical ban on mystery stories which depend on other elements. But I am convinced that a writer who knew how could involve anything from sexual passion to a passion for higher mathematics in the folds of the story itself—and so long as the story held its own way, there would be no room for protest.

As for the other requirement, a murder, I think of George Santayana's remark about Bergson, which is something to the effect that Bergson seems to think that all previous philosophy flows into his, which is hardly necessary, and that all future philosophy must flow out of his, which is hardly true. Murder is not an essential element in "The Hound of the Baskervilles", nor in "The Purloined Letter", nor in "The Green Eye of Goona", nor in half a dozen Oppenheims. Theft and abduction and blackmail and political intrigue are almost as good as murder and make very good stories.

I don't at the moment recall a single American detective story which dealt with the abduction of the President (imagine Mr. Coolidge put to such uses!) or the loss of state papers or even the intrigues of the Bolshe-

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viks. The political sense in us is, apparently, not so highly developed as it is with the English. And that indicates that any event is good enough as the basis of a mystery story if the elements in it seem of sufficient importance to the reader. Murder simply happens to be sure-fire. It is, incidentally, interesting to observe that while most authors pay much attention to the method of murdering, few of them seem to have the faintest idea of how people act when a murder is discovered. One of the stories I have read in the past three weeks has several murders which are turned into sources of positive entertainment by the assembled characters, and the Greene household (a queer lot at best) seems to think that a murder is just the time for snapping out with a few epigrams.

In their effort to get away from stock, writers have a choice of methods: a new setting, a new kind of detective, a new trick for murdering, a new stunt in discovery. It seems to me that the best way to get out of the rut of detective stories—and it is a deep rut nowadays—is simply to be more intelligent and more honest, to write straight, to complicate the plot deftly and reasonably—in short to do a better job than most. Some of the books noted below have done this.

One of the real mysteries of the season is the Crime Club, which has put out some of the best and some of the worst of the season's detective fiction—all of them, by a strange coincidence, published by Doubleday, Doran.

The best of the Crime Club's stories is that unhappily named *The Desert Moon Mystery*, after the ranch on which it takes place. Here you have the elements dearly loved by the mystery fan—the murderer in plain sight, with all the evidence pointing directly, yet you are blocked by the apparent impossibility—not of your guess, because you don't guess—but of the whole situation. I prefer that narrators of mystery tales tell their stories in plain English—i. e., do not speak in character; but the housekeeper who tells all in this case is not offensive. The Scot in *At the House of Dree* (by Gordon Gardiner) annoys me more; but his story of thuggee is good, especially at the end. *The House Across the Way* is also told in character, but the events seem to have got rather mixed in the mind of the little sempstress. Another small-town mystery is *The Monk of Hambleton*, which leads you, rather like "The Greene Murder" to two equally probable culprits—in this case to two confessions of guilt for the same crime. The way the actual criminal is disclosed in a single sentence on the last page is remarkable.

There came to me, too late for review last year, a book called "Green Sandals" by Cecil Champain Howis. This year the same writer offers *The Desert Bungalow*. Both are hardly to be classified as straight mystery stories; they are entanglements in such outposts of civilization as Conrad used for his locales and they have both clarity and emotion, with some of the quality of the calmer scenes in Maugham's "The Letter".

About the boldest thing a writer can do is to attempt to rival Conan Doyle on his own ground. Bertram Atkey (who writes amusing stories of other types) has not only tried this, but has chosen "The Hound of the Baskervilles" for a model and has (wisely) omitted Holmes. *The Midnight Mystery*, with a headlong rider on a wild horse in the dead night of New Forest, nevertheless manages to come off; you don't get the thrill of the phosphorescent hound, but there is a feeling of strangeness with which the solution of the mystery conforms. The humor is, also, funny in spots. It is not quite so good in *The Dawson Pedigree*, which has other points: a gentle spinster secretary aiding the amateur detective and a well-articulated, perhaps too complex, plot. *The Marloe Mansions Mystery* has a fine lot of disappearing bodies (alive and dead); *The Death of a Diplomat* has fights and chases; *Shadows by the Sea* has them on a boat stranded on a reef; *The Tick of the Clock* starts like the Elwell case (i. e., the Benson mystery in the Van Dine series), brings in a few Chinese, and has a general round-up of suspects who sit through a third-degree with a good punch at the end. The other clock title—*The Clock Strikes Two*—is a little obvious, and the author seems to think that he has made his mystery deeper by proving—after it's all over—that

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nearly all of the suspicious circumstances are the result of the most innocent intentions on the part of nearly everybody.

The Queen of Clubs is tabloid detective fiction except for one thing—one man strikes another and leaves the unconscious victim in the room; a few minutes later the man is found dead. Someone else, of course, did it —as in the movie of Donald Westhoff and in —if I remember—"The Mystery of the Dunes", where the ingenious idea was that the victim had already taken poison and died knowing that his enemy would be blamed for his death. *Green Fire* is pseudo-scientific semi-mysterious trifling laid in the future; *The Golden Spur* is J. S. Fletcher on a romantic holiday—rather tarsome, as Mr. Benson's priceless Georgie says. (And I hope this allusion will send a few hundred thousand readers to the two Lucia stories—"Queen Lucia" and "Lucia in London"—which are not mystery stories at all and have nothing to do with the matter in hand and would not even have been mentioned here except for my suspicion that readers of crime stories either have taste enough to read other types of fiction at times or get tired of mysteries and have to change their diet.)

The chief interest in *The Old Dark House* was the system of selling it. The last hundred pages or so were sealed and if you brought the book back with the seal unbroken —that is, if you could stop reading at that point—you could have your money back. Review copies came out with the seal already broken, so I hadn't much choice. It is not strictly a detective story; rather a romantic yarn with a strange house and a dumb servant and madness and a brooding sense of evil and all that sort of rot—but it is well written. You break the seal, I am sure. *The Smiling Death* is a neat job, but its murders are the work of a totally unmotivated professional criminal. *Tracks in the Snow* is by the distinguished biographer of Lincoln, Lord Charnwood, and is marked by the development of characters (with bearing on the mystery) as well as by an unusual turn of the story after the criminal is caught and begins to confess. *The Silent House* is made of the same material as the play—perhaps it's good on the stage. In reading of men who are stabbed and asphyxiated and otherwise irritated and who manage to turn up none the worse after a ten minute interval one begins by saying no and ends by saying no. *The Green Shadow* holds off the negative response for a time.

Finally I recommend, with some heartiness, *The Black Cap,* a collection of superior short stories in this manner, made by Cynthia Asquith—remarkable in every way—and Vincent Starrett's collection of old detective stories made for The Modern Library.

* * *

Books mentioned in this article: *At the House of Dree, by Gordon Gardiner; Houghton Mifflin. The Death of a Diplomat, by Peter Oldfield; Washburn. Shadows by the Sea, by J. Jefferson Farjeon; Dial. The Monk of Hambledon, by Armstrong Livingston; Henkle. The Silent House, by John G. Brandon; Dial. The District Bungalow, by C. C. Howis; Doubleday, Doran. The Tick of the Clock, by Herbert Asbury; Macy-Masius. The Midnight Mystery, by Bertram Atkey; Appleton. Tracks in the Snow, by Lord Charnwood; Dial. The Old Dark House, by J. B. Priestley; Harpers. The Smiling Death, by Francis D. Grierson; Clode. Green Fire, by John Taine; Dutton. The Marloe Mansions Mystery, by Adam Gordon MacLeod; Dial. The Dawson Pedigree, by Dorothy L. Sayers; Dial. The Black Cap, edited by Cynthia Asquith; Scribners. The Queen of Clubs, by Hulbert Footner; Doubleday, Doran-Crime Club. The Clock Strikes Two, by H. K. Webster; Bobbs-Merrill. The Green Shadow, by Herman Landon; Dial. The Desert Moon Mystery, by Kay Cleaver Strahan; Doubleday, Doran-Crime Club. The Bellamy Trial, by Frances Noyes Hart; Doubleday, Doran. Behind That Curtain, by Earl Derr Biggers; Bobbs-Merrill. The Greene Murder, by S. S. Van Dine; Scribners. All $2.00.*

Fourteen Great Detective Stories, edited by Vincent Starrett; Modern Library. $ .95.

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THE BOOKMAN'S MONTHLY SCORE

Compiled by Frank Parker Stockbridge, life member of the American Library Association, in co-operation with the Public Libraries of America.

Whenever Mary Roberts Rinehart brings out a new novel it jumps automatically into the Monthly Score. Ludwig Lewisohn's previous books gained a surprising popularity in the circulation departments of the libraries. In view of the previous record of this author, however, there is nothing surprising in the suddenness with which his latest work has caught the public fancy. —F. P. S.

FICTION

1.	The Bridge of San Luis Rey	*Thornton Wilder*	A. & C. Boni
2.	Wintersmoon	*Hugh Walpole*	Doubleday
3.	The Greene Murder Case	*S. S. Van Dine*	Scribner
4.	Kitty	*Warwick Deeping*	Knopf
5.	Beauty and the Beast	*Kathleen Norris*	Doubleday
6.	Giants in the Earth	*O. E. Rolvaag*	Harper
7.	Death Comes for the Archbishop	*Willa Cather*	Knopf
8.	Red Rust	*Cornelia James Cannon*	Little
9.	The Island Within *	*Ludwig Lewisohn*	Harper
10.	Jalna	*Mazo de la Roche*	Little
11.	Two Flights Up *	*Mary Roberts Rinehart*	Doubleday
12.	Claire Ambler	*Booth Tarkington*	Doubleday

GENERAL

1.	Mother India	*Katherine Mayo*	Harcourt
2.	Trader Horn	*Alfred Aloysius Horn and Ethelreda Lewis*	Simon
3.	Napoleon	*Emil Ludwig*	Liveright
4.	Strange Interlude	*Eugene O'Neill*	Liveright
5.	Disraeli	*André Maurois*	Appleton
6.	Safari	*Martin Johnson*	Putnam
7.	Skyward	*Richard Byrd*	Putnam
8.	The Royal Road to Romance	*Richard Halliburton*	Bobbs
9.	My Life	*Isadora Duncan*	Liveright
10.	Bismarck	*Emil Ludwig*	Little
11.	The Story of Philosophy	*Will Durant*	Simon
12.	"We"	*Charles Lindbergh*	Putnam

* This title has not previously appeared in the Monthly Score.

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BOSTON

A Contemporary Historical Novel

By Upton Sinclair

(A summary of the preceding instalments will be found on page xi, front advertising section.)

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

The Whispering Gallery

I

SACCO and Vanzetti were back in their cells: the former in jail in Dedham while his appeals were heard, the latter in Charlestown State Prison, working at his old sentence of fifteen years for the Bridgewater crime. Nick, as usual, had nothing to do all day—a cruel form of punishment; it required tact and sympathy on the part of visitors to persuade him that it was worth while to stand on his head and walk on his hands, as a means of not going mad. Bart was now making license plates for automobiles. It was not happy work, for it involved the touch and smell of acids, which gradually undermined Vanzetti's health, and made more difficulty for those who lived with him in sympathy.

A black hour for the world, testing the souls of idealists. Famine in Russia; the notorious inefficiency of communist bureaucracy had caused the rains to stop falling. Throughout Europe the White Terror enthroned; in Italy banded assassins in the pay of banks and industrialists, murdering the leaders and rooting out every trace of social protest, turning the country over to that ultimate product of natural selection, the beast with the brains of an engineer. Sacco and Vanzetti sat in their cells and read of these events and stretched out their hands to the future, whose children they were.

Each in his way learned to make his appeal to that future. Bartolomeo Vanzetti, dish-washer, ditch-digger, and fish-peddler, would learn to write; he would labor all day at a stubborn and hostile language, and conquer it and shape it to his ends. He, whose schooling had ceased at the age of thirteen, would make himself a master of letters; he who had never seen the inside of a college building would write such prose as no living graduate of Harvard had ever achieved; he who was to die as a common criminal would defend his faith in words of elemental eloquence, outranking anything produced by an American since Lincoln's second inaugural address.

It would take long practice. Locked up alone in his cell, Bart wrote letters: letters to his lawyers, to members of the committee and friends of the defense; letters to strangers who wrote to him, letters to his anarchist comrades of Mexico, France, Russia. The rules of the institution allowed only two letters a month, but they did not prevent Bart's handing a packet of manuscript to his lawyer.

At first his efforts were crude; he would look up long words in the dictionary and string them together in a kind of Babu English. He would use Italian words literally translated, producing novel effects. He would concoct strange polysyllables, apparently of his own imagining; you would start to smile, until it occurred to you that it might be a new kind of poetry. To Cornelia he wrote: "Even if we will be killed at once by the carnefice, or little by little by the confinement, you remain to hold light the banner of the human vindications, and to accomplished redemption".

And again: "Do not desperate, comrade, of the cruelty of the human events. Out of every little doctrine all too small and inadequate, out of every party, petty and inefficient for the great problems of the human justice and freedom—will ripen the historical nemesy and the inevitable palingenesy".

He began translating passages from Italian books into English, things which interested him, and which he wanted Cornelia to understand; he would take her criticisms and study them, and then try again—a correspondence course in composition, having the added

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excitement of a race with the executioner. He wrote:

"I was very beneficiated by your last visit and English-lesson. In a letter received tonight, one Friend tells me that my English is not perfect. I am still laughing for such a pious euphension. Why do not say horrible? Nevertheless, I can made a better translation than the one in argument. I did it as I did for an experiment, to prove if an almost letterally translation is intelligible. I show it to some friends, asking them if they understand it. The answer was 'yes,' while it should have been 'no,' that I might have remade the work with much profit and better result.

"Of course, as the writing is beautiful in its original, and as I labored very much at the dictionary, so I was thinking to have accomplished something worth and the disillution was, as almost all disillatin, rather cruel. But when a poor one is surrounded by many great difficulties, the small ones appear always a joke to him, and after your visit I found myself in the best of the mood—that is, I was decided to do in the future as much more good than the much bad I did in the past. I analyzed attentively the original—it is almost impossible intellectual pleasure—which for hours has made me forget myself, the cell, and the other sorrowy things."

II

Cornelia's contribution to the defense was to be a pamphlet telling the story of the case, and summarizing the evidence of the two trials. The procedures that she had watched with horror in Plymouth and Dedham she would now set down in black and white, so that her friends could take them home and study them. In the apartment on the north side of Beacon Hill sat the little old lady all day, her shoulders stooped over a volume of typewritten testimony, and sheaves of pencil-notes scattered over the vacant places in the room.

Betty and Joe came to help, and they sorted and classified and compared, and argued over this detail and that: identification testimony relating to Sacco, relating to Vanzetti, relating to both and to neither; alibi testimony, and refutation thereof; testimony relating to Sacco's cap and to Vanzetti's pistol—where was it Bart had said he had never fired the gun with which he had been arrested? Where was it that Katzman asked him his reason for concealing the price he had paid for the gun? Betty would search, and Joe would search, and they filled note-books with lists of cross-references. The half dozen thick volumes of typewritten testimony began to show signs of wear, and had to be bound more tightly. Precious objects they were, having cost the defense two or three thousand dollars of hard-begged money.

Cornelia was finding that as she grew older she wanted less and less sleep. Life was becoming more precious as its supply ran out, and nature was trying to save every moment. She would awaken at three or four o'clock in the morning, and the details of the pamphlet would come swarming into her mind; she would wonder about this point and that, and presently decide she might as well get up and go to work. The pamphlet grew to the size of a book and would have become an encyclopedia if they had let it. Then began the painful process of cutting down and summarizing; and every time they left out a point, it seemed that the life of Bart and Nick hung upon the decision.

Lee Swenson was retiring from the case; he had done his best, he said, and failed; now let some one else have a try. There were tears in the eyes of both when he said goodbye to Cornelia.

Fred Moore was taking over the case; a lawyer less hated by the authorities, it was hoped—though this proved a delusion. He was younger than Swenson, an Irishman and a fighter, wrapped up in the labor cause; a strange combination of emotional temperament and keen analytical brain; a man who suffered deeply—as all men did who took up the cause of the underdog in America. He, like Swenson, had witnessed dreadful things, and told Cornelia stories of savagery and corruption which made her shudder.

It was Moore's task to prepare the appeal to the Supreme Judicial Court from the various rulings of Judge Thayer at the Dedham trial. To this end there must be drawn up what was known as a "bill of exceptions" in the case: that is to say, a list of the objections which the defense had made to the judge's rulings, together with the testimony concerned. It amounted to a summary of the case, giving the essentials which the higher court would need; and it was necessary that the defense, the prosecution and the judge should agree to every word. The three parties had to sit day by day at a table, with a copy of the testimony before them, marking the passages to be recopied and phrasing

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summaries of the rest. A long, slow job, for which Judge Thayer had allowed from the middle of July to the first of November. Thayer, Moore and an assistant district attorney did the work.

III

It was going to cost eighteen thousand dollars to print the "bill of exceptions"—two elaborate volumes; to say nothing of lawyers' fees, and office expenses, and the cost of raising the money. You got lists of names—members of radical organizations, subscribers to liberal papers, contributors to charity organizations, members of women's clubs—anybody who might have either a heart or a conscience; you got typists and had envelopes addressed, and prepared a begging circular and mailed it, and then with the money that came in you got more lists and more typists and more circulars—it was the wheel of life.

But the returns did not come fast enough. The case was lagging, threatening to die. The men were in jail, and they stayed there, and the public wanted to go to sleep and forget them. Look at Mooney and Billings out in California, exclaimed the young radicals—whom everybody knew to be innocent, yet they stayed in prison, forgotten — several years already, and it would be many, many more. The friends of the defense were not content to have lawyers pore over the testimony and appeal to a court without a heart; they wanted to dramatize the case, to find new evidence, to break down the witnesses of the government, above all to catch the real criminals who had done the murders. They wanted to have mass-meetings in the cities, to have the story of this Massachusetts frame-up told to labor audiences. Naturally it occurred to them to think what an impression it would make if a woman of Mrs. Thornwell's respectability and prestige would take the platform! They wanted Cornelia to go to New York and address a meeting; and when she realized that there was no other way to get the indispensable money, she consented.

The Thornwell clan turned the matter over to Henry Cabot Winters, because of his sense of humor, which they did not understand nor like, but which they knew was the only hope. Rupert would put the information department of the Pilgrim National Bank at his service, and Rupert himself would call upon the representative of the Federal secret service in Boston. Henry would see the district attorney, and altogether they would make a real effort, and pull the poor distracted old lady out of this mess.

Henry telephoned Cornelia, who was not supposed to know about this conspiracy. When she heard that her son-in-law wanted to be invited to dinner in about a week, she laughed. "Are you going to bring that information you have been promising?"

"If it isn't too late, Mother. I know I have neglected you—but I've been so frightfully busy! Now we've got another extension on the Jerry Walker case, so I have a little breathing space. If it's not too late, I really would like to take a week off and see what I can find out about your friends and their problem."

"That's very good of you, Henry; but you know we have no way to pay for such distinguished legal services."

"You pay with your company, Mother. We are growing some dewberries on our place that are as long as your thumb; I'll send you some in the morning. And I'll bring a bottle of Madeira—the real thing, because I am the only person that knows the combination to the vault!"

IV

Cornelia did her own shopping. She got a live and lively lobster. She got a small chicken, and some green peas, and a head of lettuce, and climbed the hill with them in a little basket, smiling to herself—it was old, *old* "Boston"! The Negro maid was a-flutter, and Cornelia was a-flutter—treating Henry as if he were royalty. The remarkable dewberries had been brought by the chauffeur, each wrapped separately in tissue paper, to keep it from a bruise; they now reposed in whipped cream and sugar, on top of a thin flaky cake.

Exactly at the moment of seven-thirty came the great lawyer, dressed as if he were the principal orator at a banquet of the bar association, treating Cornelia as if she were royalty.

Henry liked a good dinner just enough to make it worth while to fix it for him, yet not enough to be gross. He praised everything, while the maid was in the room, so that she stood transfigured into a double row of shining white teeth. It was picturesque to have a mother-in-law who lived in a tenement; it was elegant to know that she was just as completely a lady, and served just as good a dinner, as if she were on the other side of Beacon Hill. All this stayed in the back-

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ground of your thoughts and upheld you in the hours when you thought about your hysterical wife or your son who had the constitution and structure of a marshmallow, or your money-making, which brought you law-suits and scandals.

They sipped the real Madeira, and gossiped about amusing aspects of family life. Quincy Thornwell, incorrigible bachelor, had been smitten by the widow of a banker; would she have him, and what would they do with her three children, and what about the family, the new cousins and "in-laws" that would be added to the Thornwell clan? Andrew Alvin had been thrown from his polo-pony and got a broken shoulder. A certain fast-riding young lady was setting her cap at Andrew; her father had made many millions out of war-contracts, and now they were trying to "break in". Would Andrew condescend or wouldn't he? It was typical "Boston" conversation.

V

With Madeira warming his stomach and the smoke of a cigar about his head, Henry Cabot Winters sat by the open window, the sound of children shouting in the street below helping to make privacy for conversation. "Well, Mother, I have been making a few inquiries about those adopted sons of yours. I've brought some documents." He pointed to a leather brief-case, stuffed to capacity, which lay upon the sofa.

"What did you find?"

"They had a cache of dynamite and on the night of the arrest they were getting Boda's car to move the stuff to a safer place."

"How did you learn that, Henry?" Cornelia tried to keep her tone playful.

"Needless to say, men who make and plant bombs to destroy their enemies do not invite me to their meetings. I have no first-hand knowledge of the fact—"

"Let's cut short the preliminaries, Henry. You have been talking to the police, and that is what their under-cover agents have brought them. Did they tell you that Rosina Sacco once had her husband in court for failure to support her?"

"No."

"That's another of the stories they are circulating; I can tell you a dozen, if you're interested. They say the fifty dollars poor Bart sent to Tresca to help pay Salsedo's lawyer was part of the loot of the South Braintree crime. But I happened to know that Bart had saved up about four hundred dollars out of his fish business. Tell me, do your police friends know what became of the sixteen or seventeen thousand dollars those bandits got?"

"They tell me it went to Italy, Mother."

"I see! When they started out they were sure it was in Coacci's trunk. When they didn't find it there, they decided it was buried in Sacco's garden. Now, they say it went to Italy. Have they given you any real evidence about it?"

"No, Mother."

"Well, then, the situation is this: all the resources of state and Federal secret service have been used, and they have never been able to find that the group or any individual connected with the group has had any unusual amount of money, or has spent much money for anything; they have not one trace of a clue. Poor little Boda, whom they call a pay-roll bandit, had a car that was in hospital all winter—"

"That wasn't the car he drove, Mother."

"Can you prove that he drove any other car?"

"There is reason for believing it."

"Well, it wasn't a good enough reason to be put before the jury. Web Thayer threw Boda out of the case—but now you bring him back! I knew him well, a friendly little fellow, a salesman of macaroni—"

"Is that what he told you, Mother? He was a salesman of whiskey."

"I wouldn't dispute that; too many of the Italians are. But you can't find fault with him—you who are a buyer of whiskey."

"Not of Boda's kind, Mother!"

"That is a chemical distinction—or esthetic—or financial—not a legal one. As you well know, the demand makes the supply. But you haven't come to argue with me about prohibition, Henry—let me see what you've got."

VI

Cornelia watched with curiosity what came out of the brief-case: quantities of typewritten stuff bound together, reports and correspondence. Henry would no doubt be able to get access to secret service records; or Rupert would get them for him. Would it be ethical to ask him for answers to some of the problems which had been tormenting the defense?

Cornelia saw some red-bound pamphlets, then a red-bound book. "Is that some of the literature Vanzetti had? Or some they got at Sacco's house?"

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"They didn't get much at Sacco's, Mother; his wife had burned most of it. I am told the defense lawyers wanted some, and all they could find was a four-volume technical work on the chemistry of explosives. Is that so?"

"You have come to bring me things, Henry, not to get them."

"Yes, but you ought to meet me half way. You don't really *want* to be fooled, do you?"

"Not in the least, Henry. I want all the real knowledge I can get.

"Let me ask you: did you ever sit down and think seriously and honestly whether it might be possible that these men had connections with the fighting crowd?"

"Are you talking about bombs, now—or about banditry?"

"Let us begin with bombs."

"I have lain awake many a night debating it with myself. About Sacco I have to say that I don't know; I never knew him well enough—and of course I can't find out now; one does not talk about such things to him or to his friends. But I really knew Bart, and I try to imagine him committing an action that would destroy human life. He would have had to do it in a moment of rage against social injustice; he talked violently, and he would have fought the police on the picket-line. But to prepare in cold blood to blow a man up with a bomb—I try to imagine it, and it simply cannot be done—it is not my Bart any longer. I never knew a man who had more tenderness and pity. So I say: 'It might have been. I cannot be sure'. But you know, Henry, I lived in a crowded little place with him for over a year, and I never heard—"

"Your hearing anything was handicapped by the fact that you didn't understand his language, Mother."

"That is true. I learned to understand simple things, but not political discussions, of course."

"Did you read his literature?"

"No, only what he translated to me."

"In other words, what he considered proper for you to know—the sentimental and idealistic part. Did you ever see a book called *Faccia à Faccia col Nemico*—that is to say, 'Face to Face with the Enemy'?" And Henry held up a thick book, bound in red paper covers.

VII

The little room in the apartment on the north side of Beacon Hill vanished, taking with it two years and a half of tragic history. Bart was a free man, selling fish in Plymouth, and Cornelia and Betty were paying him a visit, a few days before Betty's sailing for Europe. There came two Italians with a motorcycle and a side-car, Coacci and Orciani, bringing a heavy package which Bart showed to Cornelia, with a twinkle in his dark eyes, saying that it was a bomb. He opened it, and showed her what he called "mental dinnameet". "I take heem queek, I get him distriboot, never let polissman get heem, giammai!"

"Yes, Henry," said Cornelia, "I have seen that book."

"Bart's group were the publishers of it, were they not?"

"Yes."

"But you never read it?"

"No, Mr. Katzmann!"

"Mr. Katzmann is relieved to hear you say so. It is a dreadful book, Mother."

"I know that it contains the life-stories of various anarchist martyrs. They were fighting for liberty in Europe, Henry—"

"Yes, if you insist—for liberty of a sort. But the point to get clear is that they were fighting with bombs and the assassin's dagger. Without exception, they were men who did such terrorist acts; and all of them were idealists—many of them men of fine personal morality—who wouldn't eat meat, or would step aside to avoid killing a bug. They correspond in every way to your boys—with the single exception that they admitted their guilt, and boasted of it."

"A considerable difference, Henry."

"Not when you consider the special circumstances. There is no hope for a revolution in America, but there is hope in Italy—or there was two years ago; so America is the place where money is collected, and Italy the place where it is spent."

"You are talking about banditry again, now?"

"I am talking about both; for they are mixed up together in this book. I felt sure you hadn't read it, so I had some translating done; a few passages that are crucial I took the trouble to verify myself, looking up word after word in the dictionary, so that I could assure you I wasn't being fooled by the police."

"That was very patient of you, Henry." She saw the deep anxiety on the face of her son-in-law, and understood that he had come to wrestle with the powers of darkness for her soul.

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"Here, for example, is a passage from the introduction. It tells us that these martyrs are worthy of emulation, and that we must not let the world's disapproval influence or frighten us. Listen:

" 'To the latest critics of anarchism Ravachol appears a detestable degenerate; Caserio an epileptic or a paranoiac; Bresci a desperate self-destroyer. . . . But to the modern free people the enormous importance of individual acts of revolt remains unchallenged as a promise and a symptom. . . . Such acts are the thousand-year stones of the great revolution; the first abrupt, short-lived sparks which the ashes of indifference easily cover and preserve, to be revived stronger than ever by, and added to, the great fire of freedom.'

"Now, Mother, why do men write and print and circulate words like that, unless they mean what they say? Read the book, and you discover that Ravachol was a bandit-anarchist; he made a business of robbing the rich and giving the money to the poor. He was scrupulous about it, never keeping a penny for himself."

"I know about Ravachol." Cornelia's voice was somewhat faint. "Pierre Leon told me about him in Europe." And she added: "I am arguing against violence on both sides, Henry; and neither will pay attention to me".

VIII

Henry Cabot Winters was not interested in pacifism; he was turning over the pages of the red-bound book. He came over and laid it on the arm of the Morris chair in which his mother-in-law sat. "Look at that!" he said. "A diagram of one of the bombs used by the assassins. Is that strictly historical information? Or is it literary? Don't you think it is possible that the men who printed that picture might have had in mind that bombs could still be made that way? There are nearly five hundred pages of such stuff, Mother, and it's only one out of scores I have examined. Here is the leaflet, 'Plain Words'. Have you read that?"

"Yes, but I don't think Vanzetti had anything to do with it."

"Here is 'Fight for Your Lives'. Here is a book by Johann Most—an Italian translation. I am told, Mother, that when Swenson and Moore went over Vanzetti's anarchist books to get some exhibits for the jury, they had to reject most of them because they were too violent. They could only use the others because the jury couldn't read them! Maybe you know if that is true."

"Maybe I do, and maybe I don't, Henry."

"Don't worry, Mother. This is a family matter."

"Go ahead and tell me what you know."

"I know that those fellows were up to some devilment the night they were arrested. They told a tangle of lies to the police—"

"You must know what had happened to Salsedo and Elia."

"Yes, and it was a good reason for lying that night. But why go on lying for a year afterwards, when they knew what they were arrested for, and knew their lies had all been nailed down? Why go on lying to their own lawyers? I am told that Swenson and Moore couldn't get the truth out of them at any time—and we don't have to rely on police files for that, Mother, it is in the record. Were you there the day Tom McAnarney cross-examined the couple—what were their names? —Sacco and Vanzetti came to their house the night of the arrest."

"The Johnsons. Yes, I heard that."

"Well, the cross-examination aimed to show that the Johnsons weren't sure about recognizing the men. In other words, Sacco and Vanzetti were going to deny they were there, and only after the trial started did they decide on the other story—that they had been hiding anarchist literature. I am told that the men's own lawyers know they were hiding dynamite—the men have admitted it."

"All I can tell you, Henry, is this—if it's true, the lawyers haven't told me."

"They wouldn't. I am just trying to convince you that those two adopted sons of yours are not sentimental pacifists and saints."

"I never thought that of them, Henry."

"Well, it's what your literature is telling the public. You are collecting money on that basis, from persons who wouldn't give it on any other."

"I am telling the public I believe the men to be innocent of the crime of which they have been convicted; that I attended both trials, and consider them travesties of justice. That is all I can tell, because it is all I know."

"Not quite all, Mother—if you will pardon me for reminding you. Will you tell the public what doctrine these men taught? Will you say they circulated books calling for bombings, and giving diagrams of bombs? Will you say they praised as heroes men who committed crimes very similar to the one at

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South Braintree—that is, of course, assuming that the money went to be used in the revolutionary cause?"

IX

There was a long silence; and Henry, looking at the little old lady in the Morris chair, saw tears running down her cheeks. His tone became gentler. "I can understand that it hurts, Mother."

"No, you can't understand," she said, and made a quick dab with her handkerchief. "You don't know what my tears mean."

"I know that you have trusted people, and they have imposed upon your faith. Naturally it hurts you to face the fact."

"No, my son, not that at all. I know Vanzetti so much better than you can imagine—it is as if he were sitting in this room, listening to the conversation, and explaining matters to me. When I face the thought that he might have been an active terrorist, then I think, not that he deceived me—of course he would have had to deceive me, for his friend's sake, if not for his own—but how he must have suffered—more even than I guessed!"

"The persons who were blown up with bombs also suffered, Mother."

"Yes, I know, and that is what the world thinks of, inevitably. The bombs were aimed at members of our class, and they were highly inconvenient. But you see I have been trying to understand both sides; to find out, not merely how bombs are made, but how bomb-makers are made. While you hear dynamite exploding, I hear policemen's clubs falling on strikers' heads. Don't forget I was on the picket-line, and heard that sound; I saw such crimes committed; I said to myself: 'Never again will I blame these workers for anything they do!' I said 'anything', Henry—and now I don't forget that I said it."

"I know, Mother—"

"You don't know! You haven't the remotest idea! You cannot dream what it feels like to be down there in the social pit, stamped upon by the hob-nailed boots of policemen, and the iron-shod hoofs of horses! To have clubs splitting your skull, or beating your flesh black and blue! Remember, I saw Vanzetti carry a half-conscious man off the picket-line; I sat by while he bathed the broken head; I saw him weeping; I heard him babbling like a child, incoherent, hysterical, with mingled grief and rage. He has that temperament. He suffers more than either you or I do—he cares—that is the difference, he really cares! You and I care whether we have our dinner in proper style, whether the Madeira is real or not, whether the lobster was alive or not, whether the chicken is the right age and the salad dressing sufficiently solid, whether we have got on the right costume and the right tie, whether we hold our knives and forks the right way, whether we make a sufficient display of worldly cynicism, whether we are sufficiently skeptical about all enthusiasms, sufficiently dead to faith, hope and charity—"

"Now, Mother!"

"I know, you bring me facts, Henry—take a few in return! I could go over our conversation point by point, every remark we made about other people and about life, and that would be it. Last week it was Quincy sitting there, and he told me the latest from Mrs. Jack's sickroom: they came to ask for a contribution to the Charitable Eye and Ear Infirmary of Boston, and she said, 'I didn't know there was a charitable eye or ear in Boston'. That is our wit, Henry, the tone of our world. We are raising our young people on it—and then wonder why they are going to the devil!"

"You are setting me a large problem now, Mother."

"No problem at all! We are living off the labor of these wops whom we despise and hold in order with clubs and bayonets. Think of it, Henry—that man whose head I saw split open was getting nine dollars a week to keep a family on, and his crime was that he was asking twelve. We women were getting six dollars a week, and our crime was that we were asking eight—and Vanzetti's crime was helping us!"

X

The little white-haired old lady had got up from her chair during this stump speech. The poor soul was bound to be humiliated, having the truth pointed out to her; she would have to excuse herself, and blame somebody else—it was human nature. Henry understood psychology, and sat patiently waiting for the storm to blow over.

Cornelia began telling the story of Sacco as Sacco had told it to her. He had been in the Milford foundry-strike, and had been knocked down on the picket-line, and then thrown into jail. The police had followed their usual tactics of knocking down wholesale, for the purpose of breaking the courage of the workers; it was all that anybody in New England knew or thought about industry, it was the

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"American plan"—so said the widow of the late Governor Thornwell, pouring out her bitterness. "And remember, Henry, while you are bringing your indictment against these wops, they learned their anarchism right here in New England. Nick was a perfectly ignorant working-boy when he came, and Bart was a religious dreamer, slightly touched with utopianism. If they became militants and terrorists, we taught it to them!"

"They learned it in a foreign language, Mother; and certainly they followed foreign models."

"That is true enough. But men don't act upon what they read in books; they act upon the realities of their daily lives. The principal fact in Bart's life for the past few years has been the war. To abolish the slaughter of workingmen for the profit of masters—that has been his leading thought, even since I have been his friend."

"Does he expect to stop war by blowing people up with bombs?"

"Militant anarchists do; they think that if enough workers would resist, forcibly, to the death—if enough of them were willing to be martyrs—the capitalist class would lose its pleasure in exploitation. Whether that is right or wrong is another question—but that is what the militant anarchist thinks. And watching the thing as I have done, it seems that you men who are running our country want to prove him right, because you shut off every avenue of redress and hope. You corrupt politics, so that it is a piece of rusty junk instead of a running machine. You make the law into a net of red-tape, in which the worker is tied hand and foot. You make the newspapers a mess of falsehood and sensation. Your colleges are busy turning young men into quick climbers. Your churches have no time for social justice—they are turning prayer-wheels and saying magic words—"

"In short, Mother, there is nothing left but dynamite!" There was a touch of acid in the great lawyer's tone; it was getting to be a very long stump-speech.

"There are two things for the rebel, Henry; one is to die suffering, and the other is to die fighting. I try to persuade them that the former is more effective in the long run, but I can't always get them to see it. Sometimes I imagine there is a pleading look in Bart's eyes, as if he would like to tell me that he wishes he had taken my advice."

"Yes, I know," said Henry, "we are familiar with the fact that men are militants until they get caught, and pacifists afterwards. It is the purpose of jails to effect that transformation."

XI

This duel of moral forces continued until the arrival of Betty and Joe, who had been to a theatre and then walked home. When they entered the living-room and saw the little white-haired old lady in the Morris chair looking so anxious and strained, and the great lawyer completely surrounded by an array of documents, it seemed to Betty that the combat was one-sided. "Well, Grannie dear, has he succeeded in convincing you that our boys are bandits? Or is it dynamiters they are, Uncle Henry?"

"Henry," said Cornelia, "these young persons are so clever I cannot keep anything to myself."

Said Betty, "The efforts of my family to keep me in the nursery at the age of twenty-three are mysteriously unsuccessful! I suppose Father and Uncle Henry have been interviewing the police, and getting all the dirt on Bart and Nick. Let me tell you some, Uncle Henry—I understand that Captain Proctor interviewed all the witnesses, and told Mike Stewart he had got the wrong men, and wouldn't have any more to do with the case. Is that true?"

"I haven't talked with Proctor," said the lawyer.

"Well, you could help us so much, if you only would, Uncle Henry; I'm told that Chief Gallivan of South Braintree says the whole thing was a frame-up. Make him talk. Make Katzmann give us the address of Roy Gould, the man who got a bullet through his overcoat. And those witnesses that Mike Stewart had at the Brockton police-station—surely our good uncle who loves us ought to get their names!"

The "good uncle" continued to wear the genial smile which was part of his stock in trade as man-of-the-world. He was interested in the phenomenon known as the "new generation". He looked at this vision in pale blue chiffon, with a little basket of blue straw turned upside down on her hair, cut like a boy's; her cheeks shining from a long walk, apparently without the artificial aids which were coming to be the fashion, even among the blue-bloods. An amazing thing that a girl with such charms, who might have gone anywhere, should be devoting herself exclusively to Bolsheviks!

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Said Betty, as fast as her thoughts: "Grannie, you look tired; you have been worrying! Is it because the police say the money went to Italy, to make an anarchist revolution? Or have they found out that Bart and Nick were hiding dynamite the night they were arrested?"

"You seem to be well informed, my dear niece," said the lawyer.

"Some day, Uncle Henry, after our boys are on the street—or in their graves, whichever it is—I'll tell you what I know about the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and you'll think you are listening to the memoirs of Mata Hari, the international spy."

Henry Cabot Winters still wore his smile; but it was not in his voice as he said, "My niece does not seem to be much horrified at the idea of blowing people up with bombs".

"Uncle Henry, to be blown up with a bomb seems to me a nice clean experience compared with things I saw in Europe caused by the greed of elderly statesmen."

"So then, because statesmen blundered—"

"Blundering had no part in it, Uncle Henry—they knew exactly what they wanted, and they took it. It is the organized greed called patriotism that I'm talking about. And while I'm sick of all kinds of killing, it is the men who kill for greed that I am out to get. Those who kill for a cause, no matter how mistaken—those who risk their lives for the good of the workers—seem to me to shine with a bright light in comparison."

"That halo extends to bandits, my dear niece?"

"I will answer you, Uncle Henry, that small bandits break the law and are punished, while big bandits make the law and go free."

Cornelia thought that conversation had gone far enough. In a minute more the child would be referring to the Jerry Walker case! "Betty dear, if you love me—"

"Love you, Grannie? I love you enough to let you think your own thoughts and live your own life, which is more than anybody else will do for you. I love you so much that I will suppress my combative impulses, and show respect to my elders. Uncle Henry, I understand what you are driving at—you're asking if there's any chance that Nick Sacco was one of those wild boys who think they can bring about the social revolution by taking away the money of the rich? I have speculated about it until I am dizzy, and my answer is that I don't know. The men who did the job know, and others whom they may have taken into their confidence; but I don't happen to be among these. The spies who bring tales to the police are earning their livings by pretending to know what they only guess, and the information that comes in that way is not fit to hang a dog on. So I can only say that I refuse to guess and I refuse to fool myself. I know this much and no more—our boys have not been proved guilty, and their two trials were a farce. That seems to me enough for any fair person to ask. Is that a respectable answer, Grannie?"

"Yes, dear—"

"All right; and if it won't be presuming, you look very tired and I think we ought to adjourn and talk about something cheerful. May I tell them the news, Joe?"

Joe Randall, who realized that he did not have even the status of an "in-law" in this family, had retired to a corner of the room and lighted a cigarette. "It's all right with me," he said.

"Well, Joe has a telegram advising him that the divorce decree has been made final, so tomorrow we are going to be married, and the shadow of the great scandal will be lifted from the family."

Henry Cabot Winters behaved with the extreme of gallantry. "Permit me to offer my congratulations," he said, and held out his hand to the bridegroom. The family solidarity was going to be preserved, in spite of everything! Cornelia had her Bolshevik granddaughter in her arms and was weeping on her shoulder in orthodox family fashion.

XII

The marriage of Elizabeth Thornwell Alvin to Joseph Jefferson Randal took place in what was known as the "Community Church", a gathering-place of eccentric persons who worshipped the ideal of brotherhood embodied in the personality of "Comrade Jesus". As this ancient Hebrew agitator had been born in a stable, his followers had purchased an old garage on Beacon Hill, and made it over with whitewash and lively red and blue paint.

So, on a warm afternoon of early autumn there appeared several automobiles in front of Number 6, Byron Street, and there entered Betty and Joe and Cornelia, with half a dozen other rebels old and young, and as many wide-awake and observant young men, who came to make certain that a member of their profession did not marry the daughter of the most powerful banker in town without a proper front page send-off. They would be

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loyal to him; those who happened to know that he had had a former wife would not mention it. They would "play up" the note of social drama—the press agent of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense marrying into the sacred Brahmin caste! The young couple were going to spend their honeymoon in a factory, getting first-hand information as to the lives of the workers; the daughter of the most powerful banker in Boston had actually got a job in a paper-box factory, at a little less than two dollars a day, and promised to live on it for a year!

When the reporters actually got upon the scene, and witnessed the big shiny limousine of the Alvins, with a chauffeur in uniform, and an equipage equally costly for the bride's sister, and yet another for an aunt—only then did they realize the explosive power of the story. This wasn't merely a local story, this was an "A. P. story"! The reporter for the Hearst paper had an inspiration; it was a "sociological marriage"!

The story "took" so well that the word went forth to follow it up. The reporters tracked the bride to the paper-box factory, and took pictures of her at work. They tracked her to the little apartment where the "sociological honeymoon" was to be passed, and published her in a fifty-cent apron, frying her first supper of bacon and eggs; they gave the price of all the ingredients, and a schedule of the "sociological budget". They interviewed the ardent young lady propagandist on every subject with which her father could fail to agree: trial marriages, love and freedom, birth control, social justice, the banking system, capital and labor, the Lucy Stone League. Nor did they fail to call up the palace on the North Shore, and ask if Mrs. Alvin would come to the phone, and hear a summary of her daughter's opinions, and say whether her husband would agree with them!

XIII

One of the McAnarney brothers, attorneys for the defense, got into conversation with old Mr. Ripley, the flag-saluting foreman of the jury, and was told, quite casually, that this foreman had had revolver cartridges similar to the ones which had been found upon Sacco, and that Ripley had marked them, taken them into the jury room and shown them to some of the jurors, comparing them with the exhibits of the prosecution. A thrill of excitement ran through the Sacco-Vanzetti defense; here, as in the Plymouth trial, was evidence improperly introduced, never seen by the defense. As fate willed it, Ripley died before his testimony could be taken. But the jurors were interviewed, and several swore that they had seen the cartridges; Ripley's widow had seen them also.

It was the first of a series of motions for new trials, which were to engross the friends of the defense for a period of six years. The "Ripley motion", and then the "Daley motion"—Daley was the friend of Ripley who told of the conversation at the railroad station, when Ripley said that he was on the way to report for jury duty in the case of a couple of "guinneys" accused of banditry, and, "Damn them, they ought to hang anyhow".

Then came a letter from Frank Burke, the exhibitor of glass-blowing, telling how he had run into Roy Gould, the salesman of shaving-paste. The mystery of the man with the bullet-hole through his overcoat solved at last! Gould had been up in Nova Scotia but now he was in Portland, Maine. Fred Moore jumped on a train, and the friends of the defense got their greatest thrill. For it was just as they had been told—Gould had been within five or ten feet of the bandit who was supposed to be Sacco, and this bandit had fired at him and pierced his overcoat. Gould came to Dedham jail and looked at Sacco, and said that he had never seen him before—that he bore no resemblance to the bandit.

So the Boston papers broke into headlines: "New Evidence in Sacco Case", and hope sprang to life in every heart. Surely there would be a new trial now! Surely it would not be possible to execute a man when it was known that evidence of such importance had been deliberately withheld from the jury! For that was what had happened—the salesman of shaving-paste had given his name to a police officer, and this officer made affidavit that he had turned it in to both the local and the state police. Captain Proctor had had it!

To ardent young radicals that seemed a scandal of major proportions, and they proceeded to send out press items and to print leaflets and mail circulars—only to discover that nobody was interested except ardent young radicals. The great Commonwealth was content to leave the matter to what it called "the orderly processes of law"—which meant precisely this and nothing else: that affidavits would be typed out and sworn to, and submitted in a motion to Judge Thayer, who would take a year to study over them, and would then produce one of his famous

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decisions, in which the entire proposition would be misrepresented, and every argument of the defense would be met by answers to some other argument which the defense had never thought!

In this case the old judge's decision was such as to cause people to wonder whether his hatred had not driven him insane. He gave his reason for denying the motion in the following words: "The affiant (Gould) never saw Sacco, according to his affidavit, from April 15th, 1920, the day of the murder, until November 10, 1921, when he went to Dedham jail at the request of Mr. Moore. In other words, the affiant must have carried a correct mental photograph in his mind of Sacco for practically eighteen months, when he only had a glance in which to take this photograph on the day of the murder". Web Thayer actually wrote these words, and read them from the bench, and caused them to be printed in the law-books—along with the affidavit of Gould, which stated in the plainest possible words, not merely that Gould had not seen Sacco on April 15th, 1920, but that Gould had never seen Sacco in his life until the occasion when he saw him in Dedham jail, eighteen months after the crime, and three months after the conviction!

XIV

And then the Pelzer motion. Pelzer made an affidavit to the effect that his identification of Sacco was false, and that the words, "his dead image", had been put into his mouth by the assistant district attorney, Harold Williams, whom the august Commonwealth was soon to make into a superior court judge.

And then the Goodridge motion. The defense got on the trail of the prosecution's star witness, the several-times-convicted crook, and obtained all his record, the jail sentences, the numerous wives, and the warrant for horse-stealing in New York State, which would have meant a long sentence, as a third conviction. Fred Moore and another man ran their quarry down in the little town of Vassalboro, Maine, and saw him hold out his wrists for the hand-cuffs. Moore was naïve enough to be surprised that the authorities did not want this crook any more—not in Maine, nor in New York, nor in Massachusetts could the machinery of exact and impartial justice be prodded into action. Moore being an Irishman, and emotional, was emphatic with his victim, and brought down upon his head a stern rebuke from the just and upright Webster Thayer, J., for his handling of this witness. Which was all that came of the "Goodridge motion"!

And then the Andrews motion. The son of "Fainting Lola" was discovered, also living among the "Mainiacs". He consented to come to meet his mother, who was working as a waitress. He reminded her of various emotional dramas in which she had played a rôle; with the result that Lola had more hysterics, and broke down and admitted that her testimony against Sacco had been framed. In the presence of two well-known labor leaders she signed an affidavit, declaring that her reason for swearing Sacco's life away was that "the Commonwealth was in possession of facts relative to the private life of the affiant which the affiant was not desirous of having brought out on the witness stand", and that by threats based on that knowledge she was "coerced and intimidated". She named the four men who had done this; one was Mike Stewart, inventor of the "theory", another was Brouillard, a police-officer, the third was Harold Williams, soon to be a judge, and the fourth was District Attorney Frederick G. Katzmann.

Another thrill ran through the little band of defenders. For Lola Andrews had been the other star-witness of the prosecution—it was she of whom Katzmann had said with such intense solemnity to the jury, "I cannot recall that ever before I have laid eye or given ear to so convincing a witness as Lola Andrews". Even the capitalist newspapers were moved to protest now; the Boston *American* declared that either Lola was crazy "or else someone in the district attorney's office at that time ought to be arrested and tried for attempted murder". Upon reading that, the police authorities of the august Commonwealth got busy—not to arrest themselves for attempted murder, but to compel Lola and Louis to sign new affidavits, declaring that their previous affidavits were false, and had been obtained by theats from the defense lawyers.

It was necessary to the perfection of the Sacco-Vanzetti melodrama that the victims should have continual evidence of the venality of their persecutors. The Great Novelist arranged it that three more times during the next six years emissaries should come to the defense, pointing out the folly of spending so much money upon lawyers' fees and circulars,

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when the small sum of fifty thousand dollars slipped to the right lawyers would set their two friends "on the street". And lest the young radicals should be unable to believe that these emissaries really possessed the power they claimed, the Great Novelist caused what was known as the "Coakley-Pelletier scandal" to break into continuous explosion, after the fashion of Chinese firecrackers strung on a line all the way along a city street. For months the newspapers were filled with picturesque details about the crimes and sexual misadventures of Boston millionaires, and the prices they had paid to politicians and officials.

Dan Coakley was a Democratic lawyer, who had run the city of Cambridge for some twenty years: a lively personality who had begun life as a street-car conductor and had given up his job when the company installed machines to register fares. He had his license as a conductor, signed by the superintendent of the company, with the words scrawled across it: "Discharged for neglect of duty". It had amused Dan to frame this document, and hang it in his law-office.

The district attorney of Suffolk County, which includes the city of Boston, was "Joe" Pelletier, and it was his job to drop charges against wealthy criminals, after they had paid proper retaining fees to the proper lawyers. This had been going on for so many years that the ring had got bold, and had taken to framing cases. This was a different matter. The "ring" had a regularly paid staff of women, and three apartments in the Back Bay.

It was after the trapping of Josiah Thornwell Winters that the blue-bloods decided to smash this ring. Councils were held in the Union Club, and a citizen who had no scandals was found—the head of the Watch and Ward Society—and persuaded to the dangerous job, Godfrey L. Cabot. Before he got through it was a well-known name to the readers of Boston newspapers. For of course the ring knew what he was doing before he knew it himself, and set traps for him after a fashion too fantastic for anything but reality. Mr. Cabot got a dictaphone in Coakley's office, and hired a spy to hire himself to Coakley and arrange to bribe Pelletier. But presently the spy was arrested, and Godfrey L. Cabot was indicted for hiring a man to offer bribes. The climax of hilarity came when it was revealed that it was Dan who had hired the spy to get himself hired by Godfrey to come and hire Dan to bribe Joe!

Dan Coakley was indicted and tried. The blue-bloods employed no less than thirty-six detectives to guard the jury; but somebody "fixed" ten of them, so it was said—anyhow, Dan was acquitted. But he was disbarred from practice; and Pelletier was removed from office and disbarred. But not until he had gone up and down the country telling what he knew about his enemies. He announced himself as candidate for mayor—plain Irish-Catholic "Joe", friend of the common man, persecuted by holier-than-thou exploiters and wholesale bribe-givers. The common man thought that sounded very good.

But what a shudder in blue-blood circles when this man who knew all secrets got up on the stump and started reciting names, places and dates! Stopping not at the most exalted offices! When he discussed the Supreme Judicial Court, he said things of interest to the friends of Sacco and Vanzetti, who were making such expensive appeals to the supreme judicial virtue of that great tribunal.

"Go up some day and watch the justices of the Supreme Judicial Court file down to the Union Club. Whom do they eat with? The capital interests, the corporation lawyers for the street railway cases, the gas cases, the light cases. These are the men that break bread with them. That may not mean anything to you. If so, bless you for your innocence! I confess to being more suspicious by nature."

Thus Irish-Catholic "Joe", soon to be tried by that same tribunal—and knowing that the verdict had been already arranged at secret councils held in that same Union Club!

CHAPTER SIXTEEN

The Law's Delay

I

Judge Webster Thayer was considering the various motions for a new trial and Bartolomeo Vanzetti was manufacturing automobile license-plates in Charlestown State Prison; in his free time toiling at the task of becoming a master of English prose. He wrote an elaborate pamphlet on the Plymouth case, the importance of which, as a preliminary step to the frame-up, he alone had realized. Then he wrote his "Story of a Proletarian Life", an autobiographical sketch,

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written in Italian, and later translated into English with the help of friends. To Cornelia he wrote, "I have received many praises for it. I must look out to not be spoiled".

There is a story of old-time New England, how the rebel Thoreau refused to pay taxes to a government which captured fugitive slaves. He was put into jail, and his friend Emerson came to see him, somewhat shocked. "Henry, why are you here?" The answer was, "Waldo, why are you *not* here?" This anecdote was recalled by an author who came to visit Vanzetti in his cell at this time, and wrote about the case: "Now, as formerly, Massachusetts has its finest soul in jail". To this Vanzetti replied:

"I understand and appreciate the reasons by which you were adviced to exalt me far above my little merit. If there is a little of goodness in me—I am glad of it—but really I do not deserve your praisers (as they are). I think there are some prisoners within these very four walls wick exile me from society, which are much better than I...Humble I wrote for the humble who must conquire the world to peace and freedom; and I try to make plaine humble but ignored truths."

He studied incessantly, and criticized what he read. "Last evening I read a chapter of the 'psicology' (by William James). I perceive at once to deal with a really great one. He speak with simplicity as Reclu and others did. I will learn a good deal from this lecture. I feel the fever of knowledge in me."

He studied the problems of his own revolutionary movement and contributed to the anarchist press. "Actually I am over-loaded of works. Today, at noon, instead of eat my dinner I have finished the translation—from English into Italian of a quite long article. Beside that I intend to write the last letter upon 'Syndicates and Syndicalism'. I have wrote a historical, theoretic treaty on the subject. I wrote it in epistolary form. They were published—many congratulations came to me—at last the syndacalist replied to me with an article that is a misery."

He grew still more ambitious; he would write a novel! It was to be a story of an immigrant laborer: as he phrased it, "a story that really happened and has me as a spectator". "Events and Victims" was the title he chose, and he labored at it incessantly. He was not satisfied with translations made by friends, and rewrote a great part of it in his own English, patiently groping his way through the labyrinth of strange idioms.

When the long labor was finished, he wrote: "I realize, by proof, how hard the literary test is. I have no illusions. I wrote more for exercise than for anything else, and I perceived to have gained something through it by improving my capacity. The fact told had happened. As for the ideas, they are sincere. But the write was spoiled when it happened that an egg, believed cooked, smashed in my pocket outsetting thus my whole nervous system".

II

Poor old Bart! lovable, queer, slyly humorous fanatic. He appreciated the troubles of his friends, who were not great writers themselves, trying to help one who was excessively ambitious. To Mrs. Evans he wrote:

"A few years ago, a good divvol of comrade, felt to have something to say and wrote it down in an article that he sent to the weekly for publication. In the enclosed letter he said to the edictor: 'I have put down the words; please put down for me the commas and the periods.' To make that written presentable, the poor edictor almost lost his reason and he wrote to the writer: 'Next time, if you wish your article to be published, just put down the commas and the periods that I will put down the words for you."

And then the problem of keeping alive, while spending fifteen and one-half hours a day in a prison-cell! Bart's friend gave him advice, and he himself took much thought. He read the edicts of an American specialist in omniscience, and commented:

"Mr. A. Brisbane always trouble me. Several months ago I read in a book of physical culture, that to sit down is an unhealthy habit and that the more one stand the better he feel. I like to feel well and consequently I took the advice. But today Mr. A. Brisbane tell me that the more we lay down the better it is. So I do not know now what I have to do for my good health. Till now I used to read on my feet, more often leaning like an elephant against the wall; from now I will maibe sit down. Of course, the best way to prevent diseases and troubles to a man is kill him while he feel well. Accept, please, my regards and thanks."

And always with his passionate love of the outdoors, and everything to be found there! In the summer-time Cornelia went to visit friends in the country, near the paper-box factory where Betty and Joe were working.

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Because the strain of her long labors was telling upon her, she took to outdoor work, and wrote much about her adventures. Bart replied:

"I am still smiling—to not say laughing. Yes, I would be very amused to see you work in your garden, for I alway laugh in observing the women at a manual work. When I wish to smile—I have only to think at a woman choping wood. I have take the ax out from the hands of some dozen of them, and cut the wood.

"But here we are! You know how to make an asparogus bed! I do not know to do it, and I have thought many time of it, for I like asparogus and I intend if the possibility should come to cultivate them. Now I know by whom to be taught; and would it be possible, you would know what a worker I am, and what a garden I will plant and work out under your advice joined to some of my critersims. You would know what a lighted heart the rough Bartolomeo has. In spite of all I often feel yet as a child. I like to sing, to play and to foolish. But indeed, the water is rough now. Maibe, thanks to all the good ones among whom you are prominent, we will reach the shore someday."

III

More discoveries of evidence, and more appeals to Judge Thayer. The defense got an expert on arms, and he studied the so-called "mortal bullet" under a high-powered microscope, and submitted a series of charts with very expensive photographs, proving that this bullet could not possibly have come through the Sacco pistol. To that the answer of the Commonwealth was easy; they too had money, and could employ experts. There were more long affidavits, full of technical terms and mathematical formulas. From first to last there were only two things a layman could be sure of; that every statement by every expert would be flatly contradicted by another statement of another expert; and that Web Thayer would believe the experts of his own side, and misquote those of the defense.

These charts and affidavits constituted what was known as the Hamilton motion. Then came the Proctor motion: an amazing story, exploding like a bombshell among the friends of the cause. A new lawyer had become active in the defense, William G. Thompson, and it happened that he had had some dealings with Captain Proctor of the state police. He went to Proctor and worked upon his conscience, with the result that the old man blurted out the whole story of his part in the frame-up. Thompson begged him to come and tell it to Judge Thayer, and Proctor said he would—provided the judge invited him. The lawyer went to Thayer in a fine fervor, thinking that the judge would be concerned about the truth, and be glad to see it prevail. But to his dismay he discovered that Thayer did not want to talk with Proctor. "We will try this proposition on affidavits," he insisted.

So Proctor told his story: that the district attorney and his assistant had framed a question to Proctor in such a way that the jury would think he meant one thing when in reality he meant another. And then came the answering affidavits of Katzmann and Williams, another illustration of the subtle art of betrayal—these answers were framed in such a way as to seem to deny the Proctor charge, but in reality to leave the central point untouched, and by implication to admit it!

IV

The Jerry Walker case came to trial. More than five years after his properties had been taken from him, the manufacturer of felt got a chance to tell his troubles to a jury, and the public to see what happened to big bandits in the august Commonwealth of Massachusetts. The case was tried in Dedham Court House with the round white dome and portholes like an ocean-liner; and it was destined to be appealed to the Supreme Judicial Court, and finally decided within four weeks of the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

Cornelia was making it a rule to visit Sacco once or twice a month in Dedham jail, and she would stop at the court-house and watch the great duel of law. No guards with rifles on the steps, no gruff policemen to search your hand-bag, no steel cage for the defendants! No; for these were not the little bandits who break the law, these were the big bandits who make the law. Everything quiet and dignified, in the Harvard manner. With the exception of poor Jerry Walker himself, everybody was Harvard.

Polished gentlemen, with soft voices and slow drawls, dressed with elegance, and always immaculate, regardless of weather and possible weaknesses of the flesh, arguing fine points of law, and presenting mountains of documents and miles of figures to a bewildered jury. You would not have guessed that there was anything very special or thrilling in process—unless you knew the sacred names and realized that here were the bluest of blue-

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bloods, the center of the center and hub of the hub.

The trial would occupy a hundred and eighty-seven days of acutal hearings; more than two thousand exceptions would be taken to the judge's rulings, to be submitted to the higher court; the testimony would be close to six million words, and the cost of the procedure to the County of Norfolk would be more than two hundred thousand dollars. In order to oblige the great bankers, the legislature went so far as to pass a special measure, providing for the payment of nine dollars a day to the jurymen in this case—and the bill was made retroactive! It was in the public interest that these wholesale bandits should fight out their fights in a court-room, instead of hiring private armies and settling it on the streets. It was assumed that the issue would be decided without fear or favor; but when it was over, the Harvard blue-bloods had the loot, and their fellow-members of the Union Club had given it to them.

V

To Cornelia Thornwell the really significant thing was this: that everybody concerned with the defense of the case was lying. The great bankers were hiding what they had done to Jerry Walker, and their great lawyers were sitting down with them, day after day and night after night, framing what they were going to say. For five years Cornelia had known that they would do this; it was so well understood in the family that nobody was equal to the task of attempting to fool her. There were fifteen millions of dollars at stake; and the driving power of this sum was so colossal that it swept every barrier before it; truth, honor, dignity, justice, law, country, God and religion went out like the contents of a chicken-ranch when a dam bursts at the head of a valley.

Privately these bankers were quarreling bitterly among themselves, the wives were cutting one another at whist-parties, and families were riven irrevocably. But on the witness-stand every man stood by the ship, and obeyed the orders of the captain, Rupert Alvin. Cornelia got a new understanding of her eldest son-in-law. He had always seemed to her a semi-comic figure, with his face and neck of pink and purple bulges; humorless, naïve in spite of his heavy pomposity, and pathetic while being hen-pecked by a Thornwell lady whose family was older and greater than his. But now Cornelia observed him as a man among men, and realized what the qualities of a successful bandit-leader are.

They might be summed up in a single word, dependability; the gang must know that the leader will always be there, and will never change; that he will be the incarnation of solid, heavy, earnest greed, an irresistible and incessant push for large sums of other peoples money. The gang must know too, that the leader will give them individually a greater share than any other leader of equal greed-power.

For more than a week Rupert was cross-questioned by Jerry's little bull-dog of a lawyer, and he was most gentlemanly and aristocratic about his lying. He had reduced it to a formula suitable to his simple mind; he could remember ten thousand details which were to his advantage, and he did remember them, promptly and exactly; but whenever there was any detail which would have been to his disadvantage, he had forgotten about it. And that was all; it was charmingly easy—he had only to say, "I do not remember". It amused the lawyers of Jerry Walker to go over the record, and count up the number of matters about which Rupert's memory had thus been adjusted to his interests; he had managed to forget one hundred and seventy-three different things.

Only one bad slip! Early during the negotiations with Jerry Walker he had put the blame on Henry Cabot Winters, and had said to Jerry, "Henry has had his teeth in this thing once"—meaning in Jerry's business. That was a terrible admission, and Rupert made it elaborately, and in great detail, before his lawyers managed to interrupt, and convey to him that it wouldn't do. The great banker then took the liberty of consulting his counsel; after the consultation, he retracted his admission, and denied that he had ever said any such thing to the plaintiff. A distressing moment; for there sat the reporters of half a dozen newspapers, their pencils flying busily, and the whole of State Street and the Union and Somerset Clubs waiting to read the story that afternoon.

Then, the ordeal over for Rupert, he went back to Boston, and attended an assemblage of some men's organization connected with his Episcopal Church. Some evil person proposed that the organization should take a stand upon the question of social justice; and Rupert got up and moved that the resolution be tabled; he made a powerful and impressive speech, in which he declared that the purpose of the Episcopal Church was "spirit-

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uality", and that it should not be lured into controversies over mundane affairs. The Boston newspapers all reported the discourse, and were strong for "spirituality".

VI

Mr. Justice Thayer was rendering his decisions upon the various motions for a new trial. The Ripley motion, the Daley motion, the Pelzer motion, the Andrews motion, the Goodridge motion—he denied them all; and he was judge, and the sole judge. He decided that his own conduct had been proper, he decided that the new evidence was not such as to warrant a new trial; and always the Supreme Judicial Court would stand behind him.

The one thing his victims got out of these decisions was a free holiday every time. The law required that the defendants should be present at all stages of the proceedings; and so a miniature army would be called out to move Nicola Sacco from Dedham Jail to Dedham Court House, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti would leave his cell for a whole day, and become the delighted center of an automobile parade. He wrote Cornelia about it, beginning with his breakfast, "a cup of coffee, three slices of bread, two frankforts and mashed potatoes, all as cold as ice cream could be". Later, when it was proposed to publish this narrative, Bart was distressed, and insisted upon its being made plain that he had made this remark playfully, because of course the prison authorities could not prepare hot foods out of hours.

"After such a breakfast, an official took me in the 'Guard Room'. The little chauffeur, an old officer, and the bravest one were waiting for me. I was chained with the last one, and all four left the room and went down to the street where the automobile was ready. Six or seven officers stood at the door, with their right hand near the back pocket, ready to protect me from any attack. One must be most ungrateful man of the world for not feeling quite reconoscent."

And then his love of nature, the joy of escaping from darkness into sunshine and open air:

"So we enter now into a Park the name of which I already forget, but the beauty of it, I will never forget anymore. If I were poet and know the metre, I would write a song of it in third rhyme. (Italian, terza rima). I am not a poet, but neither so profane to disturbing such splendor with my poor ink. The concerned officer point to me a big brick building, saying 'It is the Fine Arts Museum.' He point many other buildings saying that they are almost all a private schools. I was, then regretting to have only a pair of eyes, able to look in one direction alone. I observe everything, the trees, the bushes, the grass, the rocks, and the brook along the way on which I was raptured. The drops of dew look like pearls; the sky reflects himself in the waters of the brook, and let one think that it is bottomless."

VII

Nicola Sacco had been for more than three years a victim of the law's delay. He had spent all but an hour or two each day in a cell with nothing to do, and the strain of it was affecting his mind. Brooding thus, he became morose, like a dog chained up; he suspected everyone who came near him, he would not sign any more legal papers; presently he would not write letters, nor leave his cell, nor speak to anyone.

Sacco was more of a problem than the average prisoner. He could not work in the plant which made shoes for the prisoners, because he was such a swift worker, he cleaned up everything in sight; moreover, another prisoner had attacked him, hating him as a "Red" and an atheist. He could not work in the carpenter shop, because he was a "murderer", not to be trusted with tools. Kitchen work was barred for the same reason. In short, there was nothing for him but twenty-two hours a day in a cell; so he became frantic, and at half past one o'clock in the morning leaped from his cot and began to pound his head against a chair, in an effort to dash out his brains. He succeeded in cutting four gashes in his scalp, which a surgeon had to sew up. Then Nick declared what he called a "hungry strike", and for thirty-three days he did not touch food.

There was a hearing due on one of the motions for a new trial; one of those interminible farces that occurred every month or two, whenever a motion was made, a new affidavit submitted, a decision handed down. Each time the miniature army would go into action, and the two wops would be brought in and locked in the cage; Judge Thayer would enter with a rustle of black silk robes, and the bailiff would pound with his wand and repeat his formula, beginning, "Hear ye! Hear ye!" The judge would sit down, and have another chance to pour out his withering contempt upon the prisoners and their counsel.

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But during the "hungry strike", the sheriff refused to take the responsibility of moving Sacco from the jail to the court-house. What was to be done? Fred Moore had an office assigned to him, across the hall from the court-room; and there was a terrible scene—the lawyer maintaining his intention of going before the judge with a motion to determine Sacco's sanity, and the anarchists arguing, denouncing, threatening, clamoring for the prisoner's right to decide his own fate, without the intervention of aliens, enemies, traitors and spies. The uproar became so great that the judge sent the bailiff to command order. In the end Moore went ahead and made the motion, with Cornelia standing behind him. For this neither of them was ever forgiven.

VIII

Examinations were made, the prisoner adjudged insane, and committed to the Boston Psychopathic Hospital—where they made short work of his anarchistic right to commit suicide. They strapped him into a chair and put a rubber tube up into his nose and down into his gullet, and poured in some milk. It is a hideously painful experience, and rather than undergo it again, Nick agreed to eat. After that, he was committed to the Bridgewater Hospital for the Criminal Insane, where they were kind to him; the doctors would listen while he set forth his principles, and would agree that they were beautiful principles—as indeed they were. Very soon Nick was strong again, and a "good fellow", eager and sociable. Outdoor work was given to him, and he did it gladly.

So now he was "cured", and must go back to Dedham. But the physicians refused to certify him unless he was to have occupation; so the chief officer was induced to modify his time-honored regime. Nick was to do basket-weaving, and three times a week a volunteer teacher was to come and give him lessons. This was Mrs. Bang, a Dane, who taught manual training to children in private schools; she must guard the dark secret that she came three afternoons a week to visit an anarchist atheist draft-dodger convicted of banditry and murder.

Mrs. Bang was one more problem in Sacco's life. Why should a person who was able to wear good clothes and drive about in an automobile take six long journeys a week, through a New England winter, to teach anything to a prisoner without pay? It did not fit into the class-war theory. But Mrs. Bang won his confidence—it was easier, because she was a foreigner. Strange to say, she found that Nick loved America, and wanted to live here. His wife talked about going back to Italy, but he insisted that the children had a better chance in the new world. Page Mr. Katzmann!

Nick made bags from twine, decorated with beads; he made an elaborate tray of reeds, with flowers and butterflies. He developed a wish to learn English, the better to take his lessons. So came letters, to Mrs. Evans, to Mrs. Henderson, to Cornelia: letters in home-made spelling, but otherwise clear and direct. For example, when Cornelia made a present of clothing to his family: "I remember a years ago on our love day when I bought the first lovely blue suit for my dear Rosina and that dear remembrance still remains in my heart. That was the first day nineteen twelve in Milford, Mass., the celebration day of the five martyrs of Chicago, that in the mind of the humanity oppressed never will be forget. So in morning May first nineteen twelve I dress up with my new blue suit and I went over to see my dear Rosina and I asked her father if he won't let Rosina come with me in the city town to buy something and he said yes. So in afternoon about one o'clock we both us went in city town, and we went in a big store and we bought a brown hat, a white underdress, a blue suit, one pair brown stock, one pair brown shoes, and after she was all dress up, I wish you could see Rosina, how nice she looked, while now the sufferings of today had make her look like an old woman. But I never was ambitious to buy her diamonds and so-so, but I always bought everything that could be natural and usefull.

"Just now I am sitting alone always, but with me, in my soul, in my heart, in my mind, are all immense legion of the noble and generous friends and comrades. Here I say I'm sitting writing to you these few lines; the sunlight it shines on my face and for a brief time it is a relief to my soul, and it brighten my mind by looking at the clear blue sky and the beautiful mother of nature. . . . I will live for humanity and for the solidarity and for the fraternity and for gratitude to all the friends and comrades who have worked for Sacco and Vanzetti; and I will live for freedom and justice that is the justice of all of us."

IX

From scenes in Dedham jail Cornelia would walk a few blocks to the Dedham

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court-house, and watch the male members of her family engaged in wholesale respectable perjury. She saw Henry, who had spent his life harrowing other persons, and now for the first time was toad instead of harrow. Every trace of the familiar ease and charm was gone from Henry's manner; he was exactly like any other witness telling lies and getting caught; the perspiration appeared upon his forehead and had to be mopped away repeatedly. Under solemn oath he had declared that on a certain date he had had no interest whatever in the concerns of Jerry Walker; and then Jerry's lawyer produced the charge-accounts of Henry's office, in which the great man and his subordinates kept a record of the expenditure of their valuable time. On those pages Henry was set down as having given a thousand dollars worth to the Jerry Walker matter, and then five thousand more—it meant several days! He had even gone so far as to open a separate account for time given to the felt business; he was starting to take it over at a time when the owner was resting serene in the promises of Rupert and the other bankers that he was to have three million dollars' credit to handle his war-contracts!

Jerry Walker's lawyers produced the accounts of all his concerns, and showed how prosperous they had been. They showed the complicated series of moves whereby Henry Cabot Winters had made it impossible for Jerry to get a dollar out of any of them. The lawyer had started fake bankruptcy proceedings against one enterprise; he had secretly purchased some of Jerry's notes, and caused other persons to start lawsuits, to place attachments and obtain injunctions. And now here he was on the witness-stand, squirming and wincing, obliged either to admit that he had done these things or else to be proved a perjurer.

X

Dark days for the Sacco-Vanzetti defense, that year of 1924, with first Nick in the insane asylum, and then Bart. Funds had run out entirely; Fred Moore was a lawyer without an office; there was no committee, no program, no action—nothing but two wops in torment, and a promise of some legal decisions in an indefinite future. Judge Thayer was having an attack of appendicitis, and then of pneumonia; but refusing to die and let some other judge deal with the case. He would keep the half-crazed victims in their cells until he could have the glory and the thrill of summoning them to court again, and with his cold metallic voice like a thin strip of steel cut into their souls.

Betty and Joe had finished their year in the paper-box factory in a blaze of excitement. They had organized the workers, and been discharged for their activities; whereupon the workers had declared a strike, and stayed out nearly a month and got soundly walloped by police and bosses. Betty had had her turn on the picket-line, and as a result had changed her philosophy; she was all for solidarity, and opposed to every label—socialist, communist, anarachist, or what not—which split the workers and wasted their energies. She would go to Charleston to visit Bart, and they would get into an excited controversy, and Bart would write treatises to contravert her heresy. He would forget about his own case in his anxiety to save her from a false theory.

That was characteristic of all the Boston anarchists—they were strong on theory but weak on actuality. It was that which made the defense so difficult; when a new move was to be made, they had to be persuaded, and it was a job that took until the small hours of the morning, and then had to be done all over again. No anarchist committee meeting ever ended, because somebody had a right to say something more; no decision could be taken, and if it was, it wasn't binding. If you didn't like it, you said nothing, but went off and worked against it. If anybody said that wasn't fair, you shrugged your shoulders and said: "Shoo—er, why not? Ain't I got right for say what I please? No, I no got to say it in committee, I say it when I want say it. If you not like it, you got right say so—any time, any place".

Even at times when money was on hand, it was almost impossible to get them to pay it out. Money was contrary to "filosofia anarchica", it was an instrument and a symbol of graft.

Fred Moore's idea was to spend money to get more; it was the American way. When he learned that there was a convict in Atlanta penitentiary who might tell something about the real bandits, he wanted to get on the train and rush down there; he did not want to spend a night arguing with the committee and miss his train as a result. When he wanted to send a man to Italy to hunt for Coacci or Boda, or to trail a suspected bandit to Texas or Argentine, Moore had to threaten to drop the case; it was the only way to get a check signed. And yet, as individuals, you-

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would find these Italian anarchists simple and lovable, sometimes charming; in their naïveté a relief from New England stiffness and solemnity.

XI

In November of 1924 Sacco and Vanzetti were brought to Dedham Court-house again, to hear Mr. Justice Thayer hand down his decision on the Proctor motion for a new trial. This motion was the main reliance of the defense lawyers; they could not imagine how the confession of one of the State's leading witnesses that he had framed his evidence in collusion with the prosecutors could fail to be ground for a new trial. But Web would show them! He would crowd all his arts into one document—twisting and wriggling, evading issues; misrepresenting what Proctor had said, what the prosecutor had said, what the defense lawyers had said, even what Web himself had said.

The issue was very simple, but Web wound it up in thousands of words, and to make plain all his tricks would require thousands more. He said that the questions asked of Captain Proctor were clear, and must have been perfectly understood by him; which would have been a good joke, if it had been meant as such. Of course they were understood by Proctor, and no one had ever suggested that they were not. What Proctor had confessed was that the questions had been contrived for the purpose of being obscure to the jury.

Next Web asked whether the questions were "unfair or improper". Of course they were not. What had been "unfair and improper" was that the witness and the district attorney had framed the questions in such a way that the jury would think they meant what they didn't mean; also that the judge had represented to the jury that they meant what they didn't mean.

The question which had been framed had to do with whether Proctor, as an expert on fire-arms, believed that the "mortal bullet" had come through Sacco's pistol and none other. And it really made you wonder if you were dealing with an insane man when the judge went on from point to point, asking over and over again why Proctor hadn't said plainly what he meant; as if Proctor had tried to make matters plain, and failed—when the whole point of the confession was that he had deliberately made matters obscure!

But "cunning old Fury" was not insane; he knew what he was doing, and went ahead, twisting every contention out of shape, misrepresenting the plain meaning of the plainest English words. He charged the defense lawyers with having claimed that Proctor "honestly believed that the mortal bullet was not fired through the Sacco pistol". But Proctor had not said that, and the defense had not said that he had said it. Proctor had testified that the bullet "was *consistent with* having been fired through the Sacco pistol"; which meant that it *might* have been fired through it, but not that it *must* have been fired through it. But the district attorney had told the jury that Proctor had said the latter, and Web had told the jury the same thing; and now he would do anything in the world but admit that fact.

Funniest joke of all—Web said that the answers of the district attorney and his assistant to the Proctor confession were "clear and convincing". To employ the slang of Pierre Leon, you could "bet your shoes" they were! They were clear and convincing of the fact that Katzmann and Williams knew that Proctor's confession was true, and had not dared to deny it while Proctor was alive. They had carefully evaded the main point; and the judge now carefully followed suit; relying, of course, upon the fact that nobody would have the text of the answers, nor the patience to disentangle the sophistry in it.

Having performed this intellectual feat, Web was proud of it, and went out, as usual, to boast. He thought he had earned a holiday, so he went to Dartmouth, his college, to attend the Thanksgiving Day football game. On the field he saw Professor Richardson, and came up to him, demanding in a loud voice: "Did you see what I did to those anarchistic bastards the other day? I guess that will hold them for a while. Let them go to the supreme court now and see what they can get out of them!" There was more to the discourse, and the professor stood on pins and needles, because it seemed to him an unimaginable impropriety, and he knew that others were listening. He got away as quickly as he could.

It was Web's way. He was engaged upon a crusade to destroy the Reds in Massachusetts; and he did not understand how others could fail to be interested in his exploits. He would punish his friends, his club-mates and associates with long tirades until they would be bored and ask him to quit. A group of lawyers who lunched in the club at Worcester would turn their shoulders to him and

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talk about other matters. The old man would sit mumbling to himself: "They don't understand! They don't realize! The Vandals are at our gates, and are going to destroy us!"

XII

This failure of the Proctor motion was the finishing blow for Vanzetti. Impossible to hope after that! Impossible to go on enduring the indignities of prison. Bart decided that his friends and the whole movement were being betrayed. Also he took up the notion that his ill health was due to slow poisons given to him in his food. He too declared a "hungry strike", and about Christmas-time of the year 1924 was certified to the Bridgewater asylum. The Sunday after he was taken away the prison chaplain preached a sermon to his flock, pointing out the danger of departing from the holy faith. Look at poor Vanzetti, who had lost his mind, a hopeless wreck! It was the same Father Murphy who had said, "Tell me, Vanzetti, who drove the car at South Braintree?"

To the psychiatrists at Bridgewater this prisoner represented a well-known type: a victim of what they called "delusions of grandeur" or the "messianic complex". He had the notion that the future would be interested in him and his sayings and doings; that books would be written about his case, and translated into many languages, and read by millions of people. He lived his life and endured his sufferings in the presence of future generations who would reverse Judge Thayer's verdict upon him, as they had reversed other verdicts upon agitators and rebels—John Brown and Giordano Bruno and John Huss, Galileo and Socrates and Jesus. Furthermore, he had the fixed idea that he could learn to write English, and accumulated quantities of manuscript, which he thought would convert others to his cause.

In order to pacify him, it was necessary to pretend to agree with him, and then one could have quite interesting talks. He was a man of surprising culture, considering that he had been a laborer all his life; he was reflective, shrewd, even humorous at times. He did not make friends easily, preferring to sit aloof; but when a physician said that he believed in "joostice", the prisoner would be eager to explain his brand of it, and would sit for hours, telling Dr. Stearns with the utmost seriousness how a society might be run without government or forcible repression.

These specialists in human mentality were not asked their opinion as to the probable guilt of this convicted bandit, but they could not help having ideas on the subject. They reported Vanzetti as the intellectual, not the motor type; awkward, not active. They said that if he committed an assault, it would be not with intent to kill, but to show feeling. They pictured a man with his excess of emotion and imagination, attempting to commit a hold-up; it was their judgment that his heart would beat violently, his knees would shake, he would hear a noise behind him, and whirl about and shoot blindly, or throw away the gun in a panic—a "brainstorm", as it was known to the writers and readers of crime-news. The psychiatrists furthermore reported that the professional bandits and hold-up men in the prisons jeered at the idea that Sacco and Vanzetti could have done that South Braintree job; they were offended in their dignity by the suggestion that a couple of bunglers and amateurs could have got away with anything so competent and swift.

XIII

The jury brought in its verdict in the Jerry Walker case; a terrible blow to the Thornwell men—saying, in effect, that they had perjured themselves upon the witness-stand. The jury found that Jerry Walker was entitled to damages equal to the market value of his properties at the time they were taken from him plus the interest; a trifle over ten and one-half millions of dollars. It was the biggest verdict ever brought in the Commonwealth, and men talked about it in the clubs for weeks.

The decision was announced a week before Christmas, and completely spoiled that gracious season in the Thornwell-Winters-Alvin, and Scatterbridge homes. Rupert took to his bed with a severe coryza since it would not do for a great banker to have a common cold. He entertained his wife and visiting ladies of the family with terrible pictures of the collapse of Boston banking, consequent upon the custom of allowing decisions concerning millions of dollars to rest in the hands of men who could not have financed a peanut-stand. According to Rupert, all the bankers in Boston would immediately be sued for all the money they had made in the last ten years—which was a commentary on the city's banking-system from a leading authority.

Rupert's expensive lawyers would be put to work at once to appeal the case; and even while he was scolding and pessimizing, and

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snuffling and sneezing and snorting and blowing with the coryza, Rupert's mental dynamo was driving away at new plans. The details of the appeal would be left to the lawyers, while Rupert would concentrate on the judges. He had brought about the appointment of two or three members of the Supreme Judicial Court, and could count upon them, he felt sure. He began figuring over the others: their families and connections, social and financial. Whose men were they and what obligations were they under?

It would take more than two years for the Full Court of the Supreme Judicial Court to weigh and decide this mighty issue; so Rupert had plenty of time to make certain of success. He would not have to buy any members of the higher court, for he had seen to it that nobody was appointed who was not the sort of person to respect great bankers and appreciate their difficulties as the invisible rulers of America. It was an unwritten custom that as soon as a man was appointed to this court he was also made a member of the very old and exclusive Union Club; so Rupert and his associates would meet the justices at luncheon every day when the court was in session; and while they would not be so crude as to refer to the case, they could talk about business stability and the sanction of contracts; they could arrange for others to do the same, the big and weighty men to whom the justices had had to come, to beg for the favor of appointment. At the time when Rupert knew the Full Court was giving its time to the case, he would bring it about that great bankers from New York would happen to ride up in the elevators with the justices, and happen to remark in clear tones that all business in New England was held up, waiting to find out if the courts were going to permit credit to be undermined and contracts repudiated.

XIV

Yet, with all this power in his hands, Rupert was nervous; he could not help worrying, to the great damage of the calcified veins in his ankles and legs. His brother-in-law tried in vain to keep him cheerful: Henry, who had worked out for himself a wonderful scheme whereby he was going to snap his fingers at all courts and their decisions. Henry was going to make over his property to his wife, and then go into bankruptcy!

The great lawyer was actually putting through the plan, to the vast amusement of the family. Alice might quarrel with Henry, she might confuse art with sex, but she was a Thornwell, and would never be a thief.

So Henry put five hundred thousand dollars' worth of liberty bonds into his wife's name, and had them sold and converted into a bank-draft payable to her. She endorsed it, and Henry sold her some of his property for it. He then bought more liberty bonds, and had them sold in Alice's name, and put the money into another bank-draft, for which Alice bought another half million dollars' worth of the property. This procedure was continued until Alice was the registered legal owner of every bond and share of stock and piece of real estate which Henry owned, including everything which he had got from Jerry Walker; including even the automobile he drove, the yacht on which he spent his week-ends, the five-gaited snow-white Arabian stallion which he rode, and the apartment-house in which he kept his mistress, a charming and popular concert-singer.

So the great lawyer could go into court and swear that he did not own a dollar in the world; and his wife would be able to produce cancelled vouchers, showing the actual payment of cash to the full market value of every piece of property she had acquired. Hidden away in a safe-deposit box to which Henry alone had the key there was a will, executed by Alice in Henry's favor; and a deed, selling back to Henry for the sum of one dollar and other good and valuable considerations, all the property which Henry had sold to Alice. This latter document was blank as to date; thus Henry had everything fixed so that, the day the Supreme Judicial Court upheld the Jerry Walker verdict, he could file a petition in bankruptcy and wipe out his share of the claims forever. After which, he would take back his property again, and laugh in the face of his enemies!

XV

The Thornwell generations came and went. Great-uncle Abner had a paralytic stroke, which intercepted the nerves in his legs. No longer did he ride about "Hillview" on a pony, but sat in a wheel-chair and stormed and fussed when his attendants delayed to bring his meals.

To make up for the loss of Abner's legs, Betty's older sister, Priscilla, brought four of them, eagerly kicking, into the world. The first time it was a boy, and his name was

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made Rupert Alvin Thornwell Shaw, quite a load for two tiny red legs to kick under. Betty talked defiantly about the wicked practice known as "birth control", and said that this was not a fit world into which to bring babies. What was the use of raising boys for the military men to take away from you and kill? What was the use of raising either boys or girls when their grandparents would insist upon leaving them millions of dollars, thereby turning them into parasites and deadheads?

Cornelia attended each baptism, which was in Trinity Church on a week-day afternoon, with many relatives and some invited friends. The font had been made beautiful with flowers, and there was a hymn sung by those present, and the precious infant slept soundly, in the christening robe which had been made for Great-great-great-grandfather Thornwell, the sea-captain, and used by his descendants ever since. When the splashing of cold water woke the victim up, it let out a yell of indignation—which was a good sign, the old ladies said, because it let the devil out; the old men chuckled; a powerful voice, like Abner Thornwell's and Josiah's; it was the old stock!

There were two godfathers and one godmother for the boy; and the second time one godfather and two godmothers for the girl. Each time these sponsors in baptism did promise and vow three things in the infant's name; of which the first was that it would "renounce the devil and all his works, the vain pomp and glory of the world, with all the covetous desires of the same". Cornelia Thornwell looked about her: here was the elder Shaw, grandfather of this infant, who sat tight upon a huge store of treasure, and some twelve years ago, when his wage-slaves in the Mesaba Range had dared to revolt, had sent in thugs and gunmen to slug and murder them, exactly as if it had been at home in Massachusetts. And here was Rupert Alvin, who had taken away ten million dollars from Jerry Walker, and now was undermining the Supreme Judicial Court of his Commonwealth in order to keep it. The covetous desires of the world!

And then the "vain pomp and glory". Here were stately male personages in striped trousers and cutaway coats, or braided black broadcloth, the very stick-pins in their ties having ritual significance; here were ladies, who had made a life-study of the art of demonstrating their millions and tens of millions without appearing to do so. Here was a temple built with hands having single windows which had cost thousands of dollars, and nothing within sight of it that was not luxurious. Outside were shining limousines, and liveried chauffeurs waiting.

And all this in the name of Comrade Jesus! A strange, strange prank of time! Cornelia came out from the famous brownstone temple, erected to the glory of the proletarian martyr, and walked past the statue of Phillips Brooks, which graced one side of it. A figure of the Son of Man, stepping out of the side of the building and laying his hand upon the shoulder of the great Bishop of the blue-bloods. The wits of the city were wont to say that it was an admonitory hand, and that Jesus was saying, "Be careful, old man, remember what they did to me, and I didn't say half what you are saying!"

From this ceremony Cornelia went to visit Vanzetti, who had been certified back to Charlestown, and was shovelling coal again. She was moved to tell where she had been, and what she had seen, and her thoughts on the subject. "I have been wondering, Bart, if they should make a martyr out of you, will people be committing crimes and hypocrisies in your name a couple of thousand years from now?"

It was an idea the prisoner took seriously; the thought of martyrdom had become the mainspring of his lonely life. "Nonna," said he, "if they make me martyr, I fix it, I write message it cannot be mistake. If anybody say Vanzetti, it means joostice, it means freedom—it cannot mean nothing but!"

(*To be continued next month*)

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News Story Contest

COMMENT ON JUNE PRIZE AWARD

By Clarke Salmon

Managing Editor, New Orleans, La., Item

N. E. F. MEEKINS, a reporter for the Washington (D. C.) *News* is awarded THE BOOKMAN'S June prize of $100 for the best news story of the month, a graphic account of the execution of three young men for the murder of a policeman.

There were many human interest angles in this story to tempt the reporter into bypaths of maudlinism. Meekins withstood these temptations and wrote a simple, direct narrative, supplemented only by descriptive passages that were necessary to complete the impression for the reader. The facts in the chronology were sufficient in themselves to bring out the "heart" appeal of the tragedy, which would have been lessened by any embellishments of florid writing.

Meekins's story was one that almost "told itself". There were a number of the June entries however, which required creative writings. Among these, "Electra In the Park", by Rena Gardner of the Boston *Herald*, stood out. In charming style Miss Gardner described the transformation of a park peristyle in Providence, R. I., overnight into a Greek theatre in which Margaret Anglin played Electra.

Other fine stories during the month were written by W. A. S. Douglas, of the Washington bureau of the New York *Sun*, on former Governor Sulzer of New York; and by John F. Devine of the Newark *Ledger* on Senator J. Thomas Heflin.

PRIZE STORY FOR JUNE

EAGLES SINGS ON HIS WAY TO CHAIR; PROCTOR, UNCONSCIOUS, CARRIED ON STRETCHER; MORENO PUFFS A CIGARET

Boy in Coma All Night After Starting to Tell Guard About Murder

Effort to Obtain Last-Minute Reprieve on Basis of Proctor's Unfinished Story Fails; Eagles Bids Good-by to Reporter in Death Chamber, Sings Song of Lament and Recites Psalm

By N. E. F. MEEKINS

From the Washington (D. C.) Daily News, June 22, 1928

The murderers of Policeman Busch were put to death in the electric chair at District Jail today.

Nicholas Lee Eagles went to his death with a song and a smile on his lips. Samuel Moreno smoked a cigaret on the walk to the chair. John Cline Proctor, unconscious in his cell all night, was carried on a stretcher to the death chamber.

The executions required 31 minutes.

It was 10:03 when Eagles was led across the jail rotunda. Two guards were on either side of him. A third guard and Rabbi William F. Rosenblum followed closely.

Eagles' baritone broke the silence as he marched down the 12 steps to the death chamber. He was singing the Jewish song of lament, "Eli, Eli." He continued to sing until he had paced off half the distance to the chair, which is 125 feet. Then, during his last steps, he repeated the 23d Psalm.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want..." he said in a firm voice.

His eyes were fixed on the open Bible in his hands. He had not, at this point, glanced at the chair.

Reaching the five witnesses, sitting about 20 feet from the chair, he stopped reading the psalm and said:

"Good-by, Meekins," and he smiled broadly. (N. E. F. Meekins, of The Daily News, covered

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the story of the three men's fight for life and their last hours).

Nonchalantly Eagles sat in the chair and looked up at the guards strapping him in.

"What's the matter, Mr. Wright? Why don't you talk to me?" Again he smiled.

Wright (R. B. Wright, a guard) said nothing. Later he told the reporter he could not speak.

As the electrode was clamped on Eagles' head, which a few hours earlier had been closely clipped, he smiled.

"Good-by, Maj. Peak. Good-by Mr. Wright. Good-by, Rabbi Rosenblum. Good-by everybody."

Then the mask was placed over his face. Just before the current was turned on a muffled "good-by" was heard. That was his last word.

At 10:05 the signal was given. The current surged through his body. There was no lurching forward. He was motionless. The buzzing of 2100 volts was the only noise.

At 10:13 Dr. A. M. MacDonald pronounced Eagles dead. He was taken from the chair and carried a few feet away to the corridor where the electric switch is installed.

Asked Rabbi Not to Weaken

"Now, don't break down," Rabbi Rosenblum said Eagles had told him just before they started for the death room. "Don't weaken."

Moreno Kisses Crucifix

Next came Moreno. His face was expressionless. It bore no trace of fear. He was smoking a cigaret.

Three guards and Rev. John Sullivan, of the Dominican House of Studies at Catholic University, and Rev. Edward J. Nestor, of Holy Comforter Church, accompanied him. The priests were praying.

Moreno walked unfalteringly to the chair and sat down. Still his face was expressionless. He puffed on his cigaret in the chair, then tossed it away just before they fitted the headpiece on him. One of the attendants stepped on the cigaret.

Moreno kissed a crucifix which Father Sullivan presented to his lips. The minister stepped forward and administered extreme unction, the last sacrament of the Catholic Church.

His Last Words

The electrode was put on his head and the leg straps were adjusted. Just before the mask was clamped over his face he whispered:

"My Jesus have mercy!"

Those were his last words.

The current was turned on at 10:19 and Moreno was pronounced dead at 10:23. Just as the current was turned off a wisp of smoke came from the head electrode. Authorities said it was steam caused by the wet sponge. Dr. MacDonald pronounced the boy dead after he and Dr. Stanley C. Howard had examined him.

Proctor on Stretcher

John Proctor's turn was next. Slowly four guards bore a litter across the rotunda. Even more slowly, as they descended the 12 steps. Rev. George W. Dow, Episcopal minister, walked in the rear. On the stretcher Proctor lay unconscious. He was dressed in gray trousers and white striped shirt. He had not regained consciousness since about 10:30 last night, when he collapsed. Physicians had worked in vain over him to overcome the coma.

"I am the resurrection and the life...." Rev. Dow read.

The inert form was placed in the chair. It appeared that the body trembled a bit as the straps were adjusted. Over the youth's now shaved head went the electrode. The leg electrode was adjusted.

As the current was turned on at 10:30, the body lurched forward. The hands, partly clenched, were turned palms upward. Rev. Dow prayed again. All was over.

Dr. MacDonald pronounced the 19-year-old boy dead at 10:34.

Funeral services for Eagles were to be held this afternoon from Dansansky's funeral parlors at 3501 14th-st. nw. Burial was to be immediately after in the Jewish cemetery in Anacostia.

Proctor's funeral was to be held at 2 p. m. from his home in Joplin, Va. Burial will be there.

Arrangements for Moreno's funeral were not completed.

Eagles Receives Reporters

Ten minutes before he was to go, Eagles had received reporters.

"I'm happy," he said. "I die an innocent man. I'm ready to go. Good-by. I hope to meet you later on sometime."

Then he took pen and pencil and wrote:

"Good-bye, Mr. Meekins. I'm innocent of this crime. God bless you.

"Nicholas Lee Eagles."

Moreno said:

"I'm ready to go. My dying words will be that I'm innocent."

Proctor was unconscious in his bed.

He had fallen unconscious into the arms of Walter Malone, a guard, as he was about to make a statement concerning the crime at 10:30 last night.

While Eagles and Moreno alternately joked and prayed during the early evening, Proctor had sat sullenly in his cell. Suddenly he called the guard.

"Mr. Malone, come here," he said. "I've got something to tell you."

The boy looked weak and pale, the guard said.

"Mr. Malone," Proctor said, "my girl is going to commit suicide, but I can't help that. Mr. Malone, you've been in love."

"Yes," the guard replied. "But Johnny, if your girl is prepared as you say you are, you will meet in the beyond."

"Yes," Proctor replied, "that's true, too, Mr. Malone, but there is something else—that fatal shot, I—I—I—"

The boy gasped and fell into Malone's arms unconscious.

A doctor was called and administered aromatic spirits of ammonia. Proctor rallied slightly, then fell into a heavy, unnatural sleep.

Eagles had been talking away for hours, preceding this dramatic incident, on a variety of subjects. When informed what had happened, he went over and whispered into Moreno's ear. The two had been let out of their cells onto the enclosed balcony of the death row.

"He's passed out," Eagles exclaimed. "Doesn't that look like he's guilty. It's his conscience. Proctor's passed out."

The two seemed to take new hope.

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"If we could live until 12 o'clock I bet he'd confess and save us," Moreno said.

Eagles went into his cell and got a blanket and lay down directly in front of Proctor's cell door, waiting for the youngest member of the trio to revive and "confess."

"Proctor wants me to tell the newspapers he has held up until now but that he is gone," Malone said.

The guards and two reporters were the only witnesses of the tense drama of the condemned trio's last night on earth.

Says He'll Sing 'Eli, Eli'

Earlier in the evening Eagles danced in his cell, rambling on about the manner in which he expected to conduct himself at the electrocution.

"I will sing 'Eli, Eli'!" he ejaculated at one time.

He referred to the great musical lament of his Jewish race—the cry for deliverance of a people in bondage.

Moreno and Eagles spent more than an hour dictating notes to friends. A friendly guard served as "stenographer." The scratching of the pen and their low voices were all that could be heard in the cell row.

Ask About Shaving Heads

Then the silence was rent with a demand by Eagles for a guard. The man came and Eagles sent a note to "the front office." Presently the guard returned and said something to Eagles.

"They're going to do it!" Eagles exclaimed. Moreno, who had sent a similar note, echoed the thought:

"Yes, off goes our hair. They didn't do it to Jackson (he referred to Philip Jackson, colored man electrocuted recently), but they're going to do it to us."

The heads of condemned men are shaved shortly before electrocution in order to insure good contact with the electrode in the helmet which fits over the head.

Moreno Awake at 6

Moreno aroused from his doze at 6 a. m., the first of the trio to awake. Jailers immediately came and shaved his head.

The 20-year-old boy's thick black pompadour, about four inches long, was clipped off, and he immediately returned to his cell.

Eagles, who had awakened about the same time, was next shaved.

Proctor was still in a stupor at 6:15 a. m., and it began to look as tho they might be required to carry him to his death.

At 6:30 the jailers tried to rouse Proctor to shave his head. He was, in the language of Eagles, who was looking on, "out—out cold." Accompanied by Eagles, they entered Proctor's cell.

Eagles held his erstwhile bitter enemy's head firm while guards clipped the boy's long blonde hair. They even clipped off Proctor's highly prized side-burns.

At 6:45 breakfast was served to Moreno and Eagles.

The men had expressed no preference. They were given shredded wheat, ham and eggs, French toast, French fried potatoes, currant jelly and black coffee.

Proctor was still unconscious.

Eagles Makes Speech

When Eagles had finished eating he appeared in the corridor with his arm around Malcolm Howard, colored, condemned to die July 9.

"Gentlemen," he announced to the reporters and guards assembled. "This man is black and I am white. We are friends. He prayed for me all day yesterday. I am ready to go—with a clean heart.

"You saw where I slept last night—" (His head was at Proctor's cell and his feet at Howard's, next in the line.)

"Yes," said Howard. "He is ready to go."

"These men,"—and he waved his arm in the direction of the three cells—"are going to meet the same man I am going to meet—our God."

Maj. W. L. Peak, superintendent of the jail, was allowing the condemned men every conceivable freedom consistent with their safe keeping.

As other prisoners were filing past on the way to breakfast, one suddenly broke ranks and advanced toward Moreno who was standing near him at the open end of the corridor where a guard was stationed. The man was unmolested by attendants.

He was Alberto Cartio, a Peruvian, the prisoner who shrieked and sobbed so violently yesterday from an upper tier when the men were saying their last good-bys to relatives in the rotunda.

Moreno and Cartio conversed feverishly in Italian. They shook hands. Cartio broke away abruptly and had not reached the nearby steps before he was shaking and staggering with sobbing. Moreno was outwardly unmoved.

"I'm not going to break down like him." He jerked his head almost contemptuously toward Proctor's cell, where the youngest was still lying in a heavy coma at 7:30. Rev. Dow, Proctor's Episcopal spiritual advisor, arrived about this time and went to the boy's side. There were no doctors present at the time. Nothing was being done to revive him.

The night had started with an announcement by Eagles and Moreno that they would remain awake all night.

An accumulation of cigaret butts littered the floor of their cells and they took turns on a broom, "policing" the narrow rooms in which they have lived for nearly two years.

"There's still some hope," said Moreno, turning from his sweeping. "I won't give up as long as I'm alive."

In a feverish effort to crowd everything possible into their last prayers, they alternately prayed, joked and dictated letters.

Moreno Plays With Cat

Eagles lightened a quarter hour by performing contortionist stunts. He sat on the floor and alternately drew one foot and then the other behind his neck. With his leg over his head in this position, he rolled back and forth on his blanket, laughing and joking.

Then he arose and began mockingly a series of setting up exercises while guards and the two reporters looked on.

While Eagles was amusing himself in this manner, Moreno remained in his cage and played with a half grown cat. Moreno would crouch on the floor and scratch with his fingers on the flooring. As the kitten would rush at him, Moreno shouted

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with glee and playfully slapped at the kitten that bit and scratched him.

When the reporters appeared early in the evening, Eagles had greeted them eagerly and launched at once into an explanation of his part in the shooting, which consisted mostly of a denunciation of Proctor.

Moreno Bitter

When he paused for breath he turned in Moreno's direction and called, "Come here, Sammy, you want to talk?"

"Naw," said Moreno, "I haven't anything to say."

"I made a confession. I shot at Ach (Policeman Ach, Bausch's partner, who was wounded). I haven't been treated right. I didn't have any senators or governors working for me. Only poor people."

The usually uncommunicative Moreno warmed to his own voice.

"That clock certainly does tick off the hours," he said.

"Eleven—twelve—one—two—" he was counting the hours until the fatal 10 o'clock.

He stopped and clenched his white, wet hands.

"I have forgiven every one," he continued in a moment.

Quotes the Bible

"Proctor—well, I forgave him this afternoon and so did Nick. It ain't going to be hard on me. It's my mother it will hurt. I never knew what a mother's love was until I came in this jail.

"But—you know—'the wages of sin is death.' 'Death, where is thy sting.' 'O, grave, where is thy victory.'"

He babbled the Biblical quotations almost incoherently.

Moreno's Last Rites

The last sacrament of the Catholic Church was administered to Moreno at 7:35 a. m. Four other prisoners shared communion with the condemned man. They were Jack Keenan, who assisted Rev. Nester—Clarence Clark, Rich Maloney and James O'Brien.

Dr. G. H. Nixon, Gallinger Hospital physician, visited Proctor at 7:30 and diagnosed his condition as "melancholia," caused by shock and worry. His physical condition, Dr. Nixon said, was good. His heart was strong and pulse normal.

Proctor's Condition Grave

Nixon said Proctor might recover by the time set for the execution. He also thought Proctor might be able to walk, altho his brain probably would not function. Spirits of ammonia were being administered to the boy at intervals in the last hours.

Rev. Dow, who attempted to give communion to Proctor at 7:30, was unable to do so because the condemned youth was entirely unresponsive. The minister planned to make another attempt if Proctor's condition was such as to warrant it.

Eagles Still Sings

Eagles borrowed a red rose from a prisoner at 8:30—"so I'll look pretty when I go down there"—and pranced up and down the corridor singing. There was little music and no lyric to his song, just the "fo-de-o-do-do" of tin pan alley, with rising and falling inflection.

He pulled up his trousers and did a Russian Cossack dance at one point, then continued to "tune up for the opera."

When Maj. Peak entered, Eagles advanced with "one request."

"Let Schutdack (referring to Guard J. W. Schutdack) take the walk with me; that's all I ask," he said.

Peak assented. Eagles smiled.

"Who will the other two be," Eagles asked.

Peak said Charles Fling and Rozier White, Eagles smiled again, thanked Peak, and shook hands.

A guard walks on either side of the condemned men and one behind.

Moreno Also Eats

After communion, Moreno ate—the same fare as served the others.

While Moreno was eating, attendants were erecting a white muslin partition to shield the chair from the view of prisoners in the cells that line the upper part of the rotunds. Another was put up for the witnesses.

At 9 a. m. the death chair was made ready. It was tested and pronounced all right.

Youngest Ever Executed Here

Proctor was the youngest person ever executed in the District.

Only once before has a person under 21 suffered capital punishment here. He was George Banton, colored. Banton, who was 20, sang on his way to the gallows here on April 20, 1923.

Moreno is 20, while Proctor was 19 last January. Eagles is 32.

First Triple Execution

Today's was the first triple execution at the District Jail and the first in the District since the plotters of Abraham Lincoln's assassination were put to death.

It was the first time a white man had been executed here since March 17, 1922, when John McHenry was hanged for killing Detective Armstrong. Until today the electric chair which succeeded the gallows here had been used but once—in the recent execution of Philip Jackson, colored.

Yesterday, a half hour after the three men had bidden farewell to their families, a Daily News reporter talked with them while a News photographer took their last picture. They seemed in good spirits. Eagles was singing a song he had just composed. It was something about "10 o'clock in the morning."

"Hot dog!" he said, "how do you like that one?"

Onlookers shook their heads. It was almost inconceivable that the man could joke under such circumstances.

All three said they felt pretty good.

Hurt to Say Goodby

"I didn't cry, did I?" said Moreno. "No, sir, I didn't. But it hurt to see my mother go on that way. I tried to stop her, but I couldn't. That hurt, that did."

He said he wasn't interested in having much for breakfast today. "Just a sandwich or something like that'll do," he said.

Proctor was bearing up rather well, better than had been expected.

"I'm not afraid to go," he said. "I'll go with a clean heart. I'm an innocent man. This is just

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FICTION NOTES

Maxwell Bodenheim, in his latest novel, *Georgie May* (Liveright, $2.00), reveals himself as an impassioned and bitter critic of current institutions. The chief target of his iconoclasm is prostitution. He is aware, of course, that this is not an independent evil, but the product, and in turn the cause, of many others; and he evidently considered that the cause of justice would not be served unless he included every step in the social ladder. The result is that in spots his novel ceases to be a novel and becomes an untempered, if justified, social diatribe. This is doubly unfortunate, for, had Mr. Bodenheim concentrated with detachment on his story, he would have produced at once a more artistic novel and a more effective sociological tract.

In the character of Georgie May, the prostitute whose story serves for a test case, the author has done much to redeem himself as an artist. Her tragic figure stands forth with cruel clarity, drawn with ugly, sympathetic lines, poised on the brink of the stagnant pool which was her unavoidable fate. Destiny and Mr. Bodenheim connived to make Georgie May a helpless, defiant, pathetic, spirited victim of realistic circumstance.

The Window, by Alice Grant Rosman (Minton, Balch, $2.00), is a pink and white mystery and love story, in which the solution and the happy ending are evident almost from the first page. With the end clearly in sight, the story winds pleasantly and chattily through a series of obstacles which cheerfully allow themselves to be leapt and reappear further on in a new and mildly perplexing form. The scene for the most part is the gentle English countryside of Dorne, and the characters, obedient and affectionate, at times resemble too closely the cattle grazing placidly on the slopes. But in spite of the over-simplified plot, in spite of phlegmatic stock characters, "The Window" remains a sprightly hammock tale, a book to be picked up at leisure and dropped at pleasure, one which can serve as a pacifier on a restless day. And it must be said in its favor that it pretends to be no more.

Algernon Blackwood's *The Dance of Death* (Dial, $2.00) is a book of longish short stories, whose appeal is based on a kind of baffling complicated mysticism. Mr. Blackwood's mysticism is not philosophic; it is eerie, fantastic, with obvious (and successful) intent to mystify. The result is that his stories, while written on a somewhat elevated plane, and in a serious, "literary" manner, produce in the reader the same pleasurable nervous excitement that is aroused by a collection of good detective stories, with a strong dash of old-fashioned ghostliness. These are effective, readable tales, containing healthy moments of breath-taking suspense, ending generally on an unsettled note which leaves the reader still perplexed, but somehow satisfied. Mr. Blackwood writes smoothly, and he employs a discreet, plausible air which renders twice as effective and uncanny the ghosts at which normally we can sneer in a sophisticated fashion.

Putnam Weale, author of *China's Crucifixion* (Macmillan, $2.50), reveals himself as a typical British official, whose attitude toward "foreigners"—and foreigners these Chinamen remain to him, even in their own country—is a mixture of condescending tolerance and benevolent contempt. His Chinese characters are either quaint ivory figures with whom he plays kindly, or ridiculous upstarts who must be automatically quelled without paying them the compliment of taking them seriously. But the chief error of this novel lies in the fact that the author, sufficiently familiar himself with the scenes and events of which he is writing, never bothers to explain or describe them to us. The story is of the adventures and observations of a group of English and American tourists whose train is wrecked by Chinese bandits. But unfortunately they are as close-mouthed about their

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(*Continued from page XVII*)

fate, that's all it is. We've all got to go some time and I'm prepared."

Less Bitter Against Proctor

While the ill feeling between Proctor and the other two men was still evident, it was not so pronounced as in the past.

"I can say that I forgive Proctor," Moreno said, "but I'm saying that out of my mouth. That's all—my mouth. I can't say it comes from the heart."

When asked whether he forgave Moreno and Eagles, Proctor said:

"Please don't ask me that. I don't want to lie."

Eagles said:

"What? That guy (Proctor)? Don't make me laugh."

About twenty persons witnessed the execution. They included:

Rev. John A. Sullivan and Rev. Edward J. Nestor, for Moreno; Rabbi William F. Rosenblum, for Eagles, and Rev. George W. Dow, for Proctor; Maj. W. L. Peak, superintendent of the jail; Capt. M. M. Barnard, general superintendent of District penal institutions; District Electrician Warren B. Hadley; the three executioners, five reporters, two physicians and two guards.

The familiar story of the crime and conviction of the three men is told below in brief.

Five-Cornered Fight

Patrolman Busch was fatally wounded early on the morning of Sept. 26, 1926, in a five-cornered gun fight near Grant-cir nw.

Policeman Frank L. Ach, who was struck by three bullets, but recovered, fought with Busch against Moreno, Eagles and Proctor. John Falls McCabe, who was with the three ill-fated men at the time, was exonerated at the trial. It was testified that he was drunk.

Busch and Ach had encountered the four at Georgia-av and Upshur-st nw just after receiving a police look-out for four highway robbers. Questioned by the officers, Proctor told them he was from Baltimore and that he and his friends had just abandoned an auto up the street. Ach and Busch said they would like to see the car, and all six men started up Upshur-st.

Hardly a block from the meeting place, one of the men stepped in front of the walking group, and with a sharp order to "stick 'em up," opened fire. In a moment the street was the scene of a frenzied gun fight.

Busch Died in 2 Days

Busch died two days later. Ach and Proctor were in the hospital for weeks from wounds received in the fight. Moreno had a less severe wound in the leg.

Moreno and Eagles were arrested when they dashed from a house on New Hampshire-av nw in the basement of which they had taken refuge. Proctor was located in a Baltimore hospital.

Numerous attempts were made to save their lives in the courts and thru the President, and five times the date of their execution was postponed. A young woman attorney, Miss Mary T. Bigelow, was one of the most active in the struggle to save their lives.

All hope was lost yesterday at noon when President Coolidge "officially" announced he would not commute the sentences to life imprisonment.

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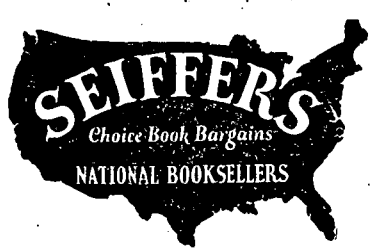

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IN BRIEF REVIEW

While there have been numerous studies of the history of Germany in the Middle Ages, I believe *Feudal Germany*, by James Westfall Thompson (Chicago University Press, $5.00) is the first one published in English that stresses the social rather than the political aspects of medieval Germany. Politically Germany was identified with the Holy Roman Empire for centuries, and the historians who have studied this period have almost invariably made their works histories of the Holy Roman Empire rather than histories of Germany.

Yet there were powerful social and economic forces at work in Germany throughout the Middle Ages that most historians have overlooked. There was a very powerful national consciousness despite a very sharply defined tribal division—a national consciousness that existed even in the tenth century, when the kings of France were vassals of robber barons and the kings of England lamentable weaklings, and when the people of both England and France had not begun to build nation states.

This national consciousness expressed itself not only in the building of a very definitely national German civilization that was to come to full flower in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries, but also in a great social movement comparable to the Westward movement of the American pioneers in the nineteenth century. This movement was the reclamation and civilization of what is now Eastern Germany—originally German territory that was overrun and conquered by the Slavs shortly after the breakdown of the Roman Empire.

Like the story of the frontier of western America, this is a story of wars against the barbarians of Christianization, of reclamation and cultivation of a vast fruitful wilderness; a story of grim, desperate pioneer life that struggles tirelessly against the hostility of the wilderness and of the enemy barbarians.

But like the pioneer American, the medieval German who pushed eastward beyond the Elbe and the Saale was to see his endeavor rewarded with success after many grim and bloody generations. And in the forging of character—the sturdy character of the individual and the even more sturdy character of the nation—this grim experience of the expansion and reclamation of his country is one of which all Germans may be justifiably proud.

The years of research that have gone into the making of this work have not dimmed its intensely human interest, nor detracted from the freshness or dramatic force of its material. It is an epic in which Professor Thompson the poetic dramatist frequently overshadows Professor Thompson the scholar.

The careers of financiers, like those of governments, can only be written many years after their death, when enemies are dead and archives are opened. Wall Street isn't dead but some of its archives are being opened and the lives of its earlier giants are being written. R. I. Warshow has made a beginning in *Jay Gould, the Story of a Fortune* (Greenberg, $3.50) on the task of telling the life story of Jay Gould. In a rapid reportorial style he has put into a brief two hundred pages the outstanding events in the life of the best hated man of his time, of whom his own partner, Daniel Drew, said, "His touch is death".

At a period when bribery, perjury, and merciless trickery were at their hour of perfect flowering in American business, Jay Gould made his fortune, and neglected none of the methods in vogue. Ruining every man who ever associated with him for long, he was uniformly gentle at home, and combined his passion for financial gambling with an equal devotion to azaleas and to good books! Warshow in the course of a swift narrative merely touches on the psychological problem of Gould's life. He points the way, however, to a future psychological study, which should be of great interest and importance.

Gould was a poor boy of Puritan New England stock, who began life with that love of

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power and wealth which physical weakness and poverty often give to a sensitive nature. His real start he received by insinuating himself into the affections of a kindly and generous old man who set himself up in the leather business as part owner. By a series of characteristic manipulations Gould soon had the whole business, but his unscrupulousness ruined his reputation in the trade and he went to New York with only a small sum saved out of the wreckage. But he promptly found his way to Wall Street and to a profession more congenial to his talents. Some of the best chapters in Warshow's book deal with the mighty duel between Vanderbilt and himself over the Erie. He was the only man who ever beat Vanderbilt to a draw. The Commodore made two significant remarks about him. The first, made at an armistice meeting over the Erie fight, was: "This Erie war has taught me that it never pays to kick a skunk". The other was: "Jay Gould is the smartest man in America".

The complete victory of reputable anthropologists over the pseudo-scientific advocates of Nordic superiority has created in the lay mind a vague suspicion that there is no such thing as race at all; which is of course more than the scientific anthropologists bargained for. Professor Melville Herskovits has rescued the word "race" as a legitimate and intelligent term. In *The American Negro* (Knopf, $2.50), a brilliant essay of eighty-two brief pages, which Dr. W. E. B. Du Bois has called an epoch-making contribution in the field of Negro anthropology, Dr. Herskovits shows plainly that the Afro-American, as we now know him, has definitely left behind him the period of anomalous miscegenation and is emerging before our eyes into an authentic and unique racial personality. Through breeding within his own group and following a pattern of marriage based on color, he is establishing a new human variety, the American Negro. The author's anthropometric work and his conclusions are cautious but richly original.

"The most decisive victory in all history gained by the white man over the American Indian" is the last clarion made by C. M.

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Bomberger in *The Battle of Bushy Run* (Jeanette Publishing Co., $2.00). It was decisive to the extent that it ended Pontiac's war, which was really a rising against the colonists, following close on the heels of the great French and Indian war. The success of the warriors had been considerable until Col. Henry Boquet, a Swiss officer in British pay, won at Bushy Run August 5th and 6th, 1763, having three regular regiments at his back. His success ended what Francis Parkman has called "The Conspiracy of Pontiac", which was really a great endeavor on the part of the red people to save their own country. With a man of Indian blood running for Vice President of the United States, these hark-backs become interesting.

Mr. J. W. N. Sullivan does not object to "the tyranny of science" in his little book *Gallio, or The Tyranny of Science* (Dutton, $1.00). He objects to the tyranny and stupidity of bogus scientific methods; to the social worker who tries to gain personal status for his labors by claiming scientific prestige; to the sillier variety of intelligence-testers who rush about measuring imponderables; to the professional "reconcilers" of science and religion; to the artists and moralists who try to conform to scientific interpretations which they lack the equipment to grasp. Mr. Sullivan also objects to dogmatic conclusions in non-scientific problems on the part of genuine scientists obsessed with the idolatrous worship which they enjoy in these days. He writes with beautiful expertness in the epistomology of modern science and with the limpidness of style which comes from knowing the fundamentals and all the implications of the problems under discussion.

That unthinkable event, war between Great Britain and the United States, is a possibility that is becoming a probability, if Ludwell Denny is right in his book, *We Fight for Oil* (Knopf, $3.00). And for the most part Mr. Denny has used only verified facts gathered at first hand, which he has with extraordinary skill woven together by means of documentary and semi-official material. If you have a taste for the literature of piracy read Mr. Denny's account of the behavior of British oil interests, backed by the Foreign Office, in every part of the world where oil has flowed or is likely to flow. Mr. Denny states that this country is recklessly wasting its oil resources, and also that our State Department copies Britain in everything except business-like astuteness in backing up our oil companies in the world-wide struggle for oil which is daily growing in intensity.

If that's the way we "learn" then *Adult Learning,* by Edward L. Thorndike and others (Macmillan, $3.00) is an impressive masterpiece. It is as technical as a monograph in the latest theory of equations. Professor Thorndike is the most distinguished exponent of the hard-boiled doctrine that the learning "process" is measurable and "scientific" like physics. The book is a continuum of graphs, charts and curves, mostly based on replies to questionnaires, on how one learns to like spinach, to give up drinking tea, to study this or that. On the whole we feel with J. B. S. Haldane that this sort of "psychology" is fairly poor physiology; and we might add that physiology is not the science to answer the question: How *do* we learn?

Soviet Russia In The Second Decade, edited by Stuart Chase, Robert Dunn and Rexford Guy Tugwell (John Day, $4.00), is the enlarged and final report of the technical staff which accompanied the first American trade union delegation to Russia last Summer. As in all symposia the various contributions differ markedly, in fact startlingly, in competence. Probably the best article in this collection is Professor Bebner's introductory essay on "The Ante-Room of Time", which is a model of sociological appreciation in the nature of social revolution. Equally understanding is Mr. Bebner's community study of Poltava—"A Microcosm of Town and Country". Professor Tugwell's study of Russian agriculture, Stuart Chase's chapter on "Industry and the Gosplan", Paul H. Douglas's and Robert Dunn's analysis of the Russian Trade Union movement, are all competent performances.

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The BOOK MART

NOW that the London book auction sale season is over, and plans are already under way for the sales of 1928-9, it is seen that the English auction rooms rather put it over the American houses, both in the number of rare books sold and the total which they brought. No estimate is yet possible of the totals of the English sales, but those at Sotheby's alone must have exceeded, by a considerable sum, those of the American auction houses. The American totals, however, are impressive. Slightly more than a million dollars' worth of books were sold by the Anderson Auction Company in New York, and the total of the book sales at the American Art Galleries reached more than three-quarters of a million. But there have been more important sales in England than in this country. To begin with, there were the books from the library of Sir George Holford, and although the very choicest of the Holford books were purchased privately by Dr. Rosenbach before the sales commenced last year, the three sales from the Holford library this season contained 2748 lots of rare books and occupied fourteen days. The most sensational London sale, as everybody now knows, was that at which the original manuscript of "Alice in Wonderland" was sold to Dr. Rosenbach (who has since disposed of it) for $77,000. But of greater American interest was the sale of the rare Americana from the library of Lord Leconfield, largely gathered by Henry Percy, ninth earl of Northumberland, some of the choicest items of which were bought by Walter M. Hill, of Chicago.

The famous chess library of the late R. H. Rimington-Wilson brought to America, to rest in the library of Jerome D. Kern, the longest known manuscript of Oliver Goldsmith, a poem on chess. The second and final portion of the collection of the late John, Lord Northwick, consisted largely of illuminated manuscripts, which brought high prices. An interesting sale was that of the collection of autograph manuscripts and unrecorded trial editions of works by Lord Tennyson, including the complete manuscript of "The Last Tournament". Through Alwin J. Scheuer of New York an important collection of manuscripts by David Garrick came to this country in June, as well as the famous "Ashbourne" portrait of Shakespeare, a fine oil painting of the English school by an unknown artist, the history of which is unknown previous to 1847, when it was bought in the London market by Reverend Clement Kingston of Queen Elizabeth's Free Grammar School at Ashbourne. It resembles the undoubted portraits from life except that the face is thinner in modelling. The library of Colonel Ralph Sneyd yielded up to another American dealer, Charles Sessler of Philadelphia, the original proof sheets of Dr. Johnson's Dictionary. Mr. Sessler has gone abroad looking for more. The sale which included the Bewick collection of the late Edward B. Mounsey also had a good copy of the first edition of Gray's "Elegy", for which Walter T. Spencer paid £1,290 ($6,450). A collection of rare Hebraica, a unique Kelmscott Chaucer on vellum, and many miscellaneous sales added to the season's total. A sale notable not by reason of the rarities offered, although there were many, but because of its being "a further portion" of the Bibliotheca Philippica, was held in July. The sale of these books from the library of Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart., was begun on August 3, 1886, and after sixteen sales, lasting seventy-four days, it was announced that "A considerable portion of this collection is still unsold". The owners may be thankful, as prices have more than doubled within the last forty years.

One of the last sales at Sotheby's contained a remarkable copy of the first edition of Boswell's "Life of Dr. Johnson", which contained a four-page autograph letter by Boswell dated "London, 30 April, 1791", in which he announces to his friend Mr. Dempster that "My Magnum Opus, the Life of Dr. Johnson, in two Volumes Quarto is to be published on Monday 16 May. It is too great a

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Work to be given in presents as I gave my Tour. So you must not expect one, though you yourself form a part of its multifarious contents. I really think it will be the most entertaining collection that has appeared in this age". Time has shown the correctness of Boswell's estimate of his own work. The letter, it is understood, is to go into an American private collection.

All collectors know that more than half of the First Folios of Shakespeare are now in this country, but John C. Eckel's new book, "Perfect Pickwicks in Parts", published by Edgar H. Wells, notes the fact that of the known fine copies of the Pickwick Papers in parts which were once owned in England all but one have come to the United States. Mr. Eckel's handsome volume, which has an introduction by A. Edward Newton, gives a census of all the known perfect copies of this desirable first edition. The copies owned in New York belong to Owen D. Young (who has two of them), J. Pierpont Morgan, Charles Clark, Jerome D. Kern, W. B. Osgood Field, Carl Pforzheimer and Herman Le Roy Edgar. Pennsylvania has two fortunate collectors, A. Edward Newton and William L. Elkins. In New Jersey, B. George Ulizio owns a perfect copy and in Connecticut Herbert F. Cole is the proud possessor of the copy which holds the world's record of price, the Hatton copy which was sold at the American Art Galleries on December 7, 1927, for $16,000. In California there is one copy, owned by William Andrews Clark, Jr., of Los Angeles, but strangely enough the great Huntington library does not contain a perfect copy. The one copy in England which is of the first class belongs to Charles J. Sawyer of London, and there is another copy owned by a daughter of the late John P. Dexter which may be perfect, but of which no details are obtainable. The most valuable copy of "Pickwick" in existence, however, is not a perfect one, according to Mr. Eckel's generally accepted standard of perfection.

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That is the copy in parts owned by William L. Elkins, which he is said to have bought for more than $20,000 from Dr. Rosenbach. Each of the first fourteen parts is autographed by Dickens on the front cover and presented to Mary Hogarth, his wife's sister. Her death so distressed Dickens that publication was suspended for two months. The copy came into the hands of William Wright, an English collector, at whose sale at Sotheby's, in 1896, Harry B. Smith, then forming a library of association books, bought it for the record price of $500, which, as Mr. Eckels says, "would not today buy a good part III". When Dr. Rosenbach bought Mr. Smith's library *en bloc* he sold this to Mr. Elkins, who today could undoubtedly double his money if he put the copy into the auction room. It has the plates in the first part re-etched, however, and some other minor failings which take it out of the "perfect" class. Probably most of us will not require a knowledge of the "points" necessary to make a perfect first edition of "The Posthumorous Papers of the Pickwick Club" any more than we would need Mr. Blade's book on "How to Tell a Caxton", but it contains a mine of information to the Dickens collector, and is a "Newton Item" and a beautiful book beside, so that it will appeal to many collectors.

There is an association of Harvard men known as "The John Barnard Associates", who have banded together for the purpose of aiding the library and keeping green the memory of John Barnard, an old benefactor of Harvard. As a contribution to the celebration of the centenary of Professor Charles Eliot Norton's birth, the John Barnard Associates have issued "A Leaf of Grass from Shady Hill, with a Review of Walt Whitman's Leaves of Grass Written by Charles Eliot Norton in 1855".

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(*Continued from page XVIII*)

experiences as Mr. Weale, and we gain almost no local or historical color. The mysterious love affair which threads its way thinly through the book is not convincing enough to justify itself, and the trick ending transforms it into a mere irrelevant detail about people who are no more than strangers to us.

Rembrandt (Globus Press, $2.50) is the first book by the Hungarian writer, Sándor Bródy, to be translated into English. The work is not so comprehensive as its title suggests; for Mr. Bródy limits himself to a series of episodes which are supposed to have occurred in the last three years of the painter's life. Although the author casts little light on Rembrandt the painter, he does succeed in conveying, interestingly and humanly, something of the eccentric, puzzling character of Rembrandt the man. The mingled pathos and triumph of his last years is moving. More or less forgotten by a world to which he had been increasingly undiplomatic, he wandered into the Amsterdam Ghetto and stayed among sympathetic Jews who supported him for the sake of his genius. Here he was recognized and understood, and his gratitude was so great that on his deathbed he insisted that his last rites be Jewish, that he be buried like a Jew.

The life of Old Hickory, especially in his young days, is remarkably adaptable to sentimental fiction. Indeed, his character might have been shaped by just such a sentimental molder as Mr. Meredith Nicholson, who has written of his youth in *The Cavalier of Tennessee* (Bobbs-Merrill, $2.50). The novel tells of his fiery courtship, his brief married life, his rapid rise in national favor; it ends dramatically with the death of his wife and his election to the White House. Mr. Nicholson is obviously devoted to his subject; he exalts the Cavalier's temper tantrums to a plane of heroism, and he blows the gentle breath of romance upon his over-heated sentimental declarations. Certainly this "biography" is far from being enlightening in any respect, but it is so consistent with the popular idea of Old Hickory, that it will ring with grateful familiarity in many ears.

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